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THE

VOTARY OF WEALTH.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

An [illegible] Visorly's *House.* Old Visorly *and* Jemima *at breakfast.* Old Visorly *with* [illegible] *papers.*

[illegible] asant, sociable companion, indeed, [illegible] you pore over newspapers at no other [illegible] compliment me most highly, in letting [illegible] that while you are in my company you need other entertainment.

Old Vis. My dear, I beg your pardon. One is anxious, you know, for the good of one's country.

Lady Jem. You are anxious, Mr Visorly, for any thing that is to shew disrespect to me.

Old Vis. Lord! how you talk.---I shew disrespect to you! (*Still reading.*)

Lady Jem. There! are you not still inattentive to me and my remonstrances? Ah! I might have known what I had to expect. This is the consequence of losing sight of what was due to my birth and rank, and marrying a commoner.

Old Vis. My dear Lady Jemima, why should you urge that so often? I am sensible of the honour, and of my own unworthiness.

Lady Jem. Still you pay no attention to what I am complaining of. Any thing, I find, is preferable to my conversation.

Old Vis. Never spoke a truer word in her life. (*Aside.*) My dear, I shall have done in a moment---I am among the deaths.

Lady Jem. I wish to the Lord you were.

Old Vis. Oh fie, fie, Lady Jemima!

Lady Jem. You would provoke the patience of a saint (OLD VISORLY *starts up; he has been still reading*) What is the matter?

Old Vis. Tol lol de rol! (*Singing a*

Lady Jem. The man is mad.

Old Vis. Tol lol de rol!

Lady Jem. What frenzy h

Old Vis. Frenzy, my d he frenzy that arises from good news.

Lady Jem. Can't you g nce to your good news without such absurd

Old Vis. Well, well, I y dear. (*Reads.*) "On Thursday, the 14th March, died, at an advanced age, at Calcutta, in engal"---Tol lol de rol!

Lady Jem. Oh, mad, mad!

Old Vis. "John Cleveland, Esq.---His immense wealth devolves on his only son, who is shortly expected in England."—There is a fortune for our dear son Leonard!

Lady Jem. How do you mean for our Leonard?

Old Vis. Mr Cleveland, the son and heir of the deceased, is my first cousin---I'm his nearest of kin. —The old fellow who is dead was such a capricious sort of animal, that he might have left every shilling of it away from his own son; but now it is come into his possession, it is in the fair road to our family.

Lady Jem. This, indeed, is welcome news—and here comes our dear Leonard to partake it.

Enter LEONARD.

Old Vis. Ah, my dear boy!

Lady Jem. Ah, my dear son!

Leo. Good morning—How do you do?

Lady Jem. Here is news!

Old Vis. Ah, my boy, we have news for you!

Leo. Well, let me have it.

Old Vis. Why, then——

Lady Jem. No, no, Mr Visorly—I'll tell it him.

Leo. I'll save you the trouble.—Old Cleveland is [illegible] Calcutta—his son inherits all his fortune—[illegible]ews is, that their bulses and lacks may [illegible] our family.

[illegible]oy!

[illegible]nard!

[illegible]n One five guineas for the chance

[illegible] LAD

[illegible]g Ne

[illegible] little more of the circum-

[illegible]very [illegible] Cleveland has a daughter.

[illegible]y! C[illegible]e—some—you understand

Ye[illegible]

[illegible] Mr Visorly, I am shocked at your in-[illegible]cate allusions.

Leo. I wish they were well grounded; but 'tis a melancholy fact, that the daughter is legitimate, and her mother, Cleveland's wife, is living.

Old Vis. Dear me, dear me!

Lady Jem. How do you know all this?

Leo. From the most positive information—Cleveland's own acknowledgment:—He has written to me.

Old Vis. Really!

Leo. Yes—Stating, that as we were the nearest and only male relations he had, to us he has taken the liberty of consigning his remittances—with directions how he wishes them to be invested. Understanding that your residence in London was only casual, and also thinking the trouble of business more suited to my time of life, he thought it better to address his letter to me. In it he explains all the particulars of his marriage, and recommends his wife and daughter to our attention.

Lady Jem. How—are they not with him?

Leo. No. His daughter we may hourly expect.—Not being able to settle his affairs immediately on the death of his father, he sent her before him, unwilling to detain her from her mother.

Lady Jem. Why, is the mother in Eng[illegible]

Leo. Yes—and has been for sever[illegible] marriage was without the consent [illegible] for some time unknown to him.—[illegible] discovered it, he insisted on a sepa[illegible] ruin, which would have been the c[illegible] father's resentment, he was forced [illegible] child was suffered to remain with h[illegible] doom'd to return to England, wh[illegible] teen years, she has lived in retire[illegible]

Old Vis. Well, what is to be d[illegible]

Lady Jem. They are recomme[illegible] our attention; but, really, I don't wel[illegible] reconcile to myself taking notice of, and introduc[illegible] to my acquaintances, people, one doesn't know who—and that have been living one doesn't know where.

Leo. What do you talk of? Are they not the wife and daughter of a nabob? Your high-bred friends

will worship you for the introduction. Think what will be the magnificence of their house, the splendour of their equipage, the brilliancy of their entertainments. Such suppers as theirs will be, [redacted] fashionable world would scramble for a seat at [redacted]n if they were given by a personage from a [redacted]ter place than Bengal.

Old Vis. Leonard says very truly. We shall get credit by shewing such gold pheasants to our friends.

Leo. Certainly; for all will be charmed with the splendour of their plumage—even those who are so little fashionable as not to attempt plucking the feathers.

Old Vis. Well, we must prepare to shew them all possible civility.

Leo. Ay, ay, pray let us; for I have something in view that will pay us for our trouble.

Lady Jem. What is that, son?

Leo. The hope of making the young lady a part of our family.

Old [redacted] What an excellent thought! Ah, Leo- [redacted]u are a cunning rogue!
[redacted]u amaze me, child, that you don't
Old [redacted]iews.—My son, the grandson of the
La [redacted]reat, ought to aspire to the proudest
Leo. [redacted]noblest peers—not stoop to a thing
of inheritance. [redacted]wth.

Old Vis. No! [redacted] mother, *this* mushroom is the
Leo. No. I k[redacted] soil.
stances than you d[redacted], son, pursue your own inclina-
Old Vis. Poh! [redacted]tio[redacted] for you will always make me yield
me.

Lady J. Then this glorious fortune may be mine. Indelicate them to your house. The mother having long experienced a constrained seclusion from society, will, doubtless, be gratified with attentions from a woman of your rank—the daughter is young—I don't despair of success with her; and the preference

the father has shewn, in the trust consigned to me, makes me hope every thing from him. So all seems fair for my success; and half a million, at least, is the prize. Think of that—think of that.

Enter Servant.

Serv. A person below desires to speak with you, sir. (*To* LEONARD.)

Leo. What is his name?

Serv. He says his own name is immaterial; but he desired me to mention the name of Cleveland.

Leo. Shew him up directly.

[*Exit Servant, and enter* OAKWORTH.

Leo. You are welcome, sir.

Oak. Thank you, sir; thank you. So I be got to you at last. You great folks take a plaguy time coming at.—Ma'am, your humble servant. Mayhap, I should say your ladyship—Pray excuse all faults.

Leo. Never mind: Lady Jemima doesn't stand on ceremony.

Oak. Don't she? Why, then, I [illegible] lady just after my own heart.

Old Vis. Well, sir—you come co[illegible] Mr Cleveland.

Oak. Why, yes, sir; yes. You [illegible], sir, that I am an old fellow that remem[illegible]s Cleveland (Heaven bless her!) when [illegible] was not the height of my knee. Often and oft[illegible]s the time that I have danced her o'top of it. W[illegible] that is neither here nor there. When her father [illegible]one—Ah! I shall never forget it—he has not left a bonder man behind him—there was not a dry eye in the village except the undertaker's, and folks do say he cried a bit. Well, her father, good soul, had met with so many losses and crosses, that there was little enough left for his daughter to live like a lady on; so she was persuaded by her friends to take a voyage to India

with a cousin of hers, who had married, and was going to settle there.

Leo. Mr Cleveland has acquainted me with the rest. There he married her, and from thence, by the severity of his father, he was forced to send her.

Oak. Ah, poor dear! Home she came again, miserable enough, to be sure. Well, mayhap, all for the best. Now she will be as happy as the day is long. But for this many a year she has led but a lonesome sort of a life; for you may think my dame and I, though we love her like a child of our own, can't have been company good enough for her: but she was as kind to us, and made as much of us, as though we had been the best people in the land.

Lady Jem. We shall soon, I hope, have the pleasure of receiving her in this house. She must not think of seeing any other habitation.

Leo. Oh, certainly not. She must make this her abode.

Old Vis. Oh, to be sure; to be sure.

Oak. Why, do you know, now, this is the very thing that came into my head, and that I told her of. —Says I, as sure as I am a sinner, if those relations of Mr Cleveland's have the least bit of kind-heartedness about them, they'll never let you live in any house but their own.

Leo. Certainly!—How right you were!

Oak. And I am glad to find such friendly, good souls in this great town of London—for, do you know, I had got a notion of its being but a bad sort of a place.

Leo. I trust you will find it otherwise.

Oak. Why, I hope I shall.

Lady Jem. When did Mrs Cleveland arrive?

Oak. But last night.

Lady Jem. And where is she?

Oak. Why, she is at a—at a—What the plague do

you call it? It is the like of an inn, only it goes by a finer name.

Leo. Oh, an hotel.

Oak. Ay, ay, an hotel.

Leo. But what hotel?

Oak. Od rabbit it, I forget the name of it; but I can ask the man who shewed me the way here; for, as I never was in London before, I can't travel without a guide. He waits below, to take me back again—he will tell me. (*Going.*)

Lady Jem. Stay, sir, he shall direct us both. The carriage is waiting, and I will not lose a moment in paying my respects to Mrs Cleveland.

Oak. Well, now, that is kind of you indeed, my lady. I will leave the direction below stairs, and go on before.

Leo. By no means. Lady Jemima will take you in the carriage with her.

Oak. Why, you are joking sure!

Lady Jem. (*Aside to* Leo.) My dear Leonard, think if I should meet any of my friends, with this bumpkin for my Cicisbeo!

Leo. Oh, mother, to oblige me. (*Aside.*) My mother is ready to attend you, sir.

Oak. Psha, psha! No tricks upon travellers. Her ladyship ride with such a lout as *me!*

Lady Jem. It may well surprise you. (*Aside.*)—Oh, sir, I shall be proud of the honour.

Oak. The honour! That is a good one. Come then, my lady. Lord, how my dame would laugh to see me seated in a coach with a Lady Jemima!

[*Exeunt* Oakworth *and* Lady Jemima.

Leo. Won't you accompany my mother, sir? I have business which must detain me.

Old Vis. Yes, yes, I will go with you, Lady Jemima. (*Calling after her.*)—I say, Leonard, where will her ladyship wish the rustic if she meets any of

noble relatives? Ha! ha! 'Tis a Leonard, you are a droll dog!

Manet LEONARD.

If my designs succeed, on what a pinnacle of fortune shall I be placed! The independence bequeathed me by my grandfather I have turned to good account. What though it has been the means of effecting the ruin of a few thoughtless profligates? Their vices were incurable, and they would have been as completely beggared by the skilful operations of others, if all my thoughts had been engaged in the exercise of devotion, and my guineas appropriated to charitable donations—Nay, to preserve my estimation with the world, I have raised from the earth those whom others, less mindful of opinion, would have left grovelling in misery.—Psha! when I scrutinize my conduct with an eye half inclined to condemnation, I find matter for praise instead of censure. Dupes will be dupes—knaves will make their prey of them—and lucky is the dupe that becomes the prey of a knave with some conscience, and a great regard for a good reputation.—Whom have we here?

Enter SHARPSET, *dressed as a Methodist Preacher.*

Sharp. Peace be unto this house!

Leo. Who is this? With what hedge divine have I the honour of an acquaintance?

Sharp. Thy name is Leonard Visorly.

Leo. Well, sir, what is your business?

Sharp. To discourse with thee on the state of thy conscience.

Leo. I request you will save yourself that trouble; my conscience is a charge of which I choose to have the sole guardianship.

Sharp. But it is my duty to inquire whether thou hast treated that precious charge like unto a faithful

ether thou hast not stained with guilt is consigned to thy care spotless and e, and which now goads thee with complainings for thy iniquity. Therefore, I say—

Leo. You shall say no more in this house. Out with you directly. (*Offering to push him out.*)

Sharp. Oh, Leonard, Leonard, is this the way you treat an old friend, after so long an absence?

Leo. An old friend!—What do you mean? Who are you?

Sharp. And so my reverend appearance has concealed from your recognition your friend, and brother in iniquity, Jeremy Sharpset!

Leo. Sharpset!

Sharp. The very same.

Leo. But what is the meaning of this transformation?

Sharp. The restlessness of my disposition, and inclination for any pursuit, in preference to laudable exertion, and honest industry.

Leo. You always had a propensity to confess your faults.

Sharp. Yes, but not much propensity to amend them. To be sure I shewed a little disposition towards it, by quitting you.

Leo. Your most humble servant.

Sharp. I am afraid you felt the loss of me.

Leo. Yes, I confess it—You were very serviceable.

Sharp. Yes, I was: I did the roguery, and you received the profits.

Leo. Come, come—You were not ill paid.

Sharp. Oh no—I don't complain.—How is poor Drooply?

Leo. Still the creature of my bounty.

Sharp. Well, that is kind of you—A generous weakness in your character—You swindled him out of two thousand a-year, and are good enough to al-

low him a hundred. Ah, you are a model of philanthropy!

Leo. Come, a truce with your sarcasm.

Sharp. Ah, bless your honest tender heart! He is as grateful to you as ever, I conclude.

Leo. Yes, he esteems me his friend and preserver.

Sharp. Poor fellow! He was wont to set the table in a roar, now quite chop-fallen. I declare I never think of him but with a heart-ache.

Leo. Well, well—but what have you been doing since we parted?

Sharp. All sorts of things I ought not to do. To confess the truth, the reason I quitted you was, I was tired of the work you chalked out for me—You wanted to push me a little farther in roguery than I liked. I am but a petty larceny villain.—That ruin of poor Drooply, in which I was the chief engine for you—that hit me hard. I am foolish enough to have qualms. I know you despise me for it; but we all have our weaknesses.

Leo. Well, well—but what became of you?

Sharp. I'll tell you. I had unluckily, once in my life, dined at a lord-mayor's feast.—I shall never forget it.—Talk of earls and dukes entertaining!—Psha! a rivulet to the ocean.—Ever after I panted for city honours: So all my *honest* earnings I was determined to deposit in trade. An opportunity soon offered. I was to become a sleeping partner in a great house. I paid down my cash to the last guinea. A docket was struck against the firm the very next week: So the poor sleeping partner had nothing but the open air for his slumbers; and, instead of being in the road to claim a seat at a Guildhall dinner, I had scarcely enough to purchase one in Porridge Island.

Leo. So all your hopes of a gold chain vanished?

Sharp. Yes; and I was in a very likely way to be adorned with an iron one—but I was resolved to take

myself out of the reach of temptation and danger, by leaving London.

Leo. In what capacity did you travel?

Sharp. Still I had a taste for partnership. I engaged with a very respectable gentleman, to divide with him the attention and profits of——

Leo. Of what?

Sharp. A collection of wild beasts.

Leo. I guess you were not a sleeping partner here.

Sharp. No; my companions were rather hostile to repose.—Not much liking such uncivilized society, and being a little apprehensive that my fellow-travellers might, one time or other, make a supper of me, I soon cut this connection; and, instead of exhibiting the merits of others, I got a taste for displaying my own.

Leo. How, pray?

Sharp. I joined a party of strolling players.

Leo. Indeed!

Sharp. I know you must be shocked at my descending so damned low as to turn actor.—But I did not disgrace myself long.

Leo. How happened that?

Sharp. The audience would not let me.

Leo. How so?

Sharp. I came out in Richard the Third. I thought it devilish fine; but the good folks in the front thought otherwise.—I ranted—they hooted.—However, I out-roared them, and pushed on till I got into Bosworth Field.—"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"—When a drunken, fox-hunting squire, (I shall never lose the sound of his damned voice,) bawled out of the boxes, that I should have the best horse in his stable, if I would ride away directly, and never come back again.

Leo. Ha! ha! ha!

Sharp. The actors warned me it would not do.

I thought it envy in them, and have some reason to think they sent in a party to hiss me. However, by way of comfort, they told me, though I should never act tragedy, they thought I should succeed in low comedy.—Low comedy! only think of their impudence! Is this a face for low comedy? No, no, damn it! I could not stoop to that.

Leo. Well, your next resource?

Sharp. Oh, then I got a call, and mounted the habiliments in which you see me: This was lucrative; but my conscience would not suffer me any longer to drain from the pockets of the poor the earnings of their industry; nay, what is worse, embitter their innocent minds with groundless terrors, and inspire them with prejudice against their fellow-creatures.

Leo. So then you deign at last to return to me?

Sharp. Yes; for I had rather cheat the rich than delude the poor.

Leo. Well, well, I'll endeavour to find you employment.

Sharp. That I don't doubt, as long as there is a pigeon to be plucked, and as I am disposed to be a rook, at your service.

Leo. No; I have honester objects in view, to attain which I may need your assistance.

Sharp. Well, I'm glad of that; for, upon my soul, I am tired of being a rogue.

Leo. If I reach the point of my present aim, I may myself relinquish that character. I shall then have wealth enough to gratify even *my* ambition. I am no further a knave than as it forwards my grand pursuit, the attainment of wealth. And who would not use any means to gain that, which covers vice with the garb of respect, and without which virtue meets but pity or derision?

Sharp. Well observed; and never was observation more patly illustrated. You are a glorious instance

of the first part of your sentiment, and here comes a proof of the latter.

[SHARPSET *walks up the Stage.*

Enter DROOPLY.

Leo. Ah, Drooply, how do you do?

Dro. How do you do, my dear fellow?

Leo. Where have you hid yourself? Nobody has seen you of late.

Dro. I have been striving to follow the example of my acquaintances, and learning to be as shy of them as they are of me.

Leo. Why, what an altered being you are! You used to be a merry fellow.

Dro. Yes; for I used to be a rich fellow.

Leo. Come, come, cheer up. Good spirits are a man's best friends.

Dro. Ay; but, like the rest of his friends, when his money leaves him, they leave him too.

Leo. Nay, nay, your friends have not all deserted you.

Dro. All but you: There is not another man in the world who would care a straw if the devil had one.

Leo. If you are so despondent, I must recommend you a spiritual comforter.—Can your reverence administer consolation to this afflicted being? (*To* SHARPSET.)

Sharp. No; for I can't return him the money I won of him.

Dro. Whom have we here?

Sharp. What! not remember me? If I had done you a kindness, I might expect to be forgotten; but I thought every one remembered an ill turn.

Leo. In this pious pastor you behold a quondam acquaintance—Mr Sharpset.

Dro. What! Sharpset turned methodist?

Sharp. Yes; but don't wrong my understanding —Only from necessity.

Leo. You might triumph now, if you were disposed to indulge spleen; for the man who was the chief gainer by your losses at play is now as low in the world as yourself.

Sharp. No; I am so completely without gratification, I have not even the comfort a malicious disposition would afford me. It is far from a relief to me to see another unfortunate.

Leo. You are mutually distressed; yet how differently you bear your misfortunes.

Sharp. That is easily accounted for. I have a thousand resources—Drooply has none. Born to no other inheritance, I have learned to turn to account what I inherit from nature; so that, though my acquisitions have been squandered, I am still in possession of my original patrimony.

Dro. Ah, you lucky dog! you have an estate in every corner of your brain, and a pretty income at the end of every finger. Now, the whole produce of my skull would not get me change for sixpence; and as for my hands, curse them! they are fit for nothing but to dangle by my sides, or stuff out my coat-pockets.

Leo. Why, I am afraid they will never fill your pockets with any thing but themselves.

Dro. Oh! I wish I had been a Turk.

Leo. A Turk!

Dro. Yes, a Turk: They are the only wise people on earth: They teach all their great men some honest employment.

Leo. Do they?—I know some great men I wish they would give a lesson to.

Dro. Oh! if we had that good Mussulman custom among us, how many a rich man would be of more use to society when his estate was gone, than while he possessed it! as a good cobler is a more va-

luable character than a rich man who does not employ his wealth properly.

Leo. Why, you are turning moralist.

Dro. Yes; the loss of wealth seldom lessens a man's morality.—While I am creeping about, such a piece of moving lumber, what respect I feel for every reputable tinker that comes in my way!—This very morning, how I did envy a merry rogue of a shoe-black! With what glee he put the polish of an artist on the boot he was blacking! how merrily he brushed and sung; and how conceitedly and happily he looked at his work when he had done it! —Oh, you jolly dog, thought I, what a happy man had been spoiled, if you had been born to two thousand a-year! You would never have enjoyed the luxury of polishing a shoe, or the independent exultation of existing by your own industry.

Leo. We must endeavour to dispel your melancholy. You are a martyr to *ennui*. I must find you employment.

Dro. You must do something beside—find me capacity.

Leo. That you don't want. Your talents have been only slumbering.

Dro. Hav'n't they? They have had a pretty long nap, and a sound one too. I'm afraid it will be a hard matter to wake them.

Leo. I don't despair, especially when I shall set the loud voice of friendship to rouse them.

Dro. If they don't wake at that call, you may take your oath their slumber is everlasting. But though I am master of this poor tenement, I really am so ignorant of the state of the *upper story*, as not to know whether the inhabitants have perished by neglect, or are only dozing from want of employment; but this I do know, there is a lively fellow in the *first floor*, (*Pointing to his heart,*) who would dance with joy to

do you the slightest service, and lose every drop of blood to prove his friendship and gratitude. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in VISORLY'S *House.*

Enter LEONARD *and* CAROLINE.

Car. Yes, I have not been in town above half an hour.

Leo. Have you brought with you from the country house the box which I told you contains the writings of your property?

Car. Yes—Shall I give it to you?

Leo. No; I am too busy at present—only take care of it.

Car. Well, my dear brother, I am so glad we are to have our house full of company—Oh, that is delightful! How I do love a racketting, noisy scene! In a morning the fashionable bustle of Bond Street, the musical thunder of a footman's rap, the dealing out tickets to the whole *ton* world—and then at night driving to twenty different assemblies—seeing the whole world in the course of an evening.—Oh dear, dear, what a charming age to live in! We see more of life in one day, than our ancestors did in their whole existence.

Leo. Yes; but I doubt whether we are the happier for it.

Car. To be sure we are. What is all this but happiness? Care can never reach us; for in all this hurry nobody has time to think, and you know it is thinking makes one unhappy.

Leo. Well, I'm not cynic enough to attempt to reason people out of their notions of happiness; for as it exists in imagination, the idea is the reality. But, my dear Caroline, I have told you my wish to be thought well of by this young East Indian. From living in the same house, and being nearly of an age, you will most likely contract a friendship.

Car. Yes; and her taking my brother for her lover will be the best security for that friendship; for then we can't be rivals—and nothing is so apt to make young ladies disagree, as being both of the same mind.

Old Vis. (*Without.*) This way, Mrs Cleveland.

Leo. Here comes the mother.

Enter MRS CLEVELAND, LADY JEMIMA, *and* OLD VISORLY.

Old Vis. Believe me, madam, we experience the greatest pleasure in welcoming you to this house.—My daughter, madam—my son Leonard.

Leo. I feel extreme happiness in the event of this moment, which makes me known to you, madam. Suffer me to assure you, that if I can be the humble instrument of rendering you a service, I shall esteem it the greatest bliss of my life.

Mrs Clev. Sir, I thank you.

Lady Jem. I hope, madam, we shall be able to make your residence here not entirely disagreeable to you. Our friends and connections, among whom, I am proud to say, are some of the first rank, will, I am sure, do their *possible* to second our poor endeavours.

Mrs Clev. Your kindness, madam, merits my warmest return of gratitude. The endearing attentions with which you honour me will tend to soothe the terrors of a mind, anxious for the safety of the dear objects on which all its future happiness depends.

Leo. With what sincere joy, madam, I consider how short will be the continuance of your apprehensions, and how complete the happiness you will so soon possess.

Mrs Clev. Heaven grant it! I have passed many a tedious year with no other solace than the hope of what now appears so near me. Fifteen years absence from the husband of my affections, and from my dear child, has been a period, you may well conceive, barren of comfort:—And even now I have much to dread—a long and dangerous voyage.—But I will hope the best, and not wrong Providence, by doubting its goodness.

Enter OAKWORTH.

Oak. I am out of breath—quite out of breath——and I am almost out of my wits.—She is arrived! she is arrived!

Mrs Clev. My daughter!

Oak. Yes—I have seen her, I have seen her!

Mrs Clev. O good Heaven!

Oak. I have—Ah, the sweet little dear! and not so little either—She is quite a woman. Ah, bless her! I've had a kiss, and I'll have another.—I beg pardon, gentlefolks:—If I'm unmannerly, 'tis joy makes me so.

Mrs Clev. Where is she?

Oak. In this very house by this time.—Oh, here she comes! here she comes!

Enter JULIA.

Mrs Clev. My child! Oh, my sweet child!

Jul. My mother!

Mrs Clev. How have I longed for this blest moment!—But your dear father—did you leave him well?

Jul. Yes, quite well, and eager for the happiness which I feel now.

Mrs Clev. My sweet, sweet Julia! How well am I repaid for my past years of misery!—Oh, height of bliss! The mother clasps once more in her fond arms her long lost, only child.—(*To the company.*) Pardon these transports—Joy like mine will keep no limits.

Leo. We all participate too much in your felicity to wish repressed such exquisite emotions.

Old Vis. Yes, madam, we all feel boundless joy.—What a pretty little creature it is, Leonard.—Oh, you will be a happy rogue! [*Aside to* LEONARD.

Mrs Clev. My Julia, to these generous friends we owe the utmost gratitude: Their kindness grants us an asylum while your father shall remain from us.

Car. 'Tis for us to be grateful for your kind compliance with our wishes.—(*Crossing to* JULIA.) Tho' we can't rival the splendour of Calcutta, I hope London will have some charms for you.

Jul. Oh yes; I find already it has every charm; for I'm with my mother, and with friends who look as if they loved me.

Oak. And who that sets eyes on you can help loving you, you dear, pretty creature?—I beg pardon, gentlefolks.

Jul. Who is that good old gentleman? You can't think how glad he was to see me: He kissed me as fondly as if I had been his own daughter.

Mrs Clev. He is one, my Julia, who has made my comfort, for these fifteen years, the chief business of his life.

Jul. What, has he been so kind to my dear mother?—Oh! then I must kiss him again.

[*Runs and kisses him.*

Oak. I am too happy—I am too happy!

Jul. Tho' my new friends are so kind to me, I must not forget those who have loved me before.—Where is Gangica?

Enter GANGICA.

Gan. Here, my dear mistress.

Jul. Mother, you must love Gangica for my sake: she has left her country and all her relations, because she would not part with me: therefore I must love her better than ever; and every body that loves me, must love Gangica.

Mrs Clev. Her affection for my dear child makes her certain of my love.—But I feel exhausted with excess of joy.—We should not lament that there are few incidents in life which waken such extreme delight; for were they frequent, how shortly would our weak frames yield to the tumults of ecstacy!

Lady Jem. Let me conduct you, madam, to your apartments.

Mrs Clev. You are all goodness.—Come, my dear child. [*Exeunt* LADY JEMIMA, MRS CLEVELAND, JULIA, CAROLINE, *and* GANGICA.

Manet LEONARD, OLD VISORLY, *and* OAKWORTH.

Oak. (*Looking after them, then wiping his eyes.*) I can't tell how it is.—I be no whimperer, gentlemen; but, somehow, my eyes do nothing but moisten today.

Old Vis. I feel the tear of sensibility bedew *my* cheek.—Ah! Leonard, my boy, if you can but get her.—(*Aside to* LEONARD.)

Leo. Hush, sir, hush!—(*To* OAKWORTH.) What delight, sir, you must feel at the happiness of this family, to whom you have shewn so much attachment! What gratitude do they not owe you!

Oak. Gratitude to me? That is a great mistake of yours, and it behoves me to set you right.—Mrs

Cleveland's father saved me once from ruin—me and my family from beggary; and I think he must have but a bad notion of the value of a kindness done him, who, if he could live long enough, would not strive to repay it down to the fiftieth generation.

Leo. What a noble heart!

Oak. Noble heart! Psha, psha! sure the world is not so bad that a man need be praised for not being a monster.

Leo. I am proud of the happiness of being known to you.

Old Vis. And so am I, most sincerely.

Oak. Why, to be sure, a mighty matter to be proud of, gentlemen—being known to an old, stupid, country bumpkin. Surely you be jeering a body—but if you be, I can't find in my heart to be angry; for as long as you are so good and so kind to the dear creatures I love, you may flout and jeer at me as much as you please.

Leo. You mistake us extremely: It is the farthest from our thoughts to be deficient in any particle of respect.

Old Vis. Oh dear! we never dreamed of such a thing.

Oak. Well, I suppose I shall be able in time to understand your London speechifying; but, in truth, your fine civil sayings are so like making game, that, for a little while, I shall be deucedly puzzled.

Leo. You never can be at a loss for our meaning. —We feel the value of such integrity as yours; and, be assured, we shall always say less of your merits than we think you deserve.

Old Vis. Always less than you deserve.

Oak. Do you know, I shall take that very kind of you; for if you are so good as to fancy I have any deserts at all, you must in conscience think they be very little.—And if so be you keep your word, and say less than you think, I shall be mighty happy; because then you will just say nothing at all.—So, gen-

tlemen, as in duty bound, I am your most humble servant. [*Exit.*

Old Vis. Poor old fellow.—Age begins to make havoc—the upper works are giving way.

Leo. Ah, sir! how few, like you, enjoy, in advanced life, robustness of form, vigour of intellect—in short, all the advantages of youth, without its inexperience.

Old Vis. Very few, indeed, Leonard.—I am one out of five thousand.

Leo. Years in you, sir, have only just slackened the blazing fire of youth.

Old Vis. Yes—slackened—not extinguished it.

Leo. This old rustic, sir, appears to stand vastly well with the mother: I must endeavour to gain his good graces; for the sentiments of a man she has known so long, and esteems so highly, must have great weight with her.

Old Vis. Very true.—I'll take care to pay him vast attention.—I'll do your business with him—I'll cajole the old fool.

Leo. Yes, sir; but be cautious lest your partial affection for me should make you too lavish in my panegyric.

Old Vis. Do you think I don't know how to get round such a silly old bumpkin?——Leave me to wheedle him—I'll do it cunningly, shrewdly, Leonard—wisely, my boy. [*Exit* OLD VISORLY.

Leo. Now the game is started, I must set my whole pack full cry for the chace.—Here comes my prime agent in knavery, Sharpset.—Having used him so essentially in the plunder of Drooply, and that business completed, I could have dispensed with his return; for no intercourse is so grating as that which subsists with a confederate in villainy.—However, to keep him in my power, I have still contrived to keep him in my debt—so that I need not fear him; and he has talents to render him still useful to me.

Enter SHARPSET.

I am glad to find you return'd to the laity.—I would rather see knavery wear any garb than that of religion.

Sharp. Your reason for which is, that then only you are afraid of its being an overmatch for you.

Leo. Not so; but that I have not ceased to respect, though I have dared to violate.

Sharp. Hey-day! I believe you congratulate me on laying down the trade of preaching, because you mean to take it up.—But it tells well for morality, that even some knaves can admire the cause which honest men are risking their lives to defend. But a truce to this style; for it sits awkwardly upon us.—Your visitors, I find, are arrived.

Leo. Yes; and the girl is beautiful as an angel.

Sharp. Oh, a divinity!

Leo. Why, have you seen her?

Sharp. No.

Leo. Then whence these raptures?

Sharp. Did not you tell me she was heiress to half a million?

Leo. Oh! your servant:—But, I assure you, her intrinsic worth—

Sharp. Can be nothing to her *sterling* worth.

Leo. I am convinced—I feel something like love.

Sharp. To be sure you do.—I should adore a twentieth part of the sum, if it were in the pocket of the ugliest old harridan that ever was ducked for a witch.

Leo. You seem to hold beauty very cheap.

Sharp. Oh no—I only value money very highly.

Leo. But when they are combined—

Sharp. That is always possible.—Whoever has the money need not be long without the beauty.

Leo. In one object I hope to possess the ultimatum of my wishes in both.—It must now be my care to

have all around her impressed with esteem for me—My eulogium, wafted to her on every breath, cannot fail of infusing a favourable prepossession.—Be you mindful, that, on all occasions, your report of me may swell the gale of approbation. I need not tell you that your interest will be no sufferer by your panegyric.

Sharp. And, I assure you, I am so good natur'd a fellow, that, make it equally profitable to me, and I would rather speak in a man's praise than against him—So much am I unlike the greater part of my acquaintance.

Leo. The chief personage I wish to enlist in my favour is an old rustic, much devoted to the family, and ranking high in the mother's esteem—His name is Oakworth.

Sharp. What?

Leo. Oakworth.

Sharp. Oak—Oak—worth.—Where does he come from?

Leo. With Mrs Cleveland, from Warwickshire.—What surprises you?

Sharp. Oh nothing—Only it strikes me I have heard that name before.

Leo. Be earnest to throw yourself in his way; and remember, by discreetly applied praise, to pave my passage to the esteem I desire. To merit esteem is, at best, a tedious method of obtaining it—The *purchased* diploma equally gives the title, and saves the labour of deserving it. [*Exit.*

Manet SHARPSET.

Sharp. So I am to throw myself in the way of this old rustic, Oakworth.—You little guess, my very worthy friend, what you are directing.—To throw myself in the way of no less interesting a personage to me than my identical dad—my own natural father.—It is now a long while since I saw the good old boy—

I was but fourteen, I think, when it entered my mad head to scamper away from him—A project well worthy of so experienced an age.—That frolic has thrown me into many a situation which would be whimsical to relate—Yes, and many a situation it would not be prudent to relate.—I long to have a glimpse of the old buck.—I wonder whether he would know me.—Whom have we got here? Oh! this is one of the Asiatic importations.

Enter GANGICA, *looking about with curiosity.—On seeing* SHARPSET, *she starts back.*

Don't be frighten'd, my dear—I am very tame.

Gan. You not hurt me?

Sharp. Lord love you, not I.—I suppose she thought I should dart at her like one of her native tygers.—I assure you, my dear, I sha'n't bite.

Gan. No, no; but you may do great deal mischief, and not bite.

Sharp. But I wont do any mischief at all.

Gan. Dat's good man. You not wonder I am afraid—I am stranger.

Sharp. 'Tis a sign so, by your being afraid; for were you not a stranger, you would know that nobody in this country has the power of wronging another with impunity.—Beside, your being a stranger is a sure title to protection.

Gan. O den, dis be very good country.—Glad I come here.

Sharp. And so am I glad you are come here, my little marigold.

Gan. What for you glad I come here?

Sharp. Because I like the look of you.

Gan. Oh, you mock—You not like my copper face.

Sharp. Why not, my dear?—In my mind, a lady looks better with a face of copper than of brass—And that is all the fashion.

Gan. Oh, if my face were like my dear Miss Julia's! Oh, she so pretty!—she so good!

Sharp. And you love her very much?

Gan. Ay, dat I do—I would die for her.—Oh, I would do great deal more.—I would live to bear pain in my limbs, and sorrow in my heart, to make her happy.

Sharp. Well said, my little disciple of Brama!—If the hallowed waves of the Ganges had any share in infusing this gratitude, I wish its stream lay near enough to be resorted to as a fashionable bathing place.—This little sun-burnt favourite may do Leonard service—I'll try to retain her in his cause.—(*Aside.*) I know who loves your young lady very much.

Gan. So do I.

Sharp. Ay!—who?

Gan. Every body.

Sharp. Yes, yes.—But there is a gentleman here, in this house—a young handsome gentleman.

Gan. Yes. (*With a little titter.*)

Sharp. Very handsome.

Gan. Yes—very handsome.

Sharp. What—you have seen him?

Gan. Yes—I see him now.

Sharp. (*Looking about.*) Who?

Gan. Why, handsome—very handsome gentleman. (*Looking in his face.*)

Sharp Meaning me!—This girl's simplicity has done more than all the bronze of her sex could ever accomplish—Wonderful to relate—made me blush.—I had no notion, though, that these natives of Indostan had so much taste. But, my dear, I am not the only handsome gentleman in this house—I mean another, who has conceived a great esteem for your young lady; and your good opinion of him will, I know, give him great satisfaction—and so—But I had better have done with talking, and appeal to the

rhetoric of all times, and all nations. (*Taking out a purse.*) You must know, my dear, that this gentleman is very generous—and I am sure he will be highly pleased at my making you a present from him of this little purse. (*Gives her the purse.*)

Gan. But what for you give me dis?

Sharp. Why, that—that you may speak well of this young gentleman.

Gan. How I speak well of him I not know?

Sharp. Um—But when you do know him—

Gan. Den, if he good man, I speak well of him widout dis—if he bad man, I not speak well of him for whole shipfull of money. (*Returns the purse.*)

Sharp. So, so—my friend Leonard will not be able to *buy* his diploma here. There is something mighty fascinating in this dusky piece of disinterestedness. Since I find we are not likely to come to right understanding as agents, I'll try how we can agree as principals.—Pray, my dear, have you left your heart in India?

Gan. No—my heart in de right place. (*Pointing to it.*)

Sharp. I'll answer for that—'Tis in the right place, I am sure. But you have not resolved never to love any body?

Gan. No—I love great many.

Sharp. The deuce you do!

Gan. Yes; my young lady I love dearly, dearly; And I love every body dat love her.

Sharp. Oh, is that all? But all your love seems to belong to your lady. Can't you love a little on your own account?

Gan. What you say?

Sharp. Why, you have not made a vow to die a maid.

Gan. I never make vows—it is wicked.

Sharp. Very well.—Why, then, if I were to be very fond of you.

Gan. Yes.

Sharp. Would you be fond of me?

Gan. I not know.

Sharp. Why not?

Gan. Because, though your face white and pretty, I not know if your mind so.

Sharp. Why, that's true, my love—But you may take my word for it.

Gan. No, no—not take man's word when he praise himself.

Sharp. Well, how are you to know?

Gan. Why, in great long time—if I find you do all good—not one bit of bad.

Sharp. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! Oh Lord! here is a trial of gallantry! here is a test for a lover!

Gan. Well, good bye—I stay too long while with you—My lady want me, may be. I see you again some time.

Sharp. Yes, my dear, I hope so.

Gan. Good bye, good bye. [*Exit* GANGICA.

Manet SHARPSET.

Sharp. I am afraid I stand but a poor chance of success here. It is not very likely that my little Gentoo's system for choosing a lover should come into fashion—But if it should, Lord, Lord, what a different class of beings the favourites of the ladies would be!—No—yes—'tis he—my papa, by all that's miraculous!—Oh, the deuce!—what a business here will be!

Enter OAKWORTH.

Oak. Whew, whew—plague take it! I never was so tired with riding a whole day after the fox, as I am now with half an hour's plaguy palaver from this old master of the house. He may be a very good sort of a man—which I don't doubt; but he be cursed tiresome.—Who be this fine spark?—Servant, sir.

Sharp. How do you do—how do you do? (*Hiding his face with his handkerchief.*)

Oak. Pretty well, at your service.—Poor gentleman, he have got the tooth-ache, I believe.—I am afraid you feel uncomfortable, sir.

Sharp. I do, upon my soul, sir.

Oak. Are you often attacked in this way?

Sharp. No, sir, I have not been attacked in this way for a great many years.

Oak. Dear, dear! What! you be quite taken by surprise?

Sharp. Never more so in my life, sir.

Oak. Well, sir, but I hope you will soon get rid of so troublesome a companion.

Sharp. I hope I shall, sir.

Oak. And as you seem to be very uneasy, it will be but kind in me to keep you company a bit.

Sharp. If you stay with me, how the devil am I to get rid of my troublesome companion? (*Aside.*) Oh Lord!—Oh Lord!

Oak. You seem to be in huge great pain. I would not be plagued in this way. I would get somebody to lug him out.

Sharp. Oh how I wish somebody would be so kind!

Oak. If I could borrow a pair of *pinchers*, I would do it for you in a moment—I have drawn fifty so in our village.

Sharp. Oh! I could not think of troubling you.

Oak. It will be a pleasure.

Sharp. No, by no means—I think I am rather better.

Oak. Ah! the fear of the tug always makes it leave off aching. But you'd better have him out—he'll plague you again.

Sharp. I am afraid he will, but I must bear it.—He doesn't know my voice, and my face and person must be still more altered.—Hang it, I'll e'en try.

(*Takes his handkerchief from his face by degrees.*) I begin to feel easier, sir.

Oak. Heartily glad to hear it.

Sharp. (*Takes it quite away.*) My face is rather enlarged, sir. (*Feeling it, as though it were swelled.*)

Oak. Um! I see no swelling at all.—Ah! you were more frightened than hurt.

Sharp. So it turns out, sir—for he has not the slightest remembrance of me. (*Aside.*) Upon my soul, it was very kind of you to offer to operate—and for an entire stranger too.

Oak. One should be ready to lend every body a lift.

Sharp. Yes—and a pretty lift you would have given to my poor grinders.—But how came you to understand drawing teeth?

Oak. Oh, in a little village, a man that means to do good to his neighbours, must turn his hand to every thing.—Why, I have bled folks afore-now.

Sharp. That has run in the family. I have bled 'em a little too. (*Aside.*) Well, sir, and I dare say you have a good dame at home, who is as ready to assist her neighbours as you are?

Oak. Why, yes; my old girl don't grudge stirring her stumps when there is any good to be done.

Sharp. I'm glad to hear the good old dame is alive. Now I'll venture to touch on a tender subject. (*Aside.*) Any—any sons and daughters?

Oak. No—no; they be all gone. (*Sighing.*)

Sharp. What!—none left?

Oak. No, no—Yes—one, mayhap—one may be alive—one ungracious boy.—No, no; it be hardly possible, though there is a chance, a little chance—I have always kept a watch on the Old Bailey sessions papers, and the county assize lists—and to be sure I never found his name down in them; but there is little certainty or comfort in that—for you know.

my poor wicked boy may have been hanged, or sent to Botany Bay under some other name.

Sharp. Hanged, or sent to Botany Bay!

Oak. Ah! sir, it grieves my heart to think it—but he had such little sharping tricks about him when he was but a child, that I were forced to lash, and lash, every day of my life. I dare say, if he be alive, he have got my well-meant marks on his back to this day.

Sharp. Really! It aches at the recollection. (*Aside.*)

Oak. Yes—you must suppose I had his well-doing at heart—and so I never spared him. I did hope, by good advice, and good example, and a good horse-whip, all together, to have made an honest man of him—But the rogue scampered away when he was but a younker, and so got loose into the wide wicked world, with a bad disposition, and necessity to whet it. You must needs think as I do, about what is become of him.

Sharp. I really think, sir, you judge too severely of your son, Je—What is your son's name, sir?

Oak. Jeremy.

Sharp. O, sir, take comfort—Many a lad with as bad a beginning has turned out a great man.

Oak. Ay, a *great* man, mayhap—But I am afraid nobody with so bad a beginning has turned out a *good* one.

Sharp. Upon my soul, you can't think how it shocks me that you should judge so harshly of a child of your own. I dare swear no more harm has happened to Jerry than there has to me.

Oak. O dear, O dear! it be quite a different case.

Sharp. Not at all—not at all—A case very much in point, I assure you.

Oak. How be that? Why, were you a bit of a rogue when you were a younker?

Sharp. To own the truth to you, my dear sir, (but don't mention it,) I was.

Oak. Ah! but you never ran away from your home.

Sharp. I did.

Oak. You don't say so?

Sharp. Honour.

Oak. Yes, yes; but you soon saw your error, and went back to your father?

Sharp. So far from it, my good sir, that it was many years before we met.

Oak. Indeed!

Sharp. And then quite by accident.

Oak. Really!

Sharp. Yes; and the best joke was, he did not know me.

Oak. Not know you! Oh, the old fool!—Beg pardon, sir, for making so free with your father.

Sharp. No apology. Pray make as free with him as you please.—Was it not droll?

Oak. Devilish droll—Ha, ha, ha! I can't help laughing.—So you met him, and he did not know you?

Sharp. No—he did not know me.

Oak. Well, and what did he say when he did know you?

Sharp. Why, that, my dear sir, I must defer telling you till another opportunity.

Oak. Well, sir, whenever you please—I long to hear the rest.

Sharp. Depend upon it, sir, it won't be concealed from you.—Good day to you, sir.

Oak. Good bye, sir.—Ha, ha, ha! Only think of your own father's not knowing you! Ha, ha, ha!

Sharp. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt on different sides.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

OLD VISORLY'S *House.*

Enter JULIA *and* CAROLINE.

Car. But you surely won't stay at home this evening too?

Jul. Yes, indeed I had rather.

Car. You have the most unaccountable domestic propensity. Has novelty no pleasure for you?

Jul. Yes, 'tis novelty makes me domestic; a dear novelty—the novelty of a mother. Now I have gained her sweet society, should I resign it for frivolous amusements I can command at all times?

Car. Well, you are a dear, good girl.

Jul. But where are you going this evening?

Car. That I cannot tell without referring to my engagement list; but, as near as I can guess, to about a dozen assemblies, the opera, a concert, and a masqued ball.

Jul. My dear Caroline, you'll be fatigued to death.

Car. Oh no: I am never weary with pleasure.

Jul. And do you often make these [illegible] exertions for your amusement?

Car. Oh yes; all through the season—And I don't think that half long enough.

Jul. Well, to be equal to such efforts, a woman of

fashion must be endued with more strength than any creature in the universe.

Car. To be sure. Your elephant is nothing to her; for grovelling instinct restrains him from exceeding the paltry limits of mere corporeal exertion; but the elevated spirits and glowing imagination of a woman of fashion make her a being all essence—She is like the wind—light, fleet, and invincible.

Jul. And is she not sometimes like the wind in my native country, which now breathes all gentleness, yet, in a few hours will whirl a whole fortune to destruction?

Car. Why, yes, I am afraid there have been instances of the tornado kind. I really don't know whether many men may not be better pleased with your quiet stay-at-home notions than with more dash and spirit; but perhaps you never yet examined your inclinations with an eye to how a husband would approve them. Ah, Julia, you blush, my dear: I believe this scrutiny has not been unattended to.

Jul. How you talk!

Car. Yes. I *talk*, and you *think*; but both on the same subject. My dear girl, have I yet claim enough on your confidence to ask if the being I allude to has stolen into your dreams, and been admitted into your waking reveries, in the form of a beautiful accomplished youth, whose exact likeness you have never yet realized, or have you already assigned him "a local habitation and a name?"

Jul. Heigho!

Car. Oh, then I lay my life Mr. Heigho has a name and place of abode. Am I not right?

Jul. Yes.

Car. And in what quarter of the globe does he exist?

Jul. Nay, where should he? I have not been long enough in this country to have found him here. I must have met him before.

Car. (*Aside.*) So, my poor brother, your chance is gone.—What is his name?

Jul. Henry Melville.

Car. And you expect him here, no doubt.

Jul. Oh yes, in the same vessel with my father.

Car. And does he know your partiality?

Jul. Yes, and I know his for me, and my father approves.

Car. Oh, you happy girl! Now, the man I love neither knows my partiality for him, nor do I know whether he cares at all for me—And if we did know that we cared for each other, I am sure my father would let us care on till both our hearts broke, before he would give his consent.

Jul. Why so?

Car. Because the poor dear fellow has lost all his fortune; but luckily my father's consent is not essential, as I have a fortune independent of him.

Jul. Then you are not in a very hopeless state?

Car. Oh yes, I am; for my lover (my love I should say) lost all self-importance with his fortune; and I very much fear I shall never be able to make him comprehend that a young woman with a good estate is ready to let him be master of it.

Jul. How strange!

Car. Hints won't do—And if I could bring myself to say to him plainly, "Dear sir, I adore you!" he would only think I was making a jest of him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr Drooply to wait on you, ma'am. (*To* CAROLINE.) [*Exit.*

Car. Lord, how my heart beats! Julia, my dear girl, this is the very man.

Jul. Then, my sweet Caroline, you can very well dispense with me.

Car. Oh no—Pray don't go.

Jul. You would be very angry if I took you at your word. Adieu! [*Exit* JULIA.

Car. Will this provoking creature for ever give me the trouble of making love to him without understanding me?

Enter DROOPLY.

So, sir, you are come.

Dro. Yes; but I will go away again if I intrude.

Car. Nay! Did not I send for you?

Dro. So I understood.

Car. And why do you give me the trouble? You made your visits formerly without being sent for.

Dro. Did I? Yes. I dare say I was a very troublesome fellow.

Car. Nay, you found those visits always received with pleasure; therefore it is strange you need be reminded to continue them.

Dro. My visits received with pleasure! Ah, this is the way in which you always used to banter me.

Car. Banter you! Stupidity!

Dro. Yes, yes. I know you are at your old tricks. You were always cutting your jokes at me.

Car. I?

Dro. Yes, you; and I remember I used to laugh at them; but that was when my pockets were full. Upon my soul, I can't now. No, no, you must excuse me. I defy a man to laugh at a joke when he has lost all his money.

Car. You strange creature! Do you know that I have been thinking of you a great deal lately?

Dro. Yes, I don't doubt it—to play me some trick or other.

Car. Silly animal! (*Aside.*) I have been even dreaming of you—Do you ever dream of me?

Dro. I could not think of taking such a liberty.

Car. Provoking! Oh, I had almost forgot—I knew I had something particular to tell you. It was whis-

pered to me, t'other night, at Lady Blab's, that you—(now mind, if it is true, I sha'n't be angry,) that you had told some friend in confidence (now mind, I have promised not to be angry) that you were in love.

Dro. I told some friend?

Car. Yes; and that delicacy, occasioned by the loss of your fortune, had prevented you from declaring your passion to the object of it.

Dro. I never—

Car. Now do stop a moment; but that if you thought it would be favourably received (—now remember I have promised not to be angry—) you would overcome your diffidence, and reveal it.

Dro. I assure you that—

Car. A moment's patience, pray.—At last, by great entreaty, I learnt the lady's name.

Dro. And what was it?

Car. Need you be told—it was—Caroline Visorly.

Dro. Upon my soul it is a trumped-up story from beginning to end.

Car. Incorrigible stupidity!

Enter GANGICA.

Gan. Beg pardon—did not know company was here. (*Going.*)

Car. If you want any thing, you need not run away, child. (GANGICA *goes up to a table where some work lies.*) Well, sir, I have no more to say—only don't entirely relinquish the society of one to whom yours ever was, and ever will be a pleasure. Adieu! [*Exit.*

Dro. Now who the devil can have told such a cursed pack of lies of me—All done to ruin me in her good opinion. That I, a poor undone dog, with not a sixpence in the world but what I receive from her brother's friendship—I might say his—charity, should presume to cherish hopes of Caroline Visorly. No, no—all my hopes of her vanished with my for-

time. I love her—I do love her: and what a good-natured soul it is, not to have flown into a rage at supposing I could be guilty of such vanity—such presumption—such folly.—Ay, that—that saved me: —Knowing the folly, she pardoned the presumption.

[GANGICA *has been at the table getting her work, and comes forward with it in her hand.*

Gan. You happy, very happy man.

Dro. Oh yes, my dear, very, very—(*Hardly attending to her.*)

Gan. Bless me—but you not look, you not speak like happy man.

Dro. And pray, my little dear, what should make you suppose I am a happy man?

Gan. Because pretty lady love you.

Dro. Pretty lady love me!—Why, even little Tawny must cut a joke at me.

Gan. Yes, pretty lady dat went out just now love you.

Dro. Oh, I am known for a *butt* by instinct. I have not a doubt but it would be the same all the world over. If I were to land at Otaheite, the natives would begin quizzing me directly in their damn'd gibberish.—Why, you are a comical little rogue. So that lady loves me, does she?

Gan. Yes.

Dro. You'd find it hard to make me believe that.

Gan. And you find it much more great deal harder make me believe she not love you.

Dro. Indeed!

Gan. Yes; she not make me believe herself, if she say she not love you.

Dro. No?

Gan. No;—because dey tell me dat always tell true.

Dro. They? Who are they?

Gan. Dese—(*Pointing to her eyes.*) Truth not always come from here; (*The mouth;*) always from here; (*Her eyes.*)

Dro. Hey!

Gan. You tink, because I stranger, I not understand. Oh, language of love is the same in my country, your country, all country. [*Exit.*

Dro. Hey! What! No, it can't be. Let me think.—Um! Faith, it begins to dawn—now it glares! Oh, what a blind dolt have I been! Ha! ha! Huzza! I hear myself laugh again, and think I could cut a caper—Tol lol de rol! Whew! A fine girl loves me, and so—Fortune, go hang. [*Exit.*

Scene changes to another Apartment in VISORLY'S *House.*

Enter LEONARD, *with a letter in his hand, followed by a Servant.*

Leo. Is my father at home?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Leo. Tell him I wish to see him directly. [*Exit Servant.*] (*Reads.*) "Sir, knowing you to have the management of Mr Cleveland's concerns, I write to inform you that the ship in which he came passenger from India was wrecked off Portland, the 29th ult., and every soul perished."

Enter OLD VISORLY.

Old Vis. Well, my dear boy, what news—what news?

Leo. Very important, sir:—Cleveland is no more.

Old Vis. Dear me—dear me!

Leo. By this I learn that the vessel that brought him from Bengal is wrecked, and he has perished.

Old Vis. Poor man! poor man! Alack! He was a good twenty years younger than I am—Only to think that I should outlive him: Ah, there is no

knowing who is to go to the grave first—Mayhap I may outlive you, Leonard. (*Weeping.*)

Leo. Oh, sir, don't indulge such melancholy ideas. His death, though, to be sure, very dreadful, and likely to awaken sensibility in the breasts of his relations, yet carries with it to us a kind of consolation.

Old Vis. How do you mean, Leonard?

Leo. You know my wish to be united to his daughter—and perhaps he might have had in his mind a different alliance for her.

Old Vis. Very true.

Leo. Now my attainment of that object is infinitely more secure, the mother and the girl being both under our own roof, and likely now to continue so.

Old Vis. Very true. Lord, what a blockhead was I, to fall a blubbering, and for a man too, who, though he was my first cousin, I should not have known from Adam! But I have a very tender heart.

Leo. Yes, and a very soft head. (*Aside.*) But now, sir, to break these dismal tidings to his wife and daughter—that must be my mother's business.

Old Vis. Yes, we will go and prepare her to make the melancholy discovery. You have the way, my dear Leonard, of placing things in a right point of view. It is really quite a weakness my being so tender-hearted. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Apartment.

MRS CLEVELAND *and* JULIA.

Mrs Clev. My dear, dear Julia, what happiness has Heaven allotted me, to compensate for my past

wretchedness! To have my lovely child restored to me, adorned with every grace, endowed with each perfection a mother's fondest wishes could desire—Oh, none but a mother can know the happiness I feel.

Jul. May increasing joy be ever my dear mother's portion—It must—goodness like her's must be the object of Heaven's choicest blessings.

Mrs Clev. When your dear father, and the happy youth to whom my Julia has assigned her heart have passed the perils of the ocean, and tread secure on English ground, then shall I have no wish on earth ungratified; but till those joyful tidings reach me, my heart will beat with apprehension.

Jul. Nay, do not be alarmed with needless terrors. I feel confident of their safety.

Mrs Clev. Ah, my dear girl, yours is the age of sweet delusion, when Hope, as yet unknown for a deceiver, promises each wish acquaintance with reality.

Jul. I have escaped the perils which you dread, and reached your arms in safety. Why not be confident the same good fate attends on them?

Mrs Clev. Ah, my Julia—but winds and waves are treacherous—besides, the foe—nay, that's a silly terror.—The ocean is our own, and our extended fleets, rich with the commerce of the world, sail as securely to their native ports, as if peace universal reigned.

Jul. Then free from apprehension let us await the speedy completion of our happiness.

Enter GANGICA.

Gan. Oh, madam! Oh, my young lady! Oh me, unhappy me!

Both. What is the matter?

Gan. Oh, I can't speak—I can't tell you what I know, cut your dear hearts, and make dem bleed a mine do.

Mrs Clev. Speak, child, for Heaven's sake!

Jul. Tell us, Gangica, tell us all.

Gan. You will know—you must know—but spare poor Gangica—don't bid her tell you, for fear you hate her for making you so wretched.

Jul. Speak, Gangica, directly.

Gan. Your dear, dear father dead—dead—dead.

[MRS CLEVELAND *transfixed with horror;* JULIA *sinks on the sofa.*

Enter OAKWORTH.

Mrs Clev. (*Recovering.*) Where is my child?

[OAKWORTH *points to her.*

Oh, Julia! Julia!

[*Bursts into tears, and takes* JULIA *in her arms;* GANGICA *goes to the sofa, and leans over* JULIA.

Enter LADY JEMIMA.

Lady Jem. I find the dismal tidings are already known:—Madam, be comforted.

Mrs Clev. Alas!

Oak. This be a woeful day.—Alack, alack, that ever I lived to see it.

Lady Jem. A letter has been just now brought, directed for Miss Cleveland. (*Shewing the letter.*) It may contain something important, and I hope—

Mrs Clev. Pray, give it me—I grasp at any hope.—Julia, 'tis from Henry Melville. (*Reads.*) "Snatched by Providence from a wat'ry grave, I haste to acquaint my dearest Julia with my safety—As my situation was infinitely more perilous than her dear father's, I rely on his deliverance, and conclude he will have embraced his lovely daughter before this reaches her."—No, no, he has not embraced his lovely daughter—he never will embrace her.

Lady Jem. Take comfort, madam. You have now strong reason to hope the best.

Jul. Yes, dearest mother, be assured the same protecting angel has preserved my father too.

Oak. Do, do hope it. Heaven will not forsake the good.

Mrs Clev. Come, my child—in Heaven I trust.

[*Exeunt* MRS CLEVELAND, JULIA, *and* LADY JEMIMA.

[GANGICA, *oppressed with grief, remains leaning on the sofa.*

Oak. Oh dear, Oh dear, Oh dear! This world be full of troubles. But a little bit ago we were so happy as nothing was ever like it—and now it is all weeping and misery. Oh, those devildom hard-blowing gales and cursed craggy rocks, they have brought cruel sorrow to many a family. Poor little Gangica, she takes on as dismally as any on us. It is a tender-hearted little creature. Gangica, come, dear, don't you droop, you may see your young lady's father again, alive and well.

Gan. No, no, no—I never see him more—He be sunk down—deep down—roaring waves roll over him—I never see him more.

Oak. Yes, yes; Heaven will let him live, to comfort his wife, his child, ay, and to reward your fidelity

Gan. Oh, if he live—if I see him again, dat be my reward.

Enter SHARPSET.

Sharp. Sir, how do you do?—Ah, my little dear, you here. Why, you have been crying, and you look gloomy too, sir.

Oak. Yes, sir; we have neither much cause to look cheerfully.

Sharp. I am sorry for that—I heard indeed that ill news had arrived, which concerns the ladies.

Oak. Then, when you know that we belong to

those ladies, you can't expect us to be gay when those we love are in affliction.

Sharp. Very true, sir. But, poor thing, (*To* GANGICA,) come, do cheer up a little—don't be so very dismal—do let me see you smile again.

Gan. Smile! when I full of sorrow—Why, you wish my face mock my heart.

Oak. Come, sir, leave her as nature made her—don't teach her any of your damn'd fashionable tricks, making the face look one thing while the heart means another. Go, my good girl, and comfort yourself with the hope that we may soon have reason to smile again. (*Exit* GANGICA.) There is a creature that will make me expect in future to find the fairest mind in a dark-coloured case. I hope I may live to see her as happy as she deserves to be. If I had but a son of my own—but what signifies wishing?

Sharp. Ah, what indeed! For have you not a son of your own, sir?

Oak. If I have, I love her too well to wish she had him. No, no—if I had a son such as I could wish—

Sharp. I am afraid you are very hard to please, sir.

Oak. I should take great pains to get him this girl for a wife.

Sharp. And I am so much of your way of thinking, that if you were my father, I should be highly grateful for your kind endeavours.

Oak. Would you? Then only let me find out that you are worthy of her, and though you are a stranger to me, I'll do all I can for you. (*Going.*)

Sharp. That is very kind of you indeed, sir.

Oak. But hold, hold—Are you sure your father would approve of it?

Sharp. Quite sure, sir.

Oak. How do you know?

Sharp. He has already signified his approbation.

Oak. Indeed! When?

Sharp. Just now, sir.

Oak. Why, has he ever seen the girl?

Sharp. Oh Lord, yes, sir.

Oak. Well, well, but I should like to have a little conversation with the old gentleman.

Sharp. Ah, sir, you have had a great deal in your time.

Oak. What, then I know him?

Sharp. Nobody half so well, sir.

Oak. Really! What, an old acquaintance?

Sharp. A very old one, sir—You knew him long before I did.

Oak. Bless my soul! And pray, sir, what is your name?

Sharp. I am called Sharpset, sir.

Oak. Then you must be mistaken, sir—I have no acquaintance of that name.

Sharp. My dear sir, that is not the family name; that is not my father's name.

Oak. Well, what is your father's name?

Sharp. The very reason, sir, which made me adopt another name still prevents me from just at present avowing my real one; but depend upon it, you shall know, sir.

Oak. Well, sir, whenever it is proper to tell me, I shall be glad to know, (*Going.*) but give me your hand, for your father's sake.

Sharp. And I grasp yours with affection—for my father's sake. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.

The Street.

Enter HENRY MELVILLE.

Hen. That, I find, is the house of Mr Visorly. There I shall learn my Julia's residence. This is but a sorry garb for a lover to seek his mistress in; but if I know my Julia's heart, her joy at finding me preserved from death will make her little heed, or scarcely see the poorness of my raiment. Her father's safety, though I little doubt it, I long to be assured of. Now, then, to be resolved on that important point, and meet my Julia. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in VISORLY'S *House.*

Enter HENRY.

Hen. To find she is in this house is more good fortune than I could hope.

Enter JULIA.

My Julia!

Jul. Oh, Henry! To behold you again, after such danger—But where is my father?

Hen. Have you not seen him yet?

Jul. Oh no, no—Tell me, does he live?

Hen. I hope so, Julia.

Jul. Oh, is it only hope?

Hen. Be comforted—he *may* be safe, he surely *must*. Soon as our vessel bulged on the rock, and the impetuous torrent rushed at the dreadful chasm to o'erwhelm us, the boats were instantly hauled out, and in a moment throng'd. In one, least crowded, was your father: he call'd to me, and earnestly conjured me to come into it—As I was going to comply, I saw a poor old man kneeling to Heaven to save him from the fate his feeble age denied him to contend against. The boat could safely hold but one—I placed him in it, seized on a friendly coop, and with it trusted to the waves.

Jul. My generous Henry! But my father—

Hen. The sea was very boisterous, and often washed over me; yet at intervals I snatched a short view, and still saw his boat riding in safety. At length the bursting billows showering so frequently their torrents on me, deluged my senses. When I recovered them, I found myself in a small vessel, whose crew had humanely rescued me from death.

Jul. Oh my poor father!

Hen. Nay, droop not, Julia.—This vessel was a sloop of war sailing for the Downs. Before I recovered, it was under weigh; I was therefore forced to remain in it till it gained its station.—Landed at Deal, I could of course hear no tidings of your father, whose boat, no doubt, safely reached the nearest shore. His not being yet arrived argues nothing against his safety.

Jul. But would he not have written to acquaint us with it?—News of the wreck could reach us, but no intelligence from him—No, he is gone! My father is gone for ever.

Hen. My Julia's grief distracts me—Still let me hope 'tis without cause; but as no moment should be

lost to prove it groundless, I will this instant fly to know the truth. Farewell, my Julia! When next we meet, I trust all grief will vanish

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

VISORLY'S *House.*

Enter LEONARD *and* SHARPSET.

Leo. Where have you been? I never wanted your assistance more, and I have been hunting after you of late in vain.

Sharp. Whew! you seem in a blessed humour. What has produced such an amiable tone of temper?

Leo. All my scheme is likely to be ruined. There is a lover, a favoured lover come to light.

Sharp. Oh, the deuce!

Leo. Yes, saved from the wreck.—Damnation! But there is still one consolation—he brings no tidings of the father—the waves have not spared him.

Sharp. Poor man!

Leo. Amiable tenderness!

Sharp. Mock as you will, I cannot, like you, steel my heart against the common feelings of humanity.

Leo. Psha! he's dead—Will your preaching re-

animate him? No. Then to the purpose of doing service to the living, of aiding your friend.

Sharp. How?

Leo. This girl, now the rightful inheritor of her father's immense fortune, must be mine.

Sharp. But you tell me of a lover.

Leo. Yes, and there is not time for endeavouring to undermine his hold on her heart—Measures must be adopted, sudden and forcible.

Sharp. How do you mean?

Leo. To bear her away. Once in my possession, all may go smoothly: at her age, nay, at any age, a transfer of affection is no uncommon incident.

Sharp. But the difficulty—See how she is surrounded.

Leo. Difficulty! Every difficulty yields to the enterprising. Her lover is gone, like a true hero of romance, to conjure up the dead. 'Tis easy to get the rest out of the way.—First, I'll remove the main obstacle, her rustic protector.

Sharp. Remove him! How do you mean, remove him?

Leo. We must lack invention, indeed, not to effect that.—By an hundred stratagems we can keep him out of the way long enough to answer my purpose.

Sharp. But I have a trifling objection to his being put to the slightest inconvenience.

Leo. Objection? What?

Sharp. He only happens to be my father.

Leo. What do you say? Your father?

Sharp. My father.

Leo. You astonish me. Well, well, this may turn to account. Then you may have influence to bring him over to my interest.

Sharp. Not I, nor all the world would be able to influence him to a dishonest action—Beside, friend Leonard, to let you into a secret, I neither like your

scheme, nor wish to forward it. After a long absence, I have had the happiness to meet my father, and when I behold in him what a glow of youth an honest heart infuses into an aged face, I am determined to abandon my roguery, and try to make the rosy honours of honesty hereditary.

Leo. You mean, then, to defeat my purposes?

Sharp. I certainly mean not to aid them.

Leo. But am I to expect your opposition?

Sharp. I hope, Leonard, your own reflections will render that needless. Could you have fairly gained the girl's affections, I should have rejoiced at your success, and thought the society of an amiable woman the likeliest school for forming an honest man; but force—to use force against a lovely, helpless female, none but a devil could inspire the thought, and none but devils could be found to execute it.

Leo. Bravo! One might judge by your energy that you were a new-made proselyte. Apostates are always the maddest enthusiasts.—But, fool! do you think I am to be preached out of my intentions?

Sharp. And do you think I am to be bullied out of mine?

Leo. Well, sir, take your course, but be cautious that you do not thwart me—Dare not to breathe a word of my designs, unless your devotion to your new tenets is warm enough to make you welcome a prison in their defence. Mark me—a prison. You may remember there are certain bonds of yours in my possession, that give me as entire a power over your person, as though you were my purchased slave. Remember this, and act accordingly. [*Exit.*

Sharp. How my blood boils at the villain! Too true he has me in his power; but I'll keep him in view—I'll watch his motions. I've deserved a prison before now, and have escaped it: Well, then, if I am brought to one at last for a good deed, all's square again, and I begin the world a fresh man.

Enter DROOPLY, *repeating, as he enters,*

" Come, thou goddess, fair and free,
In heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne."

Sharp. Why, Drooply—Surprising! so sprightly—so gay!

Dro. Gay as a lark, my boy.

" Haste thee, nymph, and bring with the.
Jest and youthful jollity."

Sharp. What! have you found your estate again?

Dro. No; but I have found myself again: I've regained my spirits, and they are worth all the estates in the universe.

Sharp. But what has effected this wonderful change?

Dro. What! Need you ask? What can breathe animation into a cloud of despondency but woman, dear, lovely, angelic woman.

Sharp. So you have gained your spirits by losing your heart.

Dro. Yes; and a man hardly knows he has a heart till he loses it. But huzza! I am in love, and, what is more, I am beloved.—Damn my estate, and give me your hand, my boy, though you won it.

Sharp. I won it! yes, and won it fairly too.

Dro. Who doubts it? Not I, I'm sure.

Sharp. Why, then, may be you ought.

Dro. You are a comical dog.

Sharp. I say, perhaps you ought to doubt it.

Dro. Hey-day—the oddest kind of quizzing this:—The man who won my estate wanting to make me believe I was cheated of it. You are a devilish droll dog; but I have something else to do than to mind your waggery. (*Going.*)

Sharp. Stay! You are an honest fellow, and have been damn'd unlucky in your acquaintance.

Dro. Poh, poh, poh!

Sharp. Drooply, when a man assures you of his honesty, I'll give you leave to doubt him; but when he

insists on his knavery, don't be so stupidly incredulous.

Dro. What are you driving at?

Sharp. Plainly to tell you, you have been duped—cheated—robbed.

Dro. By you?

Sharp. Yes—but I have been only second in command. Do you remember by whose kindness you were first made happy with my acquaintance?

Dro. Hum! Yes: by my friend Leonard Visorly.

Sharp. He is my commanding officer.

Dro. Leonard! my friend! my patron!

Sharp. Your plunderer.—He laid plans which I only executed—he received the booty, while I was paid but a subaltern's share.

Dro. I am petrified.

Sharp. But be silent—be prudent! for I've but shewn you your malady, without being able to prescribe a remedy. He has played the politician so well, that his villainy is known only to me—the minor agents were all of my employing—So remember, don't break out; for you have nothing but my testimony to support an accusation, and he has wound his snares so well, that he has me in his toils. Adieu. Be cautious, and trust that the day of retribution will come. [*Exit* SHARP.

Dro. Here is a damper to my gaiety! Not even love can support a man's spirits against ingratitude. I lost my fortune, but still I thought I had a friend left. To find that friend my—Oh, damn it, I can't bear the thought. I'll go instantly and seek Caroline: But how to tell her of her brother's villainy? I hope I may not meet him—I should not know how to——

Enter LEONARD.

Leo. Drooply! (*Holding out his hand.*)

Dro. How do you do? How do you do?

Leo. What! Won't you shake hands with me?

Dro. Won't I shake hands with you! that is a good joke. (*Holding out his hand, and then drawing it back.*) Not but I think shaking hands a cursed foolish habit.

Leo. Why?

Dro. Because, in this damn'd hypocritical world, one often gives the gripe of friendship to a scoundrel.

Leo. Very true; one is often mistaken.

Dro. Yes, miserably.

Leo. But when we come to the knowledge of a friend's real worth—

Dro. It sometimes teaches us to consider him a friend no longer.

Leo. Your gloom, I find, has taken the general course, and led you to misanthropy. When men have been unfortunate, they generally grow unjust.

Dro. Yes; and for that there is some excuse—But when men are unjust and fortunate too, what black souls they must have.

Leo. Very true: But have you had experience of such?

Dro. Haven't I lost a fortune?

Leo. Yes—by play, not knavery.

Dro. Why, play and knavery are so much connected, that I can't separate them for the soul of me.

Leo. You appear to have suspicions.

Dro. No, no *suspicions* at all.

Leo. You surely talk as if you had doubts.

Dro. You mistake—I have not a *doubt* on the subject. Good bye! I am very miserable, and of course very bad company for you.

Leo. When we meet again, I shall be glad to see you more cheerful.

Dro. Why, when we meet again, Leonard—Farewel. [*Exit.*

Leo. Um! All is not as it should be! Can that villain Sharpset have dared reveal to him—I fear it—and if he have betrayed me to him, he will not stop

there. His malice then must have a check—he shall instantly be taken care of: I have the power to secure him. The old rustic, whom he calls his father, I have been forced to entrap somewhat illegally; but he will be safe till my scheme is executed; and then the fellow that I have bribed to swear a debt against him may, by flight, secure himself from the vengeance of the violated law. All is well arranged; and this very night shall put me securely in possession of my eastern beauty, and her eastern riches. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A House of Confinement.

OAKWORTH *and Bailiff.*

Oak. But what right, I say, have you to keep me here against my will?

Bail. Lord love your heart, I don't vant to keep any gemman in my house against his vill.

Oak. Then let me out directly.

Bail. You may go farther, and fare vorse. Vhere do you think to go?

Oak. Why, home, to be sure.

Bail. That is a devilish good one. You are a comical kind of a gemman; but a great many comical gemmen wisits me—I sees most of the vits one time or other.

Oak. Have done with your nonsense, and let me go home—and damme but I'll trounce you and the rascals who brought me here.

Bail. Vy, as for your trouncing, I laughs at that. —I does nothing but vat I can justify.

Oak. What! Can you justify kidnapping a man in

the streets?—I am too old to go for a soldier. If I were not, and my country wanted me, I should not need be dragged to my duty.

Bail. Vat do you talk about kidnapping for?—You knows as vell as I can tell you vy you came here.

Oak. I'll be cursed if I do.

Bail. Vy, you know if you paid your debts, you could not be brought into trouble.

Oak. Pay my debts! I don't owe a farthing to mortal man.

Bail. Come, come, do behave a little genteelly.—There is nothing unlike a gemman in not *paying* your debts; but it's damn'd shabby to *deny* 'em.

Oak. Well, sir, since you insist upon it, pray, whom may I be indebted to?

Bail. (*Looking at the writ.*) "To Thomas Testify von hundred pounds."

Oak. I never heard of such a man.—I am not the person. It is a mistake.

Bail. Come, come, old one, that's too bad.

Oak. I tell you it's all a mistake—Let me out, I say.

Bail. Yes, yes, to take you to Newgate, if you like.—(*Noise without.*)

SHARPSET, (*entering.*)

Ay, ay, it is all right.—I owe the money—that can't be denied.

Bail. Only mind this honest gemman, he doesn't pretend to humbug people as you do.

Sharp. What!—(*Seeing* OAKWORTH.) You here, sir!

Oak. Bless my soul!

Bail. Oh, they know von another—Both of a kidney, I varrant.—Oh, that old one is a deep one.

[*Exit.*

Sharp. How came you here, sir!

Oak. Dragged here—dragged by main force.

Sharp. On what pretence?

Oak. Because they want to persuade me I owe a hundred pounds to a Mr Thomas Testify.

Sharp. Whom you know nothing of?

Oak. No more than the man in the moon.

Sharp. Sir, there is rank villainy going forward.

Oak. Yes, that is pretty clear.

Sharp. You must send directly for Mrs Cleveland —Every thing dear to herself depends on it—Therefore send to her immediately, and tell her not to leave her daughter.

MRS CLEVELAND, (*entering.*)

Let me see him instantly; and, Gangica, do you stay under the care of the servants.—My good friend, do I find you in a place like this?

Oak. And are you so very good as to seek me in a place like this?—How came you to know of my being here?

Mrs Clev. You sent for me, did you not?

Oak. No.

Mrs Clev. Amazing! A messenger came to me, acquainting me with your situation, and directing me where to find you—on which, you may conclude, I lost no time in hastening to you.

Oak. Dear good creature!

Mrs Clev. But who can have been so kind to inform me where?

Sharp. The kindness, madam, was the kindness of the devil, who often puts on the semblance of goodness only to betray.—Quit this place, and return home instantly—There is a villainous design against your daughter—Your absence and his has been artfully caused, to effect her ruin.

Mrs Clev. Oh, horrible!

Sharp. Lose not a moment in questioning, or all is lost—Though the debt alleged be a false one, give

your draft for it, and take him with you. Haste, madam, haste; and Heaven prosper you! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Garden belonging to OLD VISORLY'S *House.*

Enter LEONARD.

Leo. The evening is as dark as I could wish—the moon has civilly withdrawn her intrusive rays—the mother and Oakworth are admirably disposed of—my own family, too, conveniently from home; for though I am not sure they would thwart a design so greatly for my advantage, yet I had rather be without needless confidants.—Simpson! Simpson!

Enter SIMPSON.

Sim. Sir?

Leo. Is the carriage at the garden gate, and every thing in readiness?

Sim. Yes, sir.

Leo. Very well.—Wait hereabout, or be at the garden gate.——(*Exit* SIMPSON.) Now then to my young lady. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to an apartment in* VISORLY'S *House.*

JULIA, *alone.*

I wish my mother would return, and bring me news of poor Oakworth.—'Tis hard that he, so good and friendly to others, should himself experience cruel treatment.—Alas! my spirits quite sink under the pressure of misfortune.—Oh, my dear father, may I hope ever again to be blessed with thy fond embrace?

Enter LEONARD.

Jul. Ha!—Who is there?—(*Finding it to be* LEONARD.) I beg your pardon, sir, for my childish alarm—but I am really so weak, that I am agitated by the slightest circumstance.—Indeed I beg your pardon.

Leo. Madam, my situation is a most unfortunate one. I hoped, by years of attention to your every wish, to have convinced you, that for you alone I cherished existence.

Jul. Sir!

Leo. But I have the misery to find your hand is not unpromised, nor, I fear, your mind uninfluenced.

Jul. Sir, my hand and heart are both most solemnly affianced.

Leo. Then all my cherished hopes are vanished.—I thought to have convinced you by every action that my soul was yours, before my lips should venture the confession.—I indulged the gay dream, that by my tender assiduity you might be won to sympathy, and have heard me breathe the vows of love with looks that spoke a language—Ah! how remote from what they now convey.—Yet even those looks, so adverse to my wishes; those eyes, could they dart death, should not impede me from declaring this heart, to you devoted, never will forego its claim.

Jul. Sir!—What mean you?

Leo. Listed under Love's banner, never to desert his cause.—You must—you shall be mine.

Jul. Horrible!

Leo. A whole life of tenderness shall atone for what has now the look of violence. (*Approaches her.*)

Jul. Violence!—Oh, Heaven! help! help!—Oh!—(*She faints; he catches her in his arms.*)

Leo. She is mine! [*Exit, bearing her off.*

SCENE IV.

The Garden.

Enter DROOPLY.

Dro. Well, I have found no great difficulty in scampering over the garden wall.—If any of the family should find me here though, I should be strangely suspected of either an intrigue or a burglary.—It was an excellent thought of Caroline's to let me know when we should next meet, by leaving a letter for me in a sly corner of the pavilion; for there is no trusting servants.—I'll e'en get my dear little packet, and over the wall again.—(*Going towards the pavilion.*) Ha!—I hear somebody coming.—(*In his hurry to get to the pavilion, he stumbles over a garden-chair.*)

Enter LEONARD, *with* JULIA *in his arms.*

Leo. Oh, you are there, Simpson!—Here, take the lady in your arms.—A fortunate fainting-fit has prevented out-cry.—Place her in the carriage, while I return for an instant; for I have forgot to provide myself with the most material companion for long journies.—Here, take one of my pistols, and defend your prize at the hazard of your life.

[*Exit, leaving* JULIA *in* DROOPLY'S *arms.*

Dro. What the devil shall I do? And what prize have I got here?—(*The moon bursting by degrees from a cloud.*) My sweet, pretty moon, do enlighten me a little more, that I may see who I am hugging so lovingly.—(*It grows lighter.*) Thank you kindly, my dear Lady Luna.—What, the young East Indian!

—Oh, that villain!—She revives!—Don't be alarm'd, madam.

Jul. Where am I?—Who are you?

Dro. No agent of villainy, but one who will protect you.

Jul. Oh, where is that wretch: Am I in his power?

Dro. No, madam, nor ever shall be.—Ha! he is coming.

Jul. Let me fly from his sight.

Dro. There, madam, into that pavilion. (*He goes with her, enters it, and brings out* CAROLINE's *letter in his hand.*) She is safe, and I have got my dear Caroline's letter—So now, Mr Leonard, have at you! (LEONARD *enters, and is crossing the stage*—DROOPLY *meets him*—DROOPLY *has put the pistol in his pocket.*)

Leo. (*Starting.*) Drooply!——What do you do here?

Dro. I am only engaged in a little affair of gallantry.

Leo. What, here!—Do you disgrace my father's house with your gallantries?

Dro. Do you never disgrace your father's house with your gallantries?

Leo. Insolent!

Dro. No, no; I must do you the justice to own, you carry your gallantries *out* of your father's house.

Leo. What do you mean?

Dro. Mean! Sure you forget Simpson is in the secret.

Leo. What of Simpson?

Dro. An't I Simpson?—You did me the honour to salute me so just now.

Leo. Damnation!—Well, sir, then where is your charge.

Dro. Here, you villain. (*Presents his pistol.*)

Leo. Drooply, I am in your power—command any

thing—do but this instant restore me Julia, and you shall again glitter in gaiety, again be the rich, the courted Drooply.

Dro. Yes, to be pillaged again, you conclude, by the well-laid schemes of the friendly Mr Visorly.

Leo. Ha!

Dro. Yes; I know your baseness.—This heart, which once felt only gratitude and friendship towards you, now despises and abhors you—This tongue, once lavish in your praise, and prodigal of thanks, now execrates your infamy.

Leo. This is no time to prove my innocence.—I am traduced, vilely slandered—All this I can clear up, and will; but the moments are most precious to me.—Where is the lady?—Restore me Julia, and make your own terms.

Dro. What terms do you think would bribe me to restore a lovely innocent to a villain's power?—I am poor, I am wretchedly poor.—But would you return my fortune, would you add your own, your father's, nay, all the wealth of this rich city, it should not bribe me to an act of villainy.

Leo. Be prudent, and attend to what I say.

Dro. I'll attend to one thing you said most strictly.—You charged me to defend my prize at the hazard of my life—That I do most willingly.

Leo Drooply, urge me no further—I am desperate—Julia must be mine.—Be wise: accept the offers of my friendship—don't risk my vengeance.

Dro. Your vengeance!—Poh!—What! because you found me gentle, nay, humble, to the man I thought my friend and patron, do you think I want spirit to oppose a robber and a ravisher?—Leonard, be assured, it is a vast pleasure for me to have a pop at you on my own account; but had I no wrongs, sooner than be your accomplice in the ruin of an unprotected woman, damme, but I would march up to

you if you held a lighted match to the touch-hole of a nine-pounder. (*Goes up close to him.*)

OAKWORTH (*without.*)

Oak. She must have been taken this way.

Enter OAKWORTH, MRS CLEVELAND, *and* GANGICA.—*The moment* OAKWORTH *sees* LEONARD *and* DROOPLY *he runs down the stage and collars them both.*

Oak. Give her up, give her up this instant, or I'll throttle you both.

Mrs Clev. Where is my daughter?

Oak. Ay, where is the lady? Give her up directly.—Curse your pistols; I don't mind your pistols.—Give her up, I say.

Mrs Clev. (*To* LEONARD.) Heavens! is it you?—you concerned in this villainy?——Where is my daughter, sir?

Leo. Ask that gentleman—He has conveyed her hence.

Mrs Clev. You, then, that I have accused, are her defender:—I ask your pardon.

Dro. May I perish if he isn't making his bow for the mother's civility!

Mrs Clev. Where is my daughter, sir? (*To* DROOPLY.)

Leo. There is one hope left. If he conveyed her to the carriage—and where else could he—they have doubtless driven off with her.——Where is the lady, villain?

Dro. Damme, if his impudence does not petrify me!

Oak. (*Rushing up to him.*) Ay, where is the lady, villain?

Dro. A little patience; you shall know the whole.

Leo. No, sir, no fabrications, no fictions.—Where is the lady?

Dro. Should you be pleased to see her?

Leo. Doubtless.

Dro. Oh, I'll do any thing to oblige you.—(*Goes to the pavilion, and leads her out.*) Now, sir, why don't you appeal to the lady to proclaim your innocence?—What, dumb!—Ah, I know your modesty of old.—Then I will speak for you.—From which of us, madam, have you experienced this outrage?

Jul. Oh, from him, from him. (*Pointing to* LEONARD.—MRS CLEVELAND *and* OAKWORTH *express astonishment, and* LEONARD *rushes out.*)

Dro. That is right, Leonard—move off; but run as fast as you will, the devil must overtake you.

Mrs Clev. Then to you I owe my daughter's preservation.—Oh, sir, accept a mother's thanks!

Dro. Offer them, madam, to Providence only, which made me the humble instrument to preserve an angel, and expose a fiend.—Where, madam, shall I have the honour of conducting you?

Mrs Clev. Any where, so I avoid that hated habitation.

Oak. Let us go, madam, to the hotel where we first arrived.

Mrs Clev. And where, would to Heaven, we had remained.—Come, dearest Julia. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

VISORLY'S *House.*

Enter OLD VISORLY *and* LEONARD.

Old Vis. Oh, Leonard, Leonard, it is a bad business, a very bad business.

Leo. So is every thing unsuccessful, sir. Were I now in possession of the girl and her fortune, you might probably not be condemning the means by which I accomplished it.

Old Vis. Yes, I should—I should condemn such means.—Oh fie! against her will.

Leo. Seemingly, sir, only seemingly.—The man who would deal successfully with the sex must often force them to follow their own inclinations.

Old Vis. I don't know that: but I have found that the man who would deal quietly with the sex is always forced to let them follow their own inclinations.

Leo. It was a desperate effort, but the only chance left for obtaining her.—That foiled, she is lost most certainly, perhaps her fortune too.

Old Vis. Perhaps!—Why, to be sure it is. If she is lost, her fortune must be lost—You can't contrive to marry the fortune without marrying the girl, can you?

Leo. No, sir:—But with your aid the fortune may be ours without the encumbrance.

Old Vis. The fortune ours—Eh! how?

Leo. Had Cleveland died unmarried, you were his heir.

Old Vis. Yes—What of that?

Leo. Are we sure he did not die unmarried?

Old Vis. We should be pretty sure, I think, when he has left a wife and child behind to convince us.

Leo. Is she his wife?—Can she prove herself such?

Old Vis. Eh!

Leo. By his own account, the marriage was a private one; a private marriage in the East Indies!—Reflect first on the probability of its being no marriage, and next consider the difficulty of proving it, if it were one.

Old Vis. Yes, yes, very true.—But you surely do not doubt the marriage; therefore, to claim a property, because, perhaps, legal proof can't be obtained—

Leo. Is, you think, not strictly within the pale of moral rectitude.

Old Vis. I can't say but I am of that opinion.

Leo. Oh, sir, despise all abstract refinement, and be assured that you fulfil every moral obligation when your conduct is sanctioned by the laws of your country.

Old Vis. There is something in that; but yet justice, you know, can only be guided by appearances; and one's conscience will not always acquiesce.

Leo. My dear sir, when your conscience opposes a legal decree, you should consider it as acting contumaciously, and that it ought to be silenced for contempt of the court.

Old Vis. If I could be satisfied that they were really not married.

Leo. There is strong presumption.—Would Cleveland's father, think you, have endeavoured to dissolve the sacred ties of marriage—have insisted on his son's abruptly dismissing—a wife?—No, no, sir—depend on it, the father, anxious for his son's respec-

tability, demanded only his parting with a favourite mistress.

Old Vis. Very likely—very likely—I always said you had the way of placing things in a right point of view. Oh, my scruples are gone—Should I be robbed of my right by a mistress, and a——

Leo. Certainly not, sir. Now then you are convinced of the rectitude of your cause, let me urge a strong motive for proceeding with vigour.—I have this morning received the unwelcome tidings of the failure of a speculation in which I had embarked the entire amount of my own fortune, so that I am now compelled to become a burden to you.

Old Vis. O Lord, Lord! Dear me, how sorry I am to hear it; for, my dear boy, to let you into the true state of my affairs—Lady Jemima's cursed fashionable style of living has made such a miserable hole in my property, that it is not clear to me but I may die in a jail.

Leo. You amaze me, sir.—Then this is our only resource, and, at all hazards, we must accomplish it.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr Oakworth desires to see both you and my young master directly, sir.

Old Vis. Very well. [*Exit Servant.*

Leo. I'll keep out of his way.—He is a passionate old fellow, and I am sure he would lose his temper with me.—Do you see him, sir, and let him be the bearer of your determination. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

The Hotel.

MRS CLEVELAND *and* JULIA.

Mrs Clev. How is my dear child now?

Jul. Better—much better—thanks to your tender care.

Mrs Clev. Oh, the wretch that could alarm my angel thus, and aim by violence to tear my precious treasure from her mother's arms! Heaven's vengeance will await him.

Jul. My spirits would, I think, soon recover this rude shock, but for the dread that overpowers me for the fate of my dear father.

Mrs Clev. Ah, my child, I fear—(*Seeing* JULIA *much depressed.*) Yet still, my love, there is hope: that hope we will cherish.—Come, my child, take comfort—take comfort, dearest Julia.

Jul. Oh, what are all the riches we possess without my father!

Mrs Clev. Poor indeed!—but we will trust he yet survives, to bestow a value on the gifts of fortune.

Enter OAKWORTH.

Oak. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! Oh Lord! what will this world come to!

Mrs Clev. What is the matter?

Oak. Roguery! Villainy! Infamy!

Mrs Clev. Where?—From what quarter?

Oak. From the devil's nest—the house of the Visorlys.

Mrs Clev. Pray, let me know the worst?

Oak. I will—I will.—As you desired me, I demanded that all the property remitted by Mr Cleveland should be consigned to you.

Mrs Clev. Well, could they refuse it?

Oak. They did—they did.—I mean the old one did; for the young rascal took care to keep out of my way. He was wise—he was wise there.

Mrs Clev. But on what plea, on what pretence were you refused?

Oak. A wicked pretence, a damnable pretence—a pretence they ought to swing for.

Mrs Clev. What—what?

Oak. That they did not believe—they did not believe——

Mrs Clev. What?

Oak. Must I tell you?

Mrs Clev. Yes, pray do.

Oak. That you were—Mr Cleveland's wife.

Mrs Clev. Gracious Heaven!

Oak. Yes; and he said that he was heir-at-law, and should not part with a sixpence of what was his right.

Mrs Clev. Oh, Julia!

Jul. Dear mother, can this man's preposterous claim give you a moment's concern?

Mrs Clev. My child, we are lost—we are ruined.

Oak. What do you say?

Mrs Clev. Never till this moment did I reflect that I have no legal testimony in my possession to prove myself a wife. Married in India, in private too—my husband dead—my child without a proof of—Oh God! Oh God!

Oak. Compose yourself, dear madam.

Mrs Clev. Hard as my lot is, were I alone concerned I might feel resignation; but my dear girl, my lovely Julia—heiress of thousands—is—the child of poverty.

Jul. Dear mother, do not let me add to your af-

fliction.—With you, with such a mother, I can bear poverty—I can indeed.

Oak. Poverty.—No, no, not so bad as poverty.—You know I have a home—'tis but an humble one, to be sure—and I am a tough old fellow; I can work like a horse.—Poverty—not so bad as poverty either.

Enter HENRY.

Jul. Oh, Henry!

Hen. Julia—dearest Julia, you are in tears, and you have cause.—I hoped to dry them, but alas!—

Mrs Clev. Then my dear husband is no more.—(HENRY *holds down his head despondently, assenting in silence.*)—My cup of misery is full. (*After a pause.*) Sir, you were to have been united to my daughter; her father sanctioned your affections: I am informed he loved your merits, and thought them, though uncombined with fortune, sufficient to entitle you to the heiress of his wealth. I now must tell you that wealth is lost to her.

Hen. For her sake I lament it, not for my own.—To her generous father's bounty I owe almost existence—He found me only grateful, and his goodness called mere gratitude desert; for I fear I have no merit but an honest heart—yet, while that shall beat within my breast, I'll press my Julia to it, nor would I resign my dear, my destined bride, to be the husband of an empress.

Mrs Clev. Oh, little do the vicious know how precious are the sweets of virtue! That alone can elevate the soul amidst calamity and poverty.

(*Exeunt* MRS CLEVELAND, JULIA, *and* HENRY.—*The Master of the Hotel enters as she is finishing the last speech.*)

Mas. of Hot. (*To* OAKWORTH, *as he is going out.*) Sir, sir, a word with you, if you please.

Oak. What do you want?

Mas. of Hot. This hotel of mine, sir, stands at a very great rent.

Oak. So I suppose.

Mas. of Hot. Taxes come very high.

Oak. Well.

Mas. of Hot. A great many servants.

Oak. So I see—and what the devil is all this to me?

Mas. of Hot. It ought to make people consider.

Oak. Don't plague me about what people ought to consider.

Mas. of Hot. To cut the matter short, sir, you know that one of the ladies, as I came into the room, was owning her poverty.

Oak. Eh! What?

Mas. of Hot. Yes, sir; and as I can't afford to lose my money, I beg leave to hint that I shall look to you to see my bill fairly discharged.

Oak. Impudent scoundrel!

Mas. of Hot. Sir, I shall teach you to use better language to a man in his own house.

Enter a Gentleman, followed by a Waiter.

Gent. Hey-day! nothing but bustle and uproar!

Wait. I hope you are not hurt, sir.

Gent. Not at all; but no thanks for that to the careless dog of a postillion who overturned me. I have been quarrelling with him outside of the house, and I find you are at the same employment within.—Get me a coach directly. (*To the Waiter.*)

Wait. Yes, sir. [*Exit.*

Gent. Well, what is the matter here?

Oak. Only this worthy master of the house insulting his customers.

Gent. That is an odd way of recommending himself.

Oak. (*To Landlord.*) Away with you, and be careful that you let none of your insolence break out

before the ladies, or I'll be the death of you, you dog. [*Exit Master of the Hotel.*

Gent. Sir, give me leave to ask, that is, if there be no offence in the question, are the ladies you mention under any pecuniary embarrassment; for it would be a sad thing to have ladies liable to the rudeness of this unfeeling fellow?

Oak. No, sir, thank Heaven! Even my poor pocket could satisfy his paltry demands. No, no—though they are unfortunate, they are not in the power of such a pitiful scoundrel as that.

Gent. I am glad of it; but still you say they are unfortunate,

Oak. Yes; misery be the lot of the villains who made them so!

Gent. Who are those villains?

Oak. Their own relations.

Gent. Heav'ns, what depravity! But can't this villainy be in any way redressed?

Oak. Only one way, if at all; and there the remedy would be as bad as the disease.

Gent. What is the remedy?

Oak. Going to law.

Gent. If law can give the remedy, redress is certain: in this country the way to justice is not through blind mazes and crooked paths—No, 'tis a public road, open to all, obvious to all.

Oak. That is very true; but, like other public roads, you would get on a very little way, without money to pay the tolls.

Gent. The warm interest you take in the cause of your friends convinces me that they are worthy of it. I have a fortune, an ample fortune, and I can no way employ it so satisfactorily as in rescuing the virtuous from the machinations of villainy.

Oak. Sir, sir, let me rightly understand you. I beg your pardon; but do you indeed mean to em-

ploy your fortune to relieve the distress of strangers, utter strangers to you?

Gent. Certainly, or how should I relieve distress at all? for all that belong to me, thank Heaven, are above the power of fortune's malice.

Oak. Bless you! bless you! The widow's blessing —the orphan's—

Gent. Nay, nay, good old man, I were blest enough for all that I can do, in seeing how happy I have made you. But a widow—an orphan, say you? Those are sacred names. The husband gone, who is protector to the widow?—Heaven.—The parent lost, who is the orphan's father?—Heaven. The man, then, who will not assert their rights, is not uncharitable only, for he is impious.—Good man, why do you tremble thus?

Oak. I am old—I feel now I am an old man; and though my nerves, I think, would bear me stoutly up under adversity, yet, somehow, this sudden turn of good fortune has *shook* me, has *shook* me a good deal.

Gent. Compose yourself—then tell the ladies that I shall see them very soon, for I now must go.

Oak. Don't go, don't go yet. Let them hear, sir, from your own lips your goodness.

Gent. My business hence is nothing trivial; and only a case of misfortune could have detained me here an instant; therefore assure your friends—But why not debar myself a few moments longer of my own gratification, to convince them of my certain protection? (*Aside.*) My good old friend, tell the ladies I wait to see them. (*Exit* OAKWORTH.) Ay, ay, 'twill make but a few minutes difference, and the dear good creatures I so long to behold will forgive me when I tell them that the cause of my delay was to dry the tear of affliction.

Enter MRS CLEVELAND, *led in by* OAKWORTH, JULIA *following with* HENRY.

Mrs Clev. Sir, your goodness——

Jul. My father!

Clev. My wife! my child! Oh, heavenly powers!

[*The scene closes upon them.*

SCENE III.

Another Apartment in the Hotel.

Enter DROOPLY *and* CAROLINE, *a Waiter following, with a Portmanteau, and a small iron Box.*

Dro. Put the things carefully into a chamber, and be sure take care of that little box.

Wait. Yes, sir. [*Exit.*

Dro. And here we are, my dearest Caroline, with the parson's blessing upon us. I hardly durst raise my hopes to this happiness, even before your worthy brother contrived to make me an estate out of pocket; but, my generous girl, when I reflect that you take a beggar to your arms——

Car. Nay, nay, I am only doing an act of common honesty, in paying the debts of my family; and I am to consider you a very gentle creditor, to be satisfied with less than a third of your demand, and to take charge of me into the bargain.

Dro. My dearest girl!

Car. But, amidst our happiness, let us not forget the melancholy situation of the dear Clevelands —Let us instantly try to see them.

Dro. Here comes the little Gentoo full of glee. Oh, this looks well!

Enter GANGICA.

Car. Gangica!

Gan. Ah, you here! Oh, I glad of dat—I so happy.

Car. What has happened to make you so?

Gan. (*Pointing to her heart.*) Dis too full of joy to let me talk. I can't tell you—but come—come wid me—you know all—den you be too happy to talk.—Come, come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes.*

CLEVELAND, MRS CLEVELAND, JULIA, *and* HENRY.

Clev. The villains! ample shall be their punishment.

Mrs Clev. It will be ample, be assured; but do not you wrest vengeance from that Power who best knows how to deal it: that Power which never withholds its succour from the innocent, nor lets the guilty 'scape its awful indignation.

Jul. But say, my father, by what miracle are you restored to us?

Clev. Henry, no doubt, has told you that he saw me in the boat, which his humanity declined a place in.—We laboured for the nearest shore, but found that an attempt to land would whelm us in the raging surf—Thus were we compelled to trust our little skiff to the wide ocean, and for many hours were driven at random by its fury—At length we gained the land, but far from the coast on which we left our wreck.

Jul. But why did you not, the instant that you landed, acquaint us with your safety?

Clev. Alas! I had lost the power of doing so. Enfeebled by fatigue, when I reached the shore, I scarce had sense or motion: a fever followed, from which reason and health returned together—So on

the instant I set out to be myself the herald of my safety.

Hen. I sought you on the coast near Portland.

Clev. Well might you hear no tidings of me; for we made our landing at the Isle of Wight, to the humanity of whose inhabitants myself and poor companions owe our lives. Think you those wretches the Visorlys will venture to you?

Mrs Clev. Convinced that you are no longer living, I have no doubt but the instructions we have given to Oakworth to communicate will bring them here.

Clev. The young one has never seen me, and Old Visorly not since I was quite a child; so it is impossible I should be known.

Mrs Clev. But promise to preserve your temper.

Clev. Depend on me.

Oak. (*Without.*) This way.

Mrs Clev. I hear Oakworth's voice. We will retire.

[*Exeunt* MRS CLEVELAND, JULIA, *and* HENRY.

Enter OAKWORTH, OLD VISORLY, *and* LEONARD.

Oak. This is the stranger I told you of. I leave you with the gentleman, begging his pardon for introducing him to such damn'd bad company.

(*Exit* OAKWORTH.

Leo. We understand that you have volunteered to defend the cause of Mrs Cleveland. Are we rightly informed, sir?

Clev. You are.

Leo. I thought the days of chivalry were over.

Clev. So did I; but since monsters still exist—'tis fit that they revive again.

Leo. You have begun your career of enterprise, most illustrious knight, with rather a hopeless adventure.

Clev. It may not be found so.

Leo. You seem an intelligent man. A little conversation will, I have no doubt, bring us to the same opinion, and all errors will be rectified before we part.

Clev. You need not doubt it, sir.

Old Vis. Now, my boy Leonard will talk him over in a grand style. Oh, he is a blessing to my old age! (*Aside.*)

Leo. This woman has the power of influencing persons very much in her favour.

Clev. Innocence always has that power.

Leo. Innocence! Sir, sir, you are duped, deceived.

Clev. How, sir?

Leo. Nay, sir, if you fly off in this way, you are not the man of sense I take you for.

Clev. Well, sir, go on.

Leo. You are led to believe this lady to have been Mr Cleveland's wife.

Clev. Yes, sir, I am.

Leo. Grossly imposed on.—We have the most convincing reasons to believe the contrary.

Clev. Indeed!

Leo. Sir, sir, what do you think of us? Should we be so lost to the common feelings of human nature, as to proceed as we have done, but upon just ground?

Old Vis. Oh, I assure you, sir, before I consented, Leonard thoroughly convinced me.

Clev. He did?

Leo. Yes, and you shall be convinced. Oh, sir, let me appeal to your respectability. You are a man who must, I am certain, rank high in the world's estimation. How would that be injured by your present interference! How would the world despise, abhor the man who could support the claims of mere pretenders against a rightful heir! (*Pointing to* OLD VISORLY.)

Clev. How the world will despise, will abhor such wretch, will very soon be known.

Leo. You, perhaps, are not aware that she has no proofs of her marriage.

Clev. Proofs may be found.

Leo. In India, you think. Will you go thither for them?

Clev I have been.

Leo. What?

Clev. I have been.

Leo. You knew Cleveland, perhaps?

Clev. Yes.

Leo Do you know, then, of his marriage?

Clev. I was present at it.

Leo. You surprise me!

Clev. Will this satisfy you?

Leo. A witness may be suborned. The law will scarcely be content with one person's testimony.

Clev. With mine it clearly will.

Leo. You may be mistaken, sir. It will be rash to risk it. I will make an offer, a handsome offer:—We will resign our claim to half the fortune. Manage the business with the ladies as you please; you may depend on our secrecy. We tender to *you*, mind, to *yourself*, half the fortune.

Clev. It is a handsome offer.

Old Vis. Very, indeed! May be you think a third would be enough.

Clev. No, no, far from it; for though the bribe sounds handsomely, it would be want of policy in me to take it.

Leo. How?

Clev. For this plain reason, that, tho' I admit these ladies to be Cleveland's wife and daughter, still Cleveland's fortune is the right of—

Leo. Whom?

Clev. Me.

Leo. You! By what title?

Clev. The clearest in the world—founded on the simple principle, that while a man can prove himself alive, his heirs are not allowed to take possession of his property.

Leo. Alive!

Clev. Why, gentlemen, you are very hard to be convinced. Surely you should admit a man alive, when he is able himself to tell you so.

Leo. Confusion!

Old Vis. Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!

Clev. And how do you now feel yourselves, my very worthy cousins? (*Goes to the door.*) Come, come in, and thank your kinsmen for all their kindness.

Enter MRS CLEVELAND *and* JULIA.

Old Vis. Oh, Leonard, Leonard, did I ever think you would have brought me into such disgrace!

Clev. Sensible rebuke of age to youth! You should have led your son into the path of honesty, not been seduced by him into the road of villainy.

Old Vis. I'll go home, and if I continue in my present mind, I think it very likely I shall hang myself before to-morrow morning.—Oh, Leonard, Leonard! [*Exit.*

Clev. With your company, sir, (*To* LEONARD,) I cannot dispense till I receive assurance that my property remitted to you is vested as I directed.

Enter DROOPLY, CAROLINE, HENRY, *and* OAKWORTH.

Dro. My worthy brother, give me joy.

Leo. Your brother!

Car. Even so, sir.

Leo. You are well paired. I wish you all the happiness that mutual poverty can give you.

Car. Poverty! Nay, we need not starve. My estate is surely sufficient to prevent that.

Leo. Your estate! You must first persuade me to resign the writings of it.

Car. Thank you, dear brother; but you happen to forget you have already done that.

Leo. I? How—when?

Car. By your direction I brought the box to town with me, which, you said, contained the writings.

Leo. Yes—ay—that box.—Hey! Let me see it—I have got the key of it.

Dro. The key, my dear fellow! Do you think I do things so cursed mechanically as to want keys? A man just come into possession of an estate, and not break open the box that contained his claim to it!

Leo. What, broke open!

Dro. Yes, with a kitchen poker. Lord, how alarmed you are! Yes, I broke it open, and found I had killed two birds with one stone; for, instead of only getting the writings of one estate, I found the writings of two—this lady's and my own.

A Person enters, and converses apart with CLEVELAND, *and then exit.*

Leo. Curses fall on me!

Dro. That they will, fast enough; never fear. What a shrewd guesser you must be! You had the wisdom to foresee, that, some time or other, there would be a junction of the properties, and you therefore commodiously packed up the writings together. Ah, you are a considerate fellow!

Clev. (*To* LEONARD.) Sir, we need your presence here no longer My property I find is vested as I appointed. Now, sir, depart, loaded, not with my reproaches, not with my malediction; for the whole world's contempt, and the heaviest curses of the injured, would add but a feather's weight to the mountain of remorse which conscious guilt will heap upon thy wretched bosom. When I reflect on the severi-

ty of suffering conscience can inflict, I could almost forget my injuries, and pity thee.

Leo. To palliate my guilt I do not seek—yet, in justice, let me declare, the erroneous judgment of the world made me a villain. I beheld the eye of observance and respect ever directed to the wealthy; were he fool or knave, no matter; while all that is truly amiable or great in genius or in virtue, when linked with poverty, was heeded with the stare of disavowal, or the scowl of contempt. To be a golden idol for the world's worship was my aim. I have lost my fortune, character, and happiness in the attempt, and now must meet in penury mankind's abhorrence, and feel too I deserve it. [*Exit.*

Mrs Clev. (*To* CAROLINE.) I grieve to think how much you must be afflicted.

Car. I am indeed; for with all his unworthiness, I cannot forget he is my brother.

Clev. Such remembrance honours you; for never should the principles of justice absorb the feelings of nature.

Enter SHARPSET *and* GANGICA.

Oak. Ah, my good friend, you at liberty!

Sharp. Yes, sir, I found bail.

Oak. I am very glad to see you.

Mrs Clev. Sir, I shall ever feel myself your debtor.

Sharp. Oh, madam!

Oak. I know a way to repay him, madam.

Mrs Clev. How?

Oak. By making him rightful possessor of the treasure he holds in his hand.

Jul. Gangica, do you consent to——

Gan. I do all as you please, ma'am.

Jul. I am sure it will please me that you make yourself happy.

Oak. Now I have performed my promise, you must renew my acquaintance with your father.

Sharp. You and my father, sir, have never been asunder.

Oak. Hey! What do you mean?

Sharp. To restore you a truant son, sir, who, till he had atoned as far as lay in his power for his former errors, could not hope to be acknowledged by such a father.

Oak. What, my own boy turned out an honest man?

Sharp. Yes, sir; and who, now knowing the precious value of that first of titles, will never forfeit it.

Oak. Now, then, I can say I am completely happy.

Mrs Clev. Ever, ever may you remain so!—You will; for benevolence like yours makes the human heart a heaven.

Clev. The gratitude I owe to all who have befriended these dear objects of my love, I hope to shew by something more than words. What a prospect of happiness opens to our view! Blest with friends, proved such in the trying moments of affliction—with fortune to command profusely every luxury, and, I trust, with minds to employ it only in pursuit of one—the luxury of doing good. [*Exeunt.*

ZORINSKI,

PLAY,

IN THREE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAY-MARKET.

BY

THOMAS MORTON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CASIMIR, *King of Poland*,	*Mr Aickin.*
ZORINSKI,	*Mr Barrymore.*
RODOMSKO,	*Mr Bensley.*
RADZANO,	*Mr C. Kemble.*
ZARNO,	*Mr Bannister, jun.*
O'CURRAGH,	*Mr Johnstone.*
AMALEKITE,	*Mr Suett.*
WITSKI,	*Mr Fawcett.*
NACLO,	*Mr Caulfield.*
ROSOLIA,	*Mrs Kemble.*
RACHEL,	*Miss Leak.*
WINIFRED,	*Mrs Bland.*

Peasants, Soldiers, Assassins, &c.

ZORINSKI.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Cracow—A View of the Diet—Bells ringing—A number of People discovered; among them RADZANO, *disguised.*

Enter WITSKI.

Wit. Make way there for the king!—Here he comes!—here comes great Casimir!

Rad. That slave I do remember.—Save thee, fellow—whose vassal art thou?

Wit. Marry, courteous stranger! I tend the mill of the lord Rodomsko, castellan of Wounitz, here in Cracovia.

Rad. Rememberest thou the lord Radzano?

Wit. Remember him!—Alack! the day—the last time I beheld his gallant form was on the battlements of his castle—then a very stripling—when my present lord besieged it.

Rad. So then Radzano was by force expelled—Pr'ythee the story.

Wit. If this addle pate of mine play me no trick, marry, thus it was:—During the troubles of the late reign, peaceful right was elbowed out by warlike might: Then Rodomsko, our present lord, taking 'vantage of the time when our troops were on the frontier, tugging with the common enemy, made inroad on us: On this Radzano hied him back to the castle; but, alack! might cuffed down right; and, in the encounter, our good brave lord was slain.—Ah, stranger! that was a grievous day!

Rad. So—I still am lord then of my vassals' hearts. ——Fellow, I thank thee for thy story: A day may come when I'll requite thy love for thy lost lord.—But soft, the king!

Wit. Ay, here he comes—so majestic, and yet so humble; so just, and yet so merciful.—The benizon of Heaven light on him! He's the poor man's friend.

Rad. (*Shewing a paper.*) If thy report be true, the wrongs here written may meet atonement.—Stand back; he approaches.

Chorus of Peasants.

Hail! mighty king!
'Tis love that elevates our strains,
'Tis joy the swelling note sustains,
To thee we call!
Welcome as the God of day,
Who pours his animating ray
Alike on all
Hail! mighty king!

During the chorus, Guards, Officers, and Nobles enter in procession:—At the conclusion, the King, Cardinal, and Nobles.

Cas. (*To the Cardinal.*) By my faith, well urged!—Lord Cardinal, your words befit as well the objects of true policy as they attune with the holy mandate

of your calling.—Yes! our country shall have peace! —True, these Teutonic knights have disgraced their order, turning from Christian service and true chivalry, to deeds of usurpation and dominion: Yet, nerved though we are to check these ravagers, it befits us rather with firm expostulation to meet our enemy than risk our subjects' blood in keen encounter. Let conquerors astound the ear with the din of war, the trumpet's clangour, and the groans of captives—be mine the clamours of my people's love.

As the King passes on RADZANO *kneels*—CASIMIR *takes the petition—looks at it—stops suddenly, and with scrutinizing eye examines* RADZANO—*approaches him.*

Cas. (*In a low tone.*) Radzano!

Rad. He.

Cas. Amazement!—My good lords, proceed you to the diet. [*Exeunt Lords.—He waves his hand to the People, who exeunt.*

Rad. My gracious king! (*Kneels.*)

Cas. Rise to my heart—Say what fair fortune has preserved thee to me?

Rad. A woman, good my liege, and fair as fortune e'er was pictured; yet, in sooth, without her fickleness, and only blind in her fond love of me.—My king may well remember when I left the embattled frontier.

Cas. Remember it! By my sword I had reason; for with thee went this body's buckler.—O, my best soldier! 'twas this arm first taught thee the rudiments of war, when scarcely truncheon high.—But my love breaks in upon thy story—On.

Rad. I reached my castle time enough to see its ruin—Rodomsko triumphed. In a remote apartment, constructed for concealment, I lay hid, hoping for life and better days: that apartment was selected for Rodomsko's daughter, the beauteous Rosolia:

* * *

To her pitying ear I told my story; and her soft bosom, rich in nature's best endowments, soon matured compassion into love.—At a fit time I fled.

Cas. Whither, good Radzano?

Rad. To England, my loved lord! There I sojourned till Fame proudly proclaimed that Justice was again enthroned in Poland; for there reigned great Casimir. For that justice thus I bend my knee; and my boon is, that my tongue may denounce Rodomsko villain, and my good sword avenge my wrongs!

Cas. Then I refuse thy boon.

Rad. Dread liege! Heaven will make the good cause prosperous!

Cas. Radzano, link not Heaven with murder!—If Heaven recognized the sword's arbitrement, Rodomsko ne'er had triumphed.—Droop not, my friend—by my crown, thou shalt have justice!—Even now in angry parley I meet Rodomsko!—These hot lords, who live but in a storm, urge me to renew the war—But of that hereafter.—Uncloud thee—be thyself—attend me at the diet.—Once more, Radzano, welcome! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Draws, and discovers the Country near Cracow.— RACHEL *and Slaves at work.*

Enter AMALEKITE—(*the Slaves bow.*)

Ama. Again, again; dat ish goot.—Now vork, you damned Polish dogs! or bastinado's the vord.—Rachel, come here, you slut—you audacious—Delicious little tit! (*Aside.*) Come here, I say. (*Angrily.*)—

Must speak cross before dem—but, my little plump cherry, I be's not angry.

Rac. Dear sir! then what makes you look so terrible?

Ama. It's the mild tender passion of love.—(*With amorous fervour.*)—You know, Rachel, 'twas for your sake I did not turn your fader Witski out of his mill to starve, though he dare laugh at me—me, Amalekite Grabouski, chief agent to Lord Rodomsko, castellan of Wounitz in Cracovia; so you sees how I loves you.

Rac. Oh! I'm sure you don't; for lovers sigh, and kneel, and——

Ama. Kneel! Oh dear! I cannot does dat—What a pity's love is such a foe to dignity!—I say, Rachel—(*Looks to see whether the peasants observe him*)—I say—how do you contrive to have so soft a hand? (*Enter* WITSKI.) I should suppose labours would make it hard—(*Fumbling and kissing it*)—but I declare it's as smooth and as soft—Bless my soul——(*During this,* WITSKI *advances, bows low, and close to* AMALEKITE, *who, by accident, lays his hand on his head.*) Oh, Lud! vat ish dat—Stand off.

Wit. You know, sir, you always told me to shew you homage.

Ama. Yes! but at an awful distance.

Wit. True; but seeing your honour so close to my daughter, I thought I might be treated in the family way. (*Laughs aside.*)

Ama. Now he's grinning again!—Rachel had behaved ill, so I was punishing her—vas not I punishing you, young vomans?

Rac. Yes, indeed you were, sir.

Ama. Go to work, hussy!—So, Witski, you've been at Cracow?

Wit. Yes, your honour! and here is the produce of the tour for our lord—(*Gives a purse*)—and here,

you know, sir, is the——for the steward. (*Gives another.*)

Ama. (*Putting one in each pocket.*) Yes, yes! Dat ish vary goot—Vare you going?

Wit. Home to my wife.

Ama. (*Turning quick round.*) Ah! how does she do? She's a very pretty little vomans!

Wit. My wife too! Was there ever such an old—

O'Curragh. (*Without.*) Hollo!

Enter O'CURRAGH.

O'Cur. Pray, is there ever a Jew-faced creature? (WITSKI *points to* AMALEKITE, *and exit.*) Pray, Mr Jew, is your Christian name Amalekite?

Ama. Amalekite ish my name.

O'Cur. Then how are you? how are you? (AMALEKITE, *in action, demands obeisance.*) Well, I'll indulge you—There—(*Bows*)—but you might have the civility to return it.

Ama. I'm in office!

O'Cur. And, I suppose, like other great men, you have stooped so low to get there, that your back has been cramped ever since. But come, to business—look there—(*Shews a letter*)—and be secret, snug—dumb as a potatoe.

Ama. (*Reads.*) "Your Lord Radzano greets you."—Holy Abraham! is he alive?

O'Cur. Hush!

Ama. "Your Lord Radzano greets you: e'en now he is arrived in Cracow, to claim his rights, and crush that usurper Rodomsko"—Bless my soul!—"Do you win the vassals to his interest.—He who brings this will instruct you farther.—Be faithful, and you will be rewarded. RADZANO."

Bless my soul, what shall I do? Radzano has the right, but then Rodomsko has the possession.—Bless my conscience, what shall I do? Then Radzano is in great favour with the king.—Bless my conscience,

what shall I do? But then Rodomsko is in great favour with the nobility.—Bless my conscience, what shall I do?

O'Cur. Who comes here?

Ama. Stand aside—it is the lord Rodomsko, who passes here in his way to the diet—Stand aside. (*Puts up the letter, and* O'CURRAGH *retires.*)

Enter RODOMSKO *and Train*—AMALEKITE *bows very low—the Slaves prostrate themselves.*

Ama. Heaven save our gracious lord!

Rod. Hast thou aught to impart?

Ama. Nothing, dread lord.

Rod. Are the slaves obedient.

Ama. Yes, dread lord.

Rod. On to Cracow. [*Exeunt* RODOMSKO *and train.*

O'Cur. (*Comes forward.*) I say, this lord Rodomsko is a stiff, crabbed kind of a——

Ama. Oh! he keeps the slaves in proper subjection.

O'Cur. Proper subjection! I'll tell you what; he appears to me like the great tall thistle in the potatoe garden, which bothers every one who touches it, and prevents the humble fruit from arriving at the wholesome maturity Nature intended. Oh! I wish I had the docking of him.—Now my lord Radzano is so humane, so polished, so—gallant—so—

Ama. Hah! hah! I suppose he has brought over with him what will please the ladies.

O'Cur. Faith, you may say that, for he has brought me over with him.

Ama. And I hope he is hospitable and charitable, and all——that damned stuff! (*Aside.*)

O'Cur. Oh! he has been sucking in the breath of it in little England, Mr Amalekite. Oh! confound your name: Could they not have called you Nebuchadnezzar, or MacLaughlin, or O'Shaughnessy, or any easy agreeable name of that sort.—Oh! we

shall have such jolly doings: every heart will wear the face of joy, and all countenances, men, women, cows, Jews, and sheep, must all be on the broad grin.

Ama. I must consider—which of my lords shall I betray?—Bless my conscience!—Slaves, treat this stranger with all respect, and give him the song of welcome.—You will follow me.—It's a very puzzling case:—Radzano has the right—Rodomsko has—— Bless my conscience! [*Exit.*

Slaves approach, and prostrate themselves to O'CURRAGH.

O'Cur. Thank you, thank you! Oh! low enough in conscience.—What are you at? what are you at, jewels?—Keep your fore-paws off the ground, and don't make bulls of yourselves—Stand up, I say—Heaven never meant its own image should be so degraded!

SONG.—RACHEL.

I.

Courteous stranger,
Now free from danger,
And laughing at departed care and labour;
Thy cares unbending,
Thy journey ending,
Now frisk it to the merry pipe and tabor.

II.

Welcome stranger, welcome here,
An humble welcome, but sincere;
From the lowly slaves receive,
All, alas! they have to give.
Courteous stranger, &c.

III.

May the savage beast of prey
Ne'er cross thee on thy lonely way!

And, returning, may'st thou find
Thy friend sincere, thy mistress kind!
Courteous stranger, &c.
[*Exeunt, different sides.*

SCENE III.

The Diet.

The King (*seated*), *Cardinal*, RODOMSKO, *Nobles*, *&c.*

Cas. In pursuance of our purpose, we have appointed my Lord Cardinal our ambassador, to conclude a peace with the Teutonic knights.

Rod. Peace! Is then a soldier, the world's right arm, to wither and decay, that hordes of priests, with their beads and crosiers, may preach us into cowards? But I wonder not; for since the great Zorinski was disgraced——

Cas. What of him?

Rod. He was honest.

Cas. He was proud and inflexible! But forbear to name him.

Rod. Since, sire, you have banished from your councils those hardy spirits who alone were fit to aid the public weal, naught now will down but peace—the general good—these are the entrapping blandishments held out for emancipating slaves, privileging towns, and using every circumventive art to crush the power of the nobility!—Peace! Let my Lord Cardinal preach its blessings—I hate it! What! gentlemen of Poland! shall your goodly scymitars canker in their sheaths, while those usurping knights despoil your borders?

Cas. (*Coming forward.*) Fiery lord! hear me. If it be my duty to root out usurpation and foul conspiracy, why need I wage the war on Pomerania's borders, when my eye's scope comprehends an object that would give vengeance full employment?

Rod. Sire! Rodomsko scorns base fear, nor will he shun inquiry.—Thou would demand, how came I by my power? My answer is, by valorous achievement—by conquest—the soldier's tenure! But why waste we words? Radzano being dead—who is there—

Cas. (*Holds up his finger.*) Indeed!

Enter RADZANO.

Rod. Lightnings blast him!

Cas. Behold the wronged Radzano:—What canst thou urge?

Rod. I cannot battle it with words.—'Twas this good arm that gave me power, 'tis this good arm that will maintain it!—Follow me.—Thou wilt not find it palsied, boy. (*Both going.*)

Cas. On your allegiance, hold!—Still the friend to gentle peace—still anxious to preserve the most rebellious drop of subjects' blood—let me propose between you terms where love may grow, and honour ratify them. Rodomsko, Radzano loves thy daughter

Rod. Indeed!

Cas. Let her be mediatrix between you: let holy marriage with their hands unite your hearts; so live in equal power and love—What says Radzano?

Rad. My king has spoken my soul's fondest hope!

Rod. (*Aside.*) Hold—hold—this marriage has some promise in't—it gives Radzano to my power—and should the confederate lords—It shall be so.

Cas. That scowling brow looks not consent.

Rod. Then, my liege, it wrongs my heart! 'Tis true, I have not that April face that clouds and shines at every gust of grief or joy; but 'tis my rugged na-

ture—I pray you bear with it.—Radzano! here's my hand.

Rad. (*Pressing it to his bosom.*) Thus let it stamp upon my heart a son's obedience, and to oblivion give each hostile thought.

Cas. Rodomsko, hie you to your castle; for e'en this night in person we will progress thither, and consummate this happy union. (ROD. *bows.*)

Rod. (*Aside.*) So then a lord of Poland, great in birth and arms, preserves his dignities by the arch dimples of a puling girl.—Oh, Cupid! how I honour thee! [*Exit.*

Cas. Oh, Radzano! let me pour into thy breast my griefs—The wrongs I bear from these injurious lords press hard upon me; but I am rich in poor men's prayers, and that's a kingly solace. Oh! I would rise unto my people like the god of day to Lapland's icy sons after his wintry absence!—What! not a word, Radzano? I see the lover dulls the patriot—but I forgive it.—Away to thy Rosolia—Yet mark her father—watch well Rodomsko—E'en now conspiracy's at work against my throne and person, yet, 'spite of impending death, I'll on!—Farewell, my friend! (RADZANO *bows, and exit.*) My good lords, attend me!—Oh, my country! let me but save thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

RODOMSKO'S *Castle.*

Enter RODOMSKO, *reading a letter.*

Rod. "The confederates greet thee, brave Rodomsko! If they have appeared inactive, 'twas as nature stilly pausing, before the coming storm; for 'tis

resolved that Casimir shall fall." Vengeance, I thank thee! "Forty chosen men are ready for the achievement, waiting but a leader.—Know, Rodomsko, in thy mines dwells a man fashioned to conduct the daring enterprise—seek him instantly.—The brave fellow who brings this, by whose dejected brow thou'lt see he's ripe for murder, will conduct thee to the man we seek.—Farewell! and triumph."—Now tremble, Casimir.—But soft:——the messenger from the lords approaches.—What says my letter? (*Enter* O'CURRAGH, *smiling.*)—Dejected brow! If the mind's construction be indexed in the face, this man bears sweet content about him.—Health to thee, friend!

O'Cur. (*Aside.*) Mighty civil, however.

Rod. Instruct me in your fortunes.

O'Cur. What, my history?—Oh! I'll tell your lordship; and a sweet piece of geography it is.—— The first thing I know is, that I don't know where I was born, for nobody could tell me, and being young myself at the time, it has slipped my memory.

Rod. Shallow babbler—thy name?

O'Cur. O'Curragh, the faithful servant of Lord Radzano.

Rod. (*With irritation.*) Com'st thou from him? Well—well—what of him?—Dispatch.

O'Cur. He sent me, his humble servant, to express his sorrow that he can't, where he is, throw himself at the feet of the fair Rosolia. I make his excuses clumsily; but, were he here himself, he'd make a much better apology for his absence.

Rod. Be gone, fellow!

O'Cur. I have the pleasure to take my leave. Oh! how my master sighs—and then he closes his eyes, and looks so tenderly.

Rod. Away! I say—that gallery leads to my daughter's apartment—prattle these gewgaws there—each mawkish nothing will, on her love-sick taste, drop sweet as Hybla's honey.—Away!—(*Exit* O'-

CURRAGH;) for here comes one who embodies well the picture given.

Enter NACLO.

Nac. The confederated lords greet thee!

Rod. Thou art welcome!—Approach—nearer—nearer.—Know'st thou the drift of this?

Nac. Ay, dread lord!

Rod. Then bring me to him we seek.—Yet hold:—Tell me the manner of the man, that I may better wind about his heart, and trap him to my purpose.—Is he——

Nac. By turns, my lord, every thing.—Sometimes, mocking the horror of his fate, he out-toils the slave; anon he starts from his labour, and with indignation grasps his spade, as 'twere the sceptre that swayed the world. The foolish knaves in the mine say that love hath crazed him; but, to my thinking, he resembles more the hungry vulture than the sorrowing dove.

Rod. The picture's big with promise.—Conduct me to him—How shall I best approach him? Nay, pr'ythee lead.—'Tis strange!

[*Exeunt, ruminating;* NACLO *leads.*

SCENE V.

The Country.

Enter O'CURRAGH.

O'Cur. Upon my honour, this Lady Rosolia is a bewitching creature; and now that she has passed the ordeal of constancy, which is by looking me over without so much as an ogle at me—why, my master

may call himself a happy man. I don't know how it is, but I think this snug agreeable person of mine is a sort of a female test; just like a bit of rough glass that they try money on—and have you found any bad ones, O'Curragh? Oh! sweet Mrs Flannigan for that—never shall I forget!

SONG.—O'CURRAGH.

(*At the Dead of the Night.*)

I.

At the dead of the night, when by whisky inspired,
And pretty Katty Flannigan my senses had fired,
I tapped at her window, when thus she began,—
Oh! what the devil are you at?—get out you naughty man.

II.

I gave her a look, oh! as sly as a thief,
Or, when hungry, I'd view a fine sirloin of beef:
My heart is red hot, says I, but cold is my skin,
So pretty Mrs Flannigan—oh! won't you let me in?

III.

She opening the door, I sat down by the fire,
And soon was reliev'd from the wet, cold, and mire;
And I pleased her so mightily, that ere it was day,
I stole poor Katty's tender heart, and so tripped away.

Thinking of old times has given me such a comical feel, that if any pretty creature was to come across me, I fancy I should be rather agreeable company. In faith you are in luck, O'Curragh, for here comes that delicious morsel that sung her Polish planxty so sweetly.

Enter RACHEL.

Rac. Heigh ho! where can my dear Zarno tarry

so long? He knows I have but an hour from work, and yet he is not come. (*Seeing* O'CURRAGH, *bows.*)

O'Cur. Bend not to me, sweet one; rather let me kneel to you: You ladies are the lords of the creation. (*Kneels.*)

Enter ZARNO—*starts.*

Zar. Rachel! (RACHEL *runs to* ZARNO, *and embraces him.*) How dare you insult *my* Rachel? She's mine, alone mine—I love her.

O'Cur. Then she's alone mine too, for I love her; and if I've insulted her, I flatter myself I can give her satisfaction.—Insult! I don't like that.—Pray, sir, would you just step aside, and condescend to explain that word insult? Here's the prettiest chopper of logic. (*Pointing to his sword.*)

Zar. I understand you, but I dare not.

O'Cur. Dare not! You paltry——

Zar. Hear me.—Not for myself I fear, but for her. Should a freeman be killed in a slave's quarrel, she would suffer—she would be punished.

O'Cur. In love with the girl, and yet for her sake dares not defend her! That's hard, that's hard: but can't we manage it any how?

Zar. Yes; if you're a man, conceal our cause of quarrel, and I'll shew you what I dare.—I can find a sword.

O'Cur. Poor fellow! Oh, what a pleasure it will be to fight him!—Upon my honour, our cause of dispute shall be a secret.

Zar. Thank you, thank you.—Come along.

Rac. Oh, pray don't quarrel, sir!

O'Cur. Quarrel! Not at all, not the least animosity. If I should kill him, I'll give you leave to ax him whether I did it in passion.

Rac. But why fight at all?

O'Cur. Upon my conscience, I can't immediately tell why we fight.—Oh! it's for your sake.

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Rac. I shall hate you.

O'Cur. Hate me! Upon my honour, I'm so unused to hear a woman say that, that it confuses—Oh, this head! this head! What am I at? going to kill a man about a woman that don't care for me!—Come here, come here.—There, my dear boy, there's satisfaction. (*Joins their hands.*)

Zar. You're a generous fellow!

O'Cur. But why don't you marry?

Rac. Because I am a slave, and Zarno can't afford to buy me.

O'Cur. Buy you! Upon my conscience, I should like to buy a flock of such pet lambs!—But as you both seem tolerably built for running, why don't you trot off in a canter?

Zar. Because, if Rachel were taken, her lord would kill her.

O'Cur. Then he'd be hanged for it.

Zar. Ah! no. I have heard there was a good law once, that made a lord pay a fine for killing a man; but it's never put in force now.

O'Cur. A fine for killing a man! A good old law do you call that?—What a devil of a spot have I got into here! Oh! what a picked place is little Ireland to this! We're poor enough to be sure, but what of that? We can fight when we please, can work when we please, ay, and starve when we please; and we can flourish our shilalahs, and strut about our potatoe-garden like a collection of emperors! [*Exit.*

Zar. Adieu, dear Rachel! I must go back to the salt-mine.

Rac. Ah, Zarno! why do you remain in that mine?—Nay, don't be angry.—You, who lived in Cracow with the great Zorinski, were dressed in furs and silk, and now you wear the basest garments.

Zar. My dear Rachel! I have reasons I cannot explain.

Rac. What! not to me, Zarno?

Zar. Should Zorinski know I have divulged—

Rac. Zorinski!

Zar. Ugh! (*Putting his hand to his mouth.*) Eh! —why should not I—Bless her! Does not she deserve to be trusted?—Rachel, I'll tell thee a secret, which, if known, would cost Zarno his life.

Rac. Would Zorinski kill thee?

Zar. No; but I would kill myself for having betrayed him. Know then, in that dreary mine dwells the great Zorinski! Mark, when Casimir was crowned, Zorinski, who was all in all with the late king, could not bear the thwarts Casimir put on him, a quarrel ensued, and my master, though I love him, was much to blame—disgrace followed. His house, which had been the hive of courtiers, became deserted; away they flew: his great soul could not brook it: with despairing brow and knotted arms I saw him leave the city; and sadly he walked along till he reached the opening of the mine.

Rac. What! to throw himself down headlong, and end his life?

Zar. I dreaded it, so fell at his feet. He took me by the hand, a big tear fell on it, he blushed, called me his faithful Zarno, bade me farewell, and gave me liberty: From that moment I became his slave. We descended into the mine, and I have attended him, and carried him his food—ay, and ever will. Ah, my dear master, never will Zarno leave thee! I shared his prosperity, and shall I desert him now? No, no. Now, Rachel, thou hast the secret, and thus I seal it up. Farewell.

Rac. But may not we hope for happier days, Zarno?

DUET.—ZARNO *and* RACHEL.

Rachel. When first this little heart began
To feel an impulse tender,
You slily came, too faithless man,
And taught it to surrender.

Zarno. That dear reproach, which seems to chide
The conquest it confesses,
By words alone affects to hide
What every look expresses.

Both. Then let us hope for the wedding-day,
When we may merry make O.

Rachel. Care away, Zarno near.

Zarno. Lip to lip, Rachel dear.

Both. And when to church we hie away,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong will go
The merry bells at Cracow.

Rachel. Sweet hours of love! but short as sweet,
For Rachel's bloom must alter,
And Zarno other girls may meet,
And then his love may faulter.

Zarno. My love will last while life endures,
Though Rachel look not younger;
For time, that lighter passions cures,
Will rivet mine the stronger.

Both. Then let us hope, &c.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Salt Mine.

Enter, down a stair-case, RODOMSKO *and* NACLO.

Rod. Begin your search. (*Exit* NACLO.) The place is awful—sighs and groans, mixed with the maddening laugh of drunkards, pour along these aisles a discord that chills the very heart.—How heavily must woe have weighed him down, that makes this den his dwelling.

Enter NACLO.

Nac. Look there, my lord! Behold him wiping from his brow the painful drop of toil.

Rod. He comes this way.—What gloomy dignity!—Back—back. (*They retire.*)

Enter ZORINSKI, *with a spade.*

Zo. Well toiled to-day.—I often hope that when these over-laboured limbs do press their straw, sweet sleep will give a short oblivion to my cares. But oh! then this big heart, forgetful of its fall, beats high, and wakes my brain to recollections that go nigh to mad me.—Oh, Zorinski!—how, how long will this, thy body's hardihood, shake off the gripe of death!—Shut from the sun, without a hope, without a friend

—nay, that's not so neither. Zarno, let me not wrong thee, varlet.—Zarno!

Enter ZARNO.

Come hither, fellow.—Hast been on earth to-day?

Zar. Yes, my lord; and there's great news above.

Zo. Indeed!

Zar. Going, my lord, to Cracow, to buy provision, I passed the diet, just as the king—(ZORINSKI *starts.*) My lord?

Zo. Go on.

Zar. Just as the king came forth; and he looked so kindly on us all—ay, as if he'd been our father.

Zo. (*Much agitated.*) Father of all—and I alone rejected!

Zar. And with him came the lord Radzano, whom every body supposed dead—he's to be the favourite now—and the palace your honour possessed is to be—

Zo. (*Much agitated.*) Be dumb! Have I not often told thee, villain, not to name—Be gone! (*Apart.*) What! proud heart, must thou still play the tyrant—will not this dungeon humble thee!—Oh, shame.—Come near me, knave—I was to blame, Zarno.

Zar. To blame, my lord! That you were not: You had a right to be angry, and if you had trod on me, you would have treated me as I deserved. But will you, dear lord, forgive poor Zarno?

Zo. Forgive thee! (*Wiping his eyes.*) Fond fool, 'tis ever thus he makes a woman of me.—On with thy tale, Zarno.

Zar. Oh! that, that, that was all.

Zo. What was all?

Zar. That was all—about—about the—(*Hesitating*)—that is, my lord—it's dinner time.—I've had such an adventure.

Zo. As how?

Zar. Why, trotting past a kitchen hard by—I had just been to see the king go—(*Stops suddenly.*) Trot-

ting past a kitchen hard by, as hungry as a hunter, a curious stew presented itself—my nose stumbled at it, and I made as dead a set as a dog at a partridge, and was just going to seize, when the chesnut-faced cook threw it all over me, and made that an outside covering that I intended for an inside lining.

Zo. Ha! ha! Come, we'll in, and laugh.

Zar. It smelt so savoury—'egad, it was fit for a king: *(Stops, hits his head:)* However, I have a most delicious platter of peas and garlic.

Zo. I cannot feed. *(Sighs.)*

Zar. Not feed, my lord?

Zo. No: In thou, and eat.

Zar. Yes, my lord—but you have taken away my appetite.

Zo. Ha! strangers.—Go in, good fellow.

Zar. I will, my lord—but could not you just pick a bit? (ZORINSKI *holds up his finger*, ZARNO *exit, bowing.*)

Zo. If my eye err not—the lord Rodomsko.—Should he know me? That's an idle fear: prosperity hath but a shallow memory—clothe its dearest friend in rags, and, on my life, it puts him clean beyond his knowledge.

Rod. (*To* NACLO.) Stand aloof! (*Approaches* ZORINSKI.) Your pardon; but when I behold shut out from man, man's paragon—when in this loathsome mine I find a gem fit to illumine Poland, wonder not that I should wish to take it to my bosom's interest; nor deem me, sir, impelled by womanish inquisitiveness, when I seek to know the fortunes of a man by fortune hardly dealt with.

Zo. My story is but a dull monotony of sorrow.—To repeat it were but to strike again the chord of dire calamity, and give a lengthened tone to melancholy.

Rod. Are you of Poland?

Zo. Ay, of the equestrian order.

Rod. Gentleman of Poland!—That envied dignity's a blessing.

Zo. It has been my curse.—Born to command—my stubborn nature will not bow to my condition.

Rod. Sure no crime has stained——

Zo. Oh! the most monstrous—poverty—that fiend accursed—The slave whom he encounters prostrates in the dust, and by humility escapes his fangs—but meeting with a rough, imperious spirit, pride and he around him twine their venomed knots, and hold the victim sure—for know, lord, though penury and sorrow be the sad inmates of this bosom, my soul disdains the curse of benefits—Rather than so, I dungeon here, litter with devils, and out-toil the hind.

Rod. Brother! Are our rights dear to thee?

Zo. By the sacred plain of Vola—dearer than sight, for that shews me but a hated world—dear as to the damned the joys of heaven—for I, like them, languish for blessings which I ne'er must taste.

Rod. Not so—for I will put thee on a purpose that shall mount thy fortunes till they reach the noble elevation of thy soul—make thee——

Zo. Pray be careful.—So long I've banished hope from this sad breast, that its incursion now is aching to the sense.—Drag not at once the dungeon'd wretch before the orb of day, and blind him with his blessings. Oh, sir! so long misfortune's blasts have driven this rugged trunk—so long has misery sapped my roots, and torn away each fibre that sustained me, that the sun of hope (that greatest good) warms but to wither—shines but to destroy me.

Rod. Come, cheerly, cheerly.—In the chequered play of fortune, the best regarded must expect mischance.—See'st thou the sleeky knaves of the court?—Be wise—mask thy heart, and learn to flatter.

Zo. Flatter! I tell thee, lord, as easy were it for our stern Carpathian mountains to shake from their rugged brows their everlasting snows, as for this

tongue to bring forth what this heart doth not beget —flatter!—'Sdeath—join gripe with what I hate!— strain to my heart its fixed antipathy!—by Almighty truth, I swear, the poisoned twine of adders round this breast were grateful to't—thou know'st me not.

Rod. Nor can scarce believe——

Zo. Yet, Rodomsko——

Rod. Ha! my name!

Zo. Ay, lord! Yet, I say, thou wilt believe, when I tell thee that this abject, rugged, heart-broken wretch was once Zorinski——

Rod. Zorinski here!

Zo. What could I do? Live with men to blast me with their pity? No! when disgrace pursued, I earthed me here, lest, Acteon like, I should be hunted by that yelping pack of courtly knaves my bounty had given breath to.

Rod. Oh, Zorinski! again to fold thee, and at an hour of such dread moment.—Oft have I in the senate mourned thy loss—but instant leave this den.

Zo. To the world again?—What should I there—but cast a mournful look around, and, on the wide surface of nature, see nothing I could claim, except a grave.

Rod. Away with this—by manhood, 'tis baby weakness!—Oh, Zorinski! there are purposes—(*The noise of a bugle-horn is heard above*)—Casimir hawks to-day.

Zo. Ay—again he treads upon me. (*Looking up.*)

Rod. He does—thy fall, Zorinski—nay, droop not, man, at what should fire thee—thy fall shall be revenged——

Zo. Ha!

Rod. Yes! rouze thee, for vengeance is at hand! The confederated lords, allied in wrongs, are ripe for action; and, let but thy aspiring soul resume its energy——

Zo. Oh! thou hast poured again into this breast

ambition's godlike impulse! Tell me, Rodomsko, can the devotion of this life, this soul, forward the illustrious cause?

Rod. Most mightily; for the fate of Poland hangs upon thy breath.

Zo. Shall I to the senate there?

Rod. 'Twere useless all.—Did reason use Jove's hunder, 'twould be outroared by the clamorous people who pay this Casimir a worship, e'en to the wronging of high Heaven! Oh, my friend, action is vengeance's language—thy arm, Zorinski!——

Zo. Ah!

Rod. I have for thy ear words of deep persuasion nd mightiest import—but the time's unfitting—instant leave this hated place.

Zo. Foul den, I quit thee, and with thee impotent despondency!—Lead—yet hold—I've here a faithful slave that must not be forgotten.—Zarno—

Enter ZARNO.

Prepare to leave this place.

Zar. My lord—eh—what—leave this place!—O dear—ha, ha—I'm so glad of it—an't you, sir? (*To* RODOMSKO, *who frowns.*)

Zo. Peace, familiar fool.

Rod. There. (*Throws him a purse.*)

Zar. There! (*Aside.*) Curse his money—a churlish——

Zo. Thou'lt follow, Zarno.

Zar. Oh, to be sure I will. I'll only take leave of my fellow devils, and mount in a twinkling. Oh, I'm so happy! Hollo! hollo!

[RODOMSKO *and* ZORINSKI *exeunt up the stair-case.*

Enter Miners.

Ah! you miserable, jolly dogs, how are you?—In sooth this digging in a salt-mine is very productive; for, while many an honest gentleman above can't get

salt to his porridge, you may swallow it by shove full—farewell to you all.

Miner. Are you going to leave us, Zarno?

Zar. Yes; for though this is certainly a very delectable situation, yet I find, by consulting my glass, it rather annoys the complexion; and my physician say, that this air induces spleen and melancholy.

Miner. He's mad!

Zar. Mad, am I? Then there—(*Gives money*)—there's what will make you all drunk, and then you will be as mad as I am. There goes the old carle's money. Drink, devils, drink!

SONG.—ZARNO.

I.

Good bye, my fellow devils dear,
Fal, lal, lal, &c.
Long time I have been pickling here,
Adieu, adieu, adieu!
O weep not, friends, because I go,
Restrain your briny drops of woe;
Unmanly weeping is a fault;
And tears like yours are wondrous salt.
Fal, lal, lal, &c.

II.

The mine has made me pale and wan,
Fal, lal, lal, &c.
Salt cures a hog, but kills a man,
Adieu, adieu, adieu!
I hope your liquor may be found
Not very dead, though under ground;
So rest ye merry while I go,
And thus I quit the shades below.
Fal, lal, lal, &c. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A View on RADZANO'S *Estate.*

Enter WITSKI, *followed by* WINIFRED.

Wit. But, my dear wife, my dear Winifred, now do stop that tongue of thine.

Win. I won't hold my tongue; and what's more, I'll tell Mr Amalekite how you use me.

Wit. Ay, there it is!—Oh, what a hard lot is mine! If I don't submit to her in every thing, then she threatens to encourage that old amorous Jew!—Now pray be quiet.

Win. I won't be quiet—I will have my own way; and I won't be snubbed—and I will be heard!

Enter O'CURRAGH.

O'Cur. What's all this chatter about?

Wit. Winny, Winny, Winny, don't provoke me: you ought to know by this time I am a man.

Win. And you ought to know by this time I am a woman.

Wit. But zounds! why so loud? Do you want all the world to know you are a woman?

O'Cur. No quarrelling to-day! Come, you cooing turtle—did ever magpie keep up so damned a chatter?

Win. I won't hold my tongue.—Oh, here comes Mr Amalekite—obey me, or you know what!

Wit. Yes, I do know what—(*Rubbing his forehead*) and yet I won't submit.—If Heaven has willed it—why——

Win. Heaven's will be done, I say.

Wit. An't you surpriz'd, friend?

O'Cur. Faith! not much at the thing, but a good deal at her choice; for if horns be the word, 'tis allowed, I believe, that no one makes a bull more neatly than an Irishman.

DUET.—WINIFRED *and* WITSKI.

WINIFRED.

A piper o'er the meadows straying,
Met a simple maid a maying,
Straight he won her heart by playing,
Fal de ral, &c.
Wedded, soon each tone grew teazing,
Fal de ral, &c.
His pipe had lost the power of pleasing,
Fal de ral, &c.

WITSKI.

Wedlock's laws are hard and griping;
Women fretful—arts are ripe in;
'Twas his wife that spoil'd his piping,
Fal de ral, &c.
Her shrill note marr'd every sonnet,
Fal de ral, &c.
And crack'd his pipe, depend upon it,
Fal de ral, &c.

WINIFRED.

Silly wives too late discover
When the honey-moon is over,
Harsh grows every piping lover,
Fal de ral, &c.

WITSKI.

Zounds! why teaze morn, night, and noon now,
With fal de ral, &c.

WINIFRED.

Your pipe, my dear, is out of tune now,
Fal de ral, &c.

BOTH.

Why then teaze morn, night, and noon now?
Fal de ral, &c.

Enter AMALEKITE *and Slaves.*

Ama. Fall back there—fall back!—Ah, gossip Winifred? (*Takes her hand.*)

Wit. O dear! O Lord! what shall I do?—I can't bear it!—I say Winny, Winny, I yield—I submit—any thing——(*Pulling her away by the gown.*)

O'Cur. Was there ever such a hen-pecked fool?—But I say, (*To* AMALEKITE,) have you told the peasants that they are now become the slaves of my lord Radzano?

Ama. I have; but pray why be they assembled now?

O'Cur. Because my master is coming hither with his sweet bride that is to be, to receive their homage.

Enter RACHEL.

Rac. Oh, dear father, Zurno has left the salt-mine, and he says he'll soon be rich; and then he'll buy me of that old rogue Amalekite!

Ama. Vill he so, slut! The old rogue will prevent him though. Old rogue! you and your fader shall smart for dat.

O'Cur. Stand back!—here comes my lord and his sweet, sweet bride! Now mind your hits all of you. I say, have you the roll with the slaves names?

Ama. Yes; here it is.

Enter RADZANO *and* ROSOLIA, *attended.*

Rad. Surely, sweet! those whose loves run in unruffled smoothness, and never feel Calamity's chill

blast cannot taste my joy. Oh, lovely, constant maiden, ne'er was Radzano proud till now.

Roso. Constant! bestow not praise on that which not to be, were to be nought. If constancy be worthy praise, be it thine, Radzano, for thou hast sojourned e'en in beauty's court, and yet forgot not thy Rosolia. Look, dear lord, your vassals are assembled: Ah! they little know the blessings that await them.

Rad. Amalekite, give me the roll, and bid the slaves approach.

Ama. (*Presenting the roll.*) I am much afraid he mean to favor dem!—I no like his looks—Oh, he has a damned benevolent countenance. (*Aside.*)

Roso. Poor wretches, how they tremble!

Rad. Approach, and fear not; in this you and your children are registered my slaves, and live but in my will; acknowledge ye your vassalage? (*The slaves prostrate themselves.*)—Rise then, and mark. By this you are recorded slaves; but by this (*Tearing the roll*) you are no longer slaves, but men. (*The most extravagant signs of joy are displayed.*) The world's before you:—who will remain with me?

Peasants. All, all.

Rad. The brightest page of nature's bounteous charter is freedom to her children; that I possess you of: but, oh! contemn not just restraint, else 'twill prove a curse more galling than the most abject slavery tyranny e'er compassed; see, therefore, you abuse it not.

Roso. Oh, impossible: while e'en the spade they toil'd with was their lord's, vice and sloth possessed them; for what incitement had they to industry? but when they find their labour will cheer their children, and throw content around their humble cots—ah, dear lord, these blessings strike too sweetly on the heart to fear abuse.

Rad. Fair advocate, see their hearts thank thee. Come hither, fellow (*To* WITSKI); fear not, man;

give me thy hand; for the love I know thou bear'st me, remember this—the mill thou long has toiled in is thine own.

Wit. Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall run mad with joy —I know I shall—*my* mill!

Ama. (*Aside.*) Oh, de devil! it is all over vid me.

Enter Messenger, who gives a paper to RADZANO.

Mess. From the king.

Rad. The royal mandate calls me to council; the king doth here entreat thy pardon for thus anticipating widowhood, and bids thee, sweet! prepare thy lute, that jocundly this night may pass in mirth and minstrelsy: till night, then, farewell, dear mistress.

Roso. Heaven speed your councils: my lowly duty to the king.

Rad. Guards, attend. [*Exit* ROSOLIA *attended.*] O'Curragh, my faithful fellow, observe Rodomsko: if you should suspect him—

O'Cur. Oh, I don't suspect him at all; I know he's a rogue.

Rad. Should his conduct threaten danger, on the instant hie thee to Cracow; remember. Freemen, farewell. [*Exit.*

Wit. Yonder he goes;—now he's at the top of the hill; see, he waves his hand to us;—heaven bless him! heaven bless him!——"Freemen, farewell." —Oh! my head, my head.—I'm sure I shall go mad; I feel I shall. I'll run home and tell the cow and the mill:—*my* mill, only think of that!—(*Walks backwards and forwards, and each time jostles* AMALEKITE, *without noticing him.*)—Damme! I'm a man, a freeman, and a gentleman. (*To* O'CUR.) Sir, I shall be proud to see you at my mansion—*my* mansion—that's right, is not it?

O'Cur. To be sure; you are lord of it, and may knock any man's brains out that comes in without your leave.

Wit. May I though?—ecod, that's jolly—he! he! he!—Then, I'll tell you what, (*To* AMALEK.) if ever I catch that black muzzle within the portico of my mill, I'll grind you into sausages; I will, you ugly dog! Wife, now, we'll see who's man of the house.—Wife.

Win. Oh! my dear Witski!

Wit. Silence, silence; there. (*Gives her his hand to kiss.*) That's right, is not it?—he! he! he!

Win. I'm dumb, but don't be angry.

Wit. Angry! I could not be angry if I would—he! he!—come buss me.

Ama. Gossip Winifred.

Win. Keep off, man! I only encouraged you as a scarecrow to frighten my husband:—but now—faugh!

Wit. Well said, Winny.—Ah, Rachel, my girl, kiss thy honoured parent.

Rac. Oh, father, won't you let me marry Zarno?

Wit. Ay, to-morrow morning, with all my heart and soul.

Rac. And here he comes.

Enter ZARNO.

Zar. Joy, joy, joy to ye all!—I've heard the news. Ah, dear Rachel, (*Pushing aside* AMALEK.) I'm so happy.

Rac. And so fine!

Wit. Ecod, that he is.

Zar. Am I, think you?—yes, pretty well:—sword, and cap, and altogether, eh!—yes, it's not shewy, but neat; it's becoming. Now, my jolly dad that is to be—(*Walks about, jostling* AMALEK.)

O'Cur. How do you do, Mr Amalekite; you don't seem to comprehend what's going forward here: will you try your hand at that, (*Gives a paper,*) there's your quietus for you.

Ama. (*Drops the paper.*) My discharge! bless my conscience.—(*Is going out despondingly.*)

Zar. You move rather slow; come, for old acquaintance sake, I'll give you a lift (*Pushes him off.*) —Just set him a-going.

O'Cur. Oh, it was time to put a stop to such a rogue. Now I'm to be steward; which is an office —an office—oh! first I am to take particular care to receive the rents of such tenants as won't pay; and, secondly, to see that no one behaves improperly, without my overlooking him: yes, that's it.—Now I must away to the castle.

Zar. O, there are to be great doings there; the king is to be there; and, Rachel, you shall be there: I'll meet thee to-night in the wood, the old place; and then, to-morrow, when the friar comes—oh, you blushing, tempting rogue!

Wit. Now, brother freemen, to our homes—drink prosperity to our deliverer, and be merry and happy all the rest of our lives.

SONG *and* CHORUS.

WITSKI, WINIFRED, ZARNO, RACHEL, *and* O'CURRAGH.

WITSKI.

No longer a ninny,
But lord of my mill,
With my jug and my Winny,
Full jorums I'll swill.

WINIFRED.

Ever constant and humble,
Your Winifred shall prove,
And, without e'en a grumble,
Obediently love.

CHORUS.

La, la, la, &c.

RACHEL.

In a salt mine so drearily,
Of the dumps you'd your swing,
But now brisk and cheerily,
With Rachel you sing.

ZARNO.

Let the tabor go bing bang,
The pipe shrilly play,
The sweet guitar go ting tang,
On Zarno's wedding day.

CHORUS.

La, la, la, &c.

O'CURRAGH.

Then dance, sing, and caper,
Ye merry men so gay,
And while briskly plays the scraper,
For liberty huzza!

CHORUS.

Then dance, sing, and caper,
Ye merry men so gay, &c. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in RODOMSKO'S *Castle.*

Enter RODOMSKO *and* NACLO.

Rod. I tell thee, fellow, Zorinski will be won. Where are thy comrades?

Nac. Shrouded in the neighbouring forest.

Rod. Bring them hither; but see they hold no

converse with my people. Be firm, good Naclo; for my confidence rests weightily upon thee. [*Exit* NACLO. Within there!

Enter Servant.

Bid anon my daughter touch her lute.—[*Exit Servant.*]—For now the bloody purpose being unfolded, all traps must be set for him.—Ha! he approaches, and in heavy rumination.

Enter ZORINSKI.

Zo. Though Casimir has sorely urged me to revenge, by the most galling wrongs, yet to murder—

Rod. (*Taking his hand.*) Was Brutus then a murderer? Genius of Poland, where sleepest thou, when thy patricians shrink from achieving what those of Rome contended for?—

Zo. Grant he ought to die, yet—soft—(*A lute is heard behind, which plays some time*)—what heavenly sounds!—much I thank thee, unknown minstrel, for thy enchantment has prisoned down the hell-born passions that possessed me, and soothed my soul to tranquil melancholy.

Rod. 'Twas my daughter's lute.—Within there—Rosolia!—see, she approaches.

Zo. (*Starts.*) What magic sweetness!—do not wonder at me; for so long these eyes have been unused to look on beauty, that its inroad now riots my pulse, e'en, perhaps, to boyish folly—let me avoid its witchery. (*Going.*)

Rod. Hold!

Enter ROSOLIA.

Ros. What wills my father?

Rod. Where hast been, my girl?

Ros. Enjoying the richest luxury of greatness—seeing the poor made happy.

Rod. Ay, by whom?

Ros. E'en my intended lord—(ZORINSKI *starts*)—this day he hath given freedom to his vassals, and much I joyed to behold wretched man rescued from abject slavery.

Zo. Loveliest maiden, thy tender nature ne'er can impose chains, save those of love's soft thraldom.

Rod. By heaven he's caught—Rosolia, I here present thy father's dearest friend.

Ros. Deign, sir, to receive my hearty greeting.

Zo. (*Salutes her.*) The fascinating poison thrills my every nerve—all powerful love—love—art mad, Zorinski—thou who scorn'st to flatter others—be to thyself consistent—Is this rugged frame shaped for love's soft dalliance—do amorous whispers, soft as the zephyr, come from a voice chill and surly as the northern blast?—is this scowling eye, now rife with murder, a place for Cupids to ambush in?—mockery all—yet, on my soul, I dare not trust my eyes to look upon her.

Roso. He seems much moved.

Rod. Thou hast done well, my girl—bid him farewell, and get thee in.

Roso. Tho' ignorant in what, I am right glad I've pleased you, father—Courteous sir! sweet peace be with you. [*Exit.*

Zo. That will never be again—(*Aside*)—talked she not of marriage?

Rod. Ay, with the young lord Radzano—'tis a match of the king's making.

Zo. (*With surly irritation.*) Casimir, dost thou again thwart me?

Rod. E'en now the king is journeying hither with his young friend, to consummate the union.

Zo. Happy Radzano—wedded, and to-morrow?

Rod. Ay, but should a real friend to Poland think her worthy——never.

Zo. Ha!

Rod. Oh, Zorinski! act but to-night as doth be-

come thee—vindicate thy own wrongs, avenge the lords of Poland, and receive my daughter to thy arms; for by her blushing beauties I swear she's thine.

Zo. Oh, Rodomsko! tempt me not beyond man's bearing.

Rod. Dull man, I tempt thee to a throne—Casimir being disposed of—his place must be supplied; and whom will thy peers deem so fit to guard their rights, as he who crushed their fell destroyer!

Zo. If thou wilt place before me temptations more than mortal, he must be more than mortal that resists—by hell I'm thine—Casimir or Zorinski falls—so may my soul find life or death eternal.

Rod. But this night.

Zo. The better.

Rod. And mark; should chance so order it, bring Casimir alive—the confederate lords demand him for their vengeance—a band, whose steely hearts are rivetted with oaths, will aid thee.

Zo. I need them not—let daws cling together—the eagle flies alone.

Rod. Away with this romantic folly—within there is prepared a solemn sacrament, think on't.

Zo. If thou wouldst have me act this deed, oh let me *not* think, Rodomsko—but on the instant give me the deadly oath—ay, 'tis well conceived—'twill save revolt and cowardly compunction—for oh, the dread interval will be a hellish purgatory, but it leads to a heaven of bliss—so love and proud ambition receive your votary! [*Exit.*

Rod. My soul is satisfied.

O'CURRAGH *enters behind, seeing* RODOMSKO *retire.*

Now bustle all—Rosolia—my daughter—stir, wench.

Enter ROSOLIA.

Prepare to leave the castle instantly.

Roso. My father!

Rod. Question not why nor where.

Roso. O! sir.

Rod. Be dumb—within there.

Enter Servant.

Arm fifty chosen vassals—and to the southern inlet of the forest speed with my horses—away.

[*Exit Servant.*

Roso. (*Kneels*) Oh, my father! if humanity dwell in you, ease this heart—kill not your daughter's happiness.

Rod. Thy happiness, weak girl! Zorinski will take good care of that.

Roso. Zorinski!

Rod. I tell thee, the fate of Poland is in suspense—along I say.

Roso. Rather take my life.

Rod. It will not serve my turn—No struggling—your chamber—your chamber. [*Exeunt.*

O'CURRAGH *comes forward.*

Oh, oh! there bids fair to be foul play here. Oh, the confusion of all Ireland upon that Rodomsko, I say! What the devil shall I do? If I go to my lord at Cracow, I can't very conveniently stay here to see what will become of his lady—Oh! if this head would but prevent a mistake by blundering on what's right—I have it—I'll follow her, and if losing my life will enable me to take her away with me, I'll do it with all the pleasure in nature. Oh! to die for such a lady, and such a master, is what no faithful servant would ever repent of. [*Exit.*

Enter RODOMSKO *and* NACLO.

Rod. Now, good Naclo, spirit up thy comrades. Are they at hand? (NACLO *beckons.*)

Enter Assassins.

Ye spirits of noble daring! this night acquit yourselves, and you are made for ever; there's to cheer you. (*Throws money.*) Naclo, your leader will anon meet you—be firm, good Naclo. [*Exit.*

Naclo. Now, gentlemen, set hands and hearts to the business—night is coming on apace, and then ——(*Laying his hand on his sword.*)

1*st Assassin.* Fear us not, comrade.

CHORUS OF ASSASSINS.

While the hideous night is scowling,
While the savage bear is growling,
Thro' the dismal forests prowling,
First with stealing step, and hush,
Then, like a torrent, on we rush,
And immolate our foe. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Wood.—Night.

Enter O'CURRAGH.

O'Cur. Oh! I'm sure mischief is going forward,

every thing is so peaceable, and torches keep flashing about like a battalion of jack-lanterns—one good thing is, that the old rogue Rodomsko has lost his way and his attendants; there was such a train of them, that I found the best mode of pursuing was getting before them. Oh! he hauls my sweet lady along there, as if she were his wife instead of his daughter——now's your time, O'Curragh! Oh, St Patrick! I'll just beg leave to trouble you for five minutes. (*Retires.*)

Enter ROSOLIA, *leaning on* RODOMSKO.

Ros. Indeed, I can no further.

Rod. Nay, good Rosolia! come—wayward and stubborn! on, I say—those vile erring slaves, not to return—my curses on them! entangled in this labyrinth, each step bewilders more—ha! their torches gleam thro' yonder valley—(*During this,* O'CURRAGH *attracts the attention of* ROSOLIA.) Who's there?

Ros. (*With apprehension.*) 'Tis your faithful slave, Kalish.

Rod. Right glad am I of that—(*Still looking after his vassals*)—death and hell! they take their course athwart! good Kalish! tarry with Rosolia—stir not, be sure—but I know thy honesty. [*Exit.*

O'Cur. For once, old gentleman, you have spoken truth by mistake.

Ros. Oh! save me, good fellow.

O'Cur. This way, sweetest lady!

Ros. Oh! Radzano, where art thou? perhaps e'en now the victim of foul conspiracy; where will my sorrows end!

O'Cur. Oh! put your trust in St Patrick, out and out the genteelest saint in the calendar. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Forest.

Scene draws and discovers ZORINSKI *with a Sabre in his hand, leaning despondingly against the Arm of a Tree.*

Enter ZARNO.

Zar. What can make Rachel tarry so? it's an infernal night! it rains, blows, thunders, and whew!—this is weather to try a lover in—Where can Rachel be—(*Sees* ZORINSKI.) What—eh! my master here, and his sabre in his hand—my mind misgives me! Oh! some villainy of that rogue Rodomsko. (*Seeing* ZORINSKI *coming forward, retires.*)

Zo. Oh! Zorinski, how art thou fallen?—confederate with hired assassins—fettered by deadly oaths ——how changed the face of all things?—the heav'ns seem grim'd with pitch as black as Acheron, and the rustling wind strikes on my ear e'en as the hissing of hell's serpents. (ZARNO *approaches*, ZORINSKI *starts.*) Oh, all the devils, do I tremble?

Zar. My lord!

Zo. Zarno, thou did'st not say I trembled!

Zar. Dear lord! you are pale, and your voice faulters—I fear you are very ill.

Zo. Yes, that's it, that's it, good Zarno—my pulse is fevered, and that affects the brain—(*With solemnity*)—a little blood spilt, and all will be well—leave me, Zarno.

Zar. What! Zarno leave you when you are ill? oh, no! Ah, master! don't you remember in the

mine when an ague shook you, how Zarno wached you, and when I blubbered over you—you wept too.

Zo. Yes, there was a time when I could weep. Zarno, I charge thee leave this place!

Zar. Oh! dear lord—

Zo. (*Hearing a noise.*) Hush! not a breath. [*Exit.*

Zar. Some horrid purpose possesses him—now he stops.

Enter ROSOLIA *and* O'CURRAGH.

Zar. Who's there?

Ros. Oh, stranger! aid an unhappy maiden, who, torn from her soul's only hope, and well nigh dead with weariness, humbly implores thy succour, to unwind the mazes of this wood, and lead her on her way to Cracow. (ZARNO *still looks after his master.*) Radzano will reward thee.

Zar. (*Turns round.*) Good heavens! the lady Rosolia, and here—dear lady, I'll go with you to the world's end—only I've a little business here, that—(*Returns to his observation.*)

Ros. Come then, good fellow!

Zar. Yes; I'm coming. (*Moving from her.*)

O'Cur. Hark you; that may be coming; but it looks so like going, that you will please to move this way.

Zar. Unhand me, or—lady, pardon me—but you—I—my master—I won't leave him—I have it—hard by there's a mill, mention the name of Zarno, and you'll find protection. (*Again looking out.*)

Ros. Oh! guide us to it.

Zar. Well, I'll walk a little way with you: there, (*Walks a few yards and then stops,*) there now, that's the road, right along there, (*Pointing one way, and looking another;*) good fortune attend you, lady! Oh, my unhappy master!

O'Cur. Is it kept by one Witski?

Zar. It is,

O'Cur. How lucky! an old friend of mine, that I made acquaintance with this morning.

Zar. Oh, Zorinski! oh, my master!

Ros. Zorinski! away—away—

O'Cur. Don't droop, dear mistress; for tho' you have but one man to protect you, yet consider, that one is an Irishman.

[*Exeunt* ROSOLIA *and* O'CURRAGH.

Zar. What can this mean? she afraid of him—Eh! here he comes again.

Enter ZORINSKI.

Zo. Will the hour never come? I'm glad my faithful Zarno left me—his fondness tore my heart-strings! —not gone!—avaunt! I say.

Zar. Don't look so terrible—oh! don't—you frighten me so, I can't go—oh! master, there is murder in your eye! if it were day-light, I would not mind it—I should like to see you fight in day-light; but none but assassins stab in the dark.

Zo. Horrid truth!

Zar. Oh! master, quit this place; let us return to the dear dreary mine again!—Did not I hear the tread of horses? (*Agitated.*)

Zo. Look out!

Zar. Yes, I will—but pray don't leave me. (*More alarmed.*)

Zo Look out, I say!

Zar. Yes; oh lord! [*Exit.*

Zo. My senses are benumbed—I'm very faint—but thy oath, thy oath, Zorinski! there I'm firm again.

Enter ZARNO.

Zar. Oh! dear master, all my fears are over.

Zo. Who is it?

Zar. Pardon, dear lord, what a rogue was I to think the great Zorinski could swerve from honour—I feared it was some rival, or——

Zo. Who is't, I say?

Zar. Thank heaven, none that you can harm! It's the king. (*With a smile.*)

Zo. Ha! (*Grasps his sword.*)

Zar. O God! O master!—What?—Impossible!

Zo. Discord is at large!—Oh, for a tyger's fury!—

Zar. (*Lays hold of his cloak.*) Oh, think a moment——

Zo. Cling not to me thus—away, I say! (ZARNO *runs round, and falls on his knees before him.*) Villain!

Zar. Yes, I am—any thing; reproach me; spurn me; kill me——Zorinski an assassin! *my* lord a traitor!—I can't bear it. Oh, think of dishonour! think of your soul! think of Zarno!

Zo. In vain, in vain: were he guarded by the furies I would seize him! (*As he is rushing forward,* ZARNO *jumps back, draws his sword, and opposes him.*) Ha! raise thy arm against thy master's life!

Zar. Do not you raise your arm against your master's life.

Zo. O hell! be's right!—Zarno, thou art sadly changed; I've seen thee draw to *save* my life.

Zar. And now I draw to save what's dearer, your honour, your soul. You pass not—no! I would rather see you dead at my feet, and I the man that laid you there, than suffer you to pass.

Zo. Baffled by a slave! (*Clashing of swords without.*) Ha! the work of death's begun! see how their sabres gleam!—Brave not my fury—give way——

Zar. No, by heaven! (*With firmness.*)

Zo. Hark! 'tis Vengeance calls—then take thy death, vile slave! (*Fight, he wounds* ZARNO, *and exit.*)

Zar. Heaven forgive him! Let me but live to see—(*Staggers to the side of the stage, supporting himself on his sword.*) How dim my eyes are—ah! see he rushes among them; he bears down all before him—ah! now he seizes the king—and now he——Oh! (*Falls.*)

Enter RACHEL.

Rac. What clashing of swords!—oh! I shall sink with fear! Zarno! Zarno!

Zar. (*Faintly.*) Here.

Rac. O Zarno! bleeding!

Zar. O cruel master! cruel master!

Rac. Was it he that did it? Monster! is this a return for a fond servant's love?

Zar. Did I say it was my master? did I?—no, Rachel, no.

Rac. Come, try to reach the mill; for poor Rachel's sake try.

Zar. Well, I'll try. (*Rises.*) Only this—you know, Rachel, the words of a dying man are awful: then hear mine—it was not my master that did this—remember, Rachel, it was not my master.

[*Exeunt,* RACHEL *supporting him.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Wood—Thunder and Lightning.

Enter ZORINSKI, *pulling in* CASIMIR.

Zo. On, I charge thee!

Cas. This wounded frame can go no farther.

Zo. Now, ye fiends! ye who first instilled into my soul your damning purpose, nerve but my arm to strike the blow! (*Thunder.*) O God of Justice! why hurl thy bolts of fate to scare the peaceful grove, when I stand here a wretch, and court the vengeful shaft? Hark! a noise again!—delay were fatal—on, on, or here thou diest!

Cas. Here be it then—I tell thee, base assassin!—

Zo. Thou wrong'st me, king! I am no common stabber—view me well—have the wrongs thou hast inflicted on me so furrowed o'er my visage—has despair so grimly marked me for her own, that thou rememb'rest not?——Know then 'tis Zorinski strikes.

Cas. Zorinski!—But oh! is't possible—can thy soul be reconciled to treason?

Zo. (*Aside.*) How that shot through me!

Cas. Art thou content that future ages shall use thy great name to curse with?

Zo. My hair bristles, and my teeth chatter!—— Peace, I charge thee!

Cas. Those convulsive throbs speak virtue in thee. Oh, obey its sacred impulse! behold thyself thy king's deliverer! see hands and hearts hail thee thy country's saviour! think how the good will pray for thee, and ages bless thy name!

Zo. O let me with repentant—ah! is not the deadly oath sworn?—Hell, I'm faithful to thee!—Who is't that holds my arm?—(*A bugle is heard at a distance.*) Ha! again——now——(*Raising his arm.*)

Cas. A moment's pause.——O God, shield with thy arm omnipotent my dear, ill-fated Poland! receive my parting spirit! and oh, forgive this man!—Now, traitor, strike.

Zo. (*After a struggle.*) Oh, impossible! (*Falls at the King's feet, then recovers himself on his knee*) Oh, Casimir! oh, my king! how shall I look upon that injured face!

Cas. Zorinski! the fiery trial past, gives thee to my heart more pure—(*A whistle.*)—Hark! thy comrades!

Zo. (*Starts up and recovers his sword.*) Let them come on; this weight of guilt taken from this arm, I will protect thee, king. Virtue's electric fire springs each nerve, that, did Nature loose her ravenous kind—did hell oppose its ministers of blood, I seem as with one blow I could sweep them to destruction.

Cas. I'm faint—my wound begins to torture.

Zo. Horror! 'twas not my sword—'twas not my sword, my king, that wounded thee; for e'en in that guilty moment, I struck the villain dead that did inflict it.

Cas. Give me thy arm.

Zo. See, the moon dares shine again!—Canst thou forgive me?—Thou may'st; but can heaven!

Cas. No more: thou hast unclogg'd thy soul of treason—Treason, that most hideous monster, which with one blow severs a nation's peace, tramples down law, that barrier of existence, and gives to him most triumph, who most shall murder and destroy.

[*Exeunt, King leaning on* ZORINSKI.

SCENE IV.

A Mill.

Enter WITSKI *from the Mill.*

Wit. O dear, O dear, I do so overflow with joy, that I'm quite miserable! I can't eat, and I can't sleep—thank heaven, I can just contrive to drink a little, else—what a rate my mill went all day!—clack, clack, clack! Winny's tongue had no chance with it.—And then to think of the sweet lady Rosolia seeking protection in my mansion—there's an honour!

Zo. (*Behind.*) Hollo!

Wit. What! an enemy may be. Then I'll retire into my castle, and parley from the battlements.

(*Goes in.*)

Enter CASIMIR *and* ZORINSKI.

Zo. Within there. (*Strikes his sword against a window.*)

Wit. (*Above.*) Stand off, or I've a cross-bow here will send a choice collection of bullets into your pate. Break one of my windows, you robbers!

Zo. Give instant entrance, or I'll force my way.

Wit. Know all men, I am lord of my castle; have been so—ay, thirteen hours; and will knock any man's brains out that enters without my leave.

Cas. Are you lord of it?—Prove then you deserve the title, by giving succour to the unfortunate.

Wit. Oh, there's no standing that. (*Comes down.*) You must know I am lord of this—

Zo. Leave prating, and instant lend thy aid.

Cas. Your king demands it—(WITSKI *drops on his knees*)—give me your assistance.

Wit. Oh no, heaven forbid that I should dare to think of such a thing.—Oh no.

Cas. I want not thy obedience, but thy service; I faint for very weariness.

Enter ROSOLIA, O'CURRAGH, *and* WINIFRED, *from the Mill.*

Ros. Sure that voice—heavenly powers! the king!

Cas. With equal wonder I behold thee, fair maiden.

Ros. Oh, sire, forgive me, if thus untimely I press my private griefs:—Where is my lord?—Oh! does Radzano live?

Cas. E'en now we parted near your father's castle.

Ros. O'Curragh, fly! [*Exit* O'CUR.

Cas. But whether he live or no—(*Looks at* ZORINSKI, *who is agitated with shame and remorse.*)

Ros. Oh, horror! he here!

Zo. Fear not, wronged lady, the basilisk has lost its power to harm.

Cas. Lead me in. [*Exit with* ROSOLIA.

Zo. Fairest innocent! and has this withering arm blasted thy joys?—Oh, was not my agony enough before!—How came she here?

Wit. Zarno sent her. Would you choose to walk in? (*Goes towards the door.*)

Zo. Zarno! Zarno!—(*With vacant wildness.*) Soft—good brain, collect thyself.—Sure I saw him in the forest—and he went—no—ah! now hellish recollection darts upon me—he wept—he begged me—he clung to me, and I—(*As if choaked with grief, makes the motion of stabbing.*)—Oh! I am deeply damned for that—the only soul on earth that loved me; never servant so loved a master—(*Weeps*)—and I to stab, oh!—eh! perhaps he yet lives—perhaps—here, slave.

Wit. I beg your pardon, sir, but I am not a slave.

Zo. I care not what thou art.

Wit. I am—

Zo. Be dumb.—Mark; take this sword; guard well the door; I'll return anon.—Oh, Zarno! Zarno! [*Exit.*

Wit. He's mad—the poor devil's mad!

Win. Now, my dear Witski, I'll tell you what—

Wit. What, you are beginning your chatter?

Win. Nay now, only hear me, that's a dear man. You know, husband, his majesty has favoured us with his company at our house; very well! then, you know, it will be but civil to return the visit.

Wit. Certainly; he'll naturally expect it.

Win. Well; and so I was a thinking that some new fur put upon my Sunday's cap, with rose-coloured ribbons, and my new russet gown will do to—

Ros. (*Within.*) What, miller, ho!

Wit. (*Stopping* WINIFRED'S *mouth.*) You will keep gabble, gabble. Confound you, is not his majesty within hearing? and an't I his sword bearer?—Hush, I must guard the door; and, do you hear? keep the cats and the dogs quiet—hush, softly.

[*Exeunt into the mill.*

SCENE V.

Wood.

Enter RACHEL, *leading in* ZARNO.

Rac. Come, dear Zarno, see, yonder's the mill;—you look better.

Zar. Do I, Rachel?

Rac. Far better, since with my hair I stopt the bleeding of your wound.

Zar. 'Tis not my wound, Rachel; it's here; it's here; my heart's broken, Rachel.—Oh, my master——Let me rest here a while, it will give me strength. (*Lies down.*)

Enter ZORINSKI.

Zo. Zarno—alive—(*Runs to him, and kneels.*)

Zar. Ah, Rachel, hide me—don't touch me—don't touch me——

Zo. How art thou, Zarno? Shrink not from me—I come to comfort thee.

Zar. Comfort—say, then, (*In a low tone, and getting near him,*) lives the king?

Zo. What is that to thee? (ZARNO *shrinks from him.*) He does! he does!

Zar. What, lives!—lives!—ha! ha! ha! (*Faints.*)

Zo. Soft, he recovers—how art thou, Zarno?

Zar. Better—well—very well—but are you not deceiving me?

Zo. No, on my soul——Zarno, I am not so damned a villain as thou think'st me. (*With an agony of grief, hiding his face.*)

Zar. I think you a villain! dear honoured master, where is your hand? (*Kisses it.*)

Zo. Let me convey thee to a place of safety.

Zar. I can walk—can walk very well.

Zo. Art thou—art thou—much wounded, Zarno? (*With shame.*)

Rac. Oh yes——

Zar. (*Stopping her.*) A scratch—a scratch—it's joy makes me so weak—I'm very troublesome—I can walk alone.

Zo. Psha! rest on me, good fellow.

Zar. I'm afraid I lean very heavily.

Zo. Pr'ythee be quiet—see'st thou that mill—the king is there—we shall easily reach it.

Zar. Yes, dear master, unless I die with joy by the way—I'm quite asham'd.

Zor. Come, rest firmly on me—there—there

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Inside of the Mill.

CASIMIR *discovered asleep on a Pallet,* ROSOLIA *watching him,* WITSKI *guarding the door.*

SONG.—WINIFRED.

I.

Than envied monarchs happier still,
O! happier far, the peasant;
No treason lurks around his mill,
No terror breaks his slumbers pleasant.
Yet one must fill the regal seat,
With care incessant pressing;
E'en to preserve those slumbers sweet,
His lowly, happy cottage, blessing.

II.

Then fly not now, O gentle sleep,
Fly not our humble dwelling,
His anguish in oblivion steep,
The image of the past repelling.
And such soft visions of delight,
From airy fancy borrow,
As he deserves whose watchful night
From us poor peasants drives forth sorrow.

(*A knocking at the door.*)

Cas. (*Awakes.*) What refreshing sleep—heaven, accept my thanks—Rosolia! droop'st thou for thy love—fear not his safety—have I not seen him in the field—believe me, he must be champion, indeed, who spoils Radzano—hostess, I thirst.

Win. Here, your majesty, 's a cup of wine; all our poor house affords.

CASIMIR *is about to drink, when the knocking at the door is repeated.*

Cas. Open, good fellow—and fear nothing.

Enter ZORINSKI *and* RACHEL, *leading* ZARNO.

Poor wretch—he faints—lead me to him: (*Approaches* ZARNO, *who looks faintly on him:*) here, poor knave, drink this; thy wants far exceed mine—drink, 'twill refresh thee.

Zar. Oh no.

Cas. Do as I bid thee.—(ZARNO *drinks.*)—has't done thee good, knave?

Zar. Oh yes.

Cas. And me abundant. Come, thou look'st more cheerly; thou art better.

Zar. Better! I never was so well in my life.

Ros. It grieves me in such base sort to see your highness.

Cas. Not so, fair one! am I not with my people, with those who love me?—Come, mine host, thy fire. (*To* WITSKI.)—Wilt thou to court, and grow great? (*Sighs, and shakes his head.*)

Wit. Please your majesty, I can't leave my trade.

Cas. Why, knave?

Wit. Because I have a wife; and, to confess the truth to your majesty, Winny has certainly a happy knack at sprightly conversation.

Cas. (*To* ROSOLIA, *smiling.*) Hear'st thou the slanderer?

Wit. So when she lets her tongue go, I let my mill go, clack for clack: I could not manage without my mill.

Cas. Ha! ha! I'll build thee one upon the Vistula; thou shalt be the greatest miller in Poland. (*Trumpet without.*)

Enter RADZANO.

Rad. My gracious king! (*Kneels.*)

Cas. Radzano, thrice welcome—said I not, Rosolia, this arm would prove victorious?

Ros. My dearest lord!

Rad. Pardon, dear mistress, what stern duty compels—Rodomsko was found wandering in the forest, deserted by his people.

Ros. (*Kneeling to* CASIMIR.) Oh, merciful Casimir!

Cas (*Raising her.*) Fear nothing—let him live—but not in Poland.

Rad. See, how your loving subjects, bearing their rustic arms, press on to guard you.

Enter Soldiers and Peasants armed.

Cas. What a proud moment!—heaven give me strength to bear this rushing joy—trust me, my people, the dangers I have passed will but give energy to fresh exertion—yes, like the fertilizing Vistula,

mild, yet irresistible, I'll open wide the current of my justice, until the humblest peasant of my state shall taste its blessings.

FINALE.

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.

Let the loud rattling drum and the trumpet's shrill clang,
That in battle our heroes have nerved;
Now aid the rough soldier in rapturous song,
For his king and his country preserved.

PEASANTS.

Let the happy peasant join,
And his humble lay combine,
While joy in every face shall shine,
Throughout the realm of Poland.

Every honest tongue shall sing,
Every happy valley ring,
For Heaven has restor'd our king,
And happiness to Poland.

ZARNO.

Blessed with peace and liberty,
My life shall pass in merry glee,
With little Zarnos on my knee,
And Rachel dear so clever.

WINIFRED *and* RACHEL.

Should our artless story move,
And you, our valued friends, approve,
With warmest gratitude and love,
We are your slaves for ever.

CHORUS.

Let the happy Peasant, &c.

SECRETS WORTH KNOWING;

COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY

THOMAS MORTON, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GREVILLE,	*Mr Pope.*
EGERTON,	*Mr Holman.*
ROSTRUM,	*Mr Lewis.*
UNDERMINE,	*Mr Munden.*
APRIL,	*Mr Fawcett.*
PLETHORA,	*Mr Knight.*
NICHOLAS,	*Mr Quick.*
VALET,	*Mr Klanert.*
BUTLER,	*Mr Abbot.*
COOK,	*Mr Thompson.*
COACHMAN,	*Mr Rees.*
MRS GREVILLE,	*Mrs Pope.*
ROSE SYDNEY,	*Mrs Mountain.*
SALLY,	*Mrs Mattocks.*

SECRETS WORTH KNOWING.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in Greville-House.

Servants talking without.

Enter Valet, Butler, Coachman, Cook, and Footmen.

Val. Silence, I say! Why, you keep as loud a gabbling as if you were settling the balance of Europe in the lobby of the house of commons. Order, I say—the question is this. Our old master being dead, and our young one expected every moment from abroad, ought we, when he arrives, to laugh or cry? Hear the cook!

Cook. Why, I thinks, that, for the death of an old master, a little dripping from the eyes would be quite natural.

Val. It may be natural, Master Cook; but, Lord bless you, the genteel feel of your tip-top folks is no more like nature, than one of your fine kabobbed fricassees is to plain roast and *taties*. Besides, when a man leaves behind him a good ten thousand a-year, I think it quite natural for the heir to laugh. What say you, Coachy?

Coach. I pulls with you, Mr Valet—young master must in the main be glad, for we all know that the old gemman, seeing that he run skittish, kept him upon low provender beyond sea. So my verdict is, Mr Butler, that we all smiles agreeably.

But. So say I. Dam'me, I'll look as pleased as punch, ha! ha!

Val. Softly. And will you, sir, who have but thirty pounds a-year, dare to be as pleased at seeing your master, as I, who have fifty? No, no—subordination is every thing.

Coach. Ecod, the best reason we should not be sorry, is, that the old buck left us no legacies.

Val That settles it. (*All laugh.*) (*A knocking at the door.*) Here he comes—I am to look most pleased, and stand in the front. Back a little, Coachy, and remember I am to speak.

Enter MR *and* MRS GREVILLE.

Grev. Why this boisterous mirth?

Coach. You are to speak, you know.

(*To the Valet.*)

Grev. Is it thus you honour the memory of your departed master? My love, welcome to England, and to my father's house. If I can trust my heart, the greatest happiness I shall feel from prosperity, (should it await us,) will be in placing my Maria in the elevated station her virtues will illumine.

SALLY, *in a travelling dress, speaks as she enters.*

Sally. Travelling indeed! nothing but extortion

I declare—Such a gang of them! First, in comes the bill; then, remember the waiter—John Ostler, sir—the chamber-maid, ma'am—don't forget poor Boots—I am the porter—the post-boy, your honour—so that your hand keeps constantly moving up and down, like the great lump of wood at Chelsea water-works—(*The Servants nod and wink to her.*)—What are you all nodding and winking at? why don't you set chairs? (*Servants set chairs.*) Now, go along all of you, and see the luggage unpacked—(*Servants surprised*)—why don't you go?

(GREVILLE *waves his hand.*)

Val. To be ordered about by such a dowdy! My dear Coachy, this will never do for us.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Sal. A parcel of lazy chaps, I dare say—but I'll make them stir their stumps. Well, here we are at last. Oh, gemini gig! how my poor bones do ache!

Mrs Grev. My Greville, excuse her familiarity—she has lived with me from my infancy, and is, indeed, a faithful, affectionate creature.

Sal. Ay, that I am. Oh, bless its pretty face!

(*Patting her mistress's cheek.*

Mrs Grev. Leave us, good Sally.

Sal. Leave you?

Mrs Grev. Yes.

Sal. Well, I will. I am a foolish, good natured—I'll go and scold the servants. [*Exit* SALLY.

Mrs Grev. You look uneasy, Charles.

Grev. 'Tis for thy sake, Maria. Between hope and fear, my mind is tortured: when I reflect on my father's determined, but just resentment, at my dissipated conduct while in England—so determined, that I dared not acquaint him of my union with my adored Maria—then, I fear that he died without blessing me, and has estranged me from his house and fortune. When I reflect that I am, perhaps, destitute of the means of supporting thee—surrounded by creditors—(*A knocking at the door.*)

Enter SALLY.

Sal. Oh! master, here is such a frightful old fellow wants to speak with you!—Such a—O Lord! here he is.

Enter NICHOLAS, *his face wrinkled, hollow cheeks, and every exhibition of dolefulness, age, and decrepitude.*

Grev. Your name, friend, and business?

Nich. Sir, my name is—so there *is* a lady in the case—my name, sir, is Nicholas Rue, and my business will be explained by this letter. (GREVILLE *reads the letter, and seems elated with pleasure.*) Now to have a peep. (*Puts on his spectacles.*) Eh! as I hope to live these fifty years—Miss Egerton. How my master will be surprised!

Grev. What happy tidings! present my best respects to your master—I will wait on him immediately.

Nich. Very well, sir. How my master will be surprised! [*Exit.*

Grev. This letter, Maria, is from my father's executor. (*Reads.*)

"SIR,—As executor to my dear departed friend, Mr Greville, I have to inform you, his will leaves you, conditionally, his sole heir."

Sal. He! he! how happy I am!

Grev. The familiarity of this girl is intolerable.

Sal (*Pouting.*) Tolerable, indeed! Oh, Mr Egerton, her noble brother, behaved different: He never thought me tolerable.

Mrs Grev. For shame, Sally!

Sal. And so it is a shame that a poor servant should be out of her wits for joy at hearing her dear lady's good fortune? Sir, I has as much right to be happy as you *has*, and I will be happy, tho' you make me cry all day for it.

Grev. Well, well—loving Maria atones for a thousand faults.

Sal. (*Significantly.*) Ha! ha! perhaps this is as lucky for Mister Somebody, as for Sally Downright.

Mrs Grev. Dear Sally—

Sal. Do you say dear?

Mrs Grev. Pray be silent.

(SALLY *puts her hand to her mouth, and retires.*)

Grev. My love, I must hasten to Mr Undermine.

Mrs Grev. Who?

Grev. Mr Undermine, my father's executor.

Mrs Grev. Heavens!

Grev. Do you know him, Maria!

Mrs Grev. Alas! too well.

Sal (*Advancing.*) Know him! he is the blackest villain, sir—It was he who ruined her dear brother, and drove him from England, to wander, nobody knows where.

Mrs Grev. O Greville! I doubt the goodness of that fortune to which he is harbinger.

Grev. You alarm me, but I will hasten to him.

Sal. And I'll go with you, and, by gemini gig, I'll give it him——

Grev. For heaven's sake, be quiet! Droop not, my dearest love! 'tis prosperity awaits us. I go to seize the prize, and lay it at thy feet, a fit oblation to thy surpassing virtues. [*Exit.*

Mrs Grev. Heigho!

Sal. Don't sigh, dear lady! I know from experience, riches don't give happiness. When poor, I was happy, and now that I am independent, having 3*l.* 10*s.* a-year in the consolidated real grand Bank of England, yet I'm not happy; but I shall be so, when my darling mistress is a great lady, and her dear brother comes home a general.

Mrs Grev. Poor Egerton! What perils has he not encountered for my sake——perhaps his precious life——

Sal. Oh, no, no—take comfort, for sure nobody

wou'd go to kill so handsome and good a creature as he is—besides, ma'am, has not he a mole on his right arm? Was he not born with a cawl? and has he not a pocket-piece that I got conjured?

Mrs Grev. Peace, foolish girl! Yet I will take comfort, for he has the protecting arm of heaven.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in UNDERMINE'S *House.*

Enter NICHOLAS.

Nich. (*Crossing the stage.*) That the sister of Egerton shou'd be the lady—this is news, indeed. They must be married, and then my old rogue of a master gets the estate, and poor I only a thousand pounds for assisting in the roguery; but 'tis a snug sum.

Enter UNDERMINE, (*yawning.*)

Und. Good morning. You look ill, Nicholas.

Nich. Oh dear! don't say so—I feel pretty much in the old way—eat little, to be sure—sleep less.

Und. Ah! but you have been a sad old rogue, Nicholas.

Nich. I have always executed your honour's commands faithfully. Sir, I don't like twelve o'clock at night. All dark as pitch! The church-bell tolling, and nothing else to be heard but the rats in the wainscot.

Und. Don't talk of it.

Nich. Then, somehow a trembling seizes me—

Und. And you feel a kind of shivering damp, don't you?

Nich. Yes.

Und. I know—I know Then the dreams I dreamt that old Greville came to my bed, and demanded justice to his son, with horrible ghastly eyes like—just like yours, Nicholas;—and——pshaw! I'm becoming a superstitious fool. Away to Greville with my letter.

Nich. I have already been there. You see how anxious I am to put you in possession.

Und. How anxious you are to touch the thousand pounds, Nicholas!

Nich. Well, sir! he is arrived, and with him——

Und. Ay!

Nich. A lady.

Und. His wife, think you?

Nich. I'll tell you who she is, and leave you to judge—the sister of Egerton.

Und. Indeed!

Nich. Whom you ruined.

Und. And he deserved it for his folly. What chance had he, with only old blind justice on his side, while I had possession, a long purse, and a Chancery suit, ha! ha! you don't laugh, Nicholas?

Nich. Lord, sir, I have not laughed these thirty years.

Und. Ah! you have been a sad rogue. But when am I to expect Greville?

Nich. Directly, sir.

Und. Then give me his father's will out of that drawer.

Nich. (*Significantly.*) Which will, sir?

Und. Which will? why, you are a wag, Nicholas. Not his *second* will, which you burnt. Ha! ha! you are a wag. No, no—this is the will for us, Nicholas; the second did not suit quite so well—it did not contain this beautiful proviso—"But in case my said son shall have acted, or shall act, contrary to this my will, I then bequeath all my estates, whatsoever and wheresoever, to my herein named executor, adviser, and valued friend, Urban Undermine, esquire."—And

was not I a good adviser, eh? But then, Nicholas, what trouble I had, to make the old superannuated fool sign it. How I had, to enforce the sin of disobedience, read to him all the tragical stories of improvident marriages—yet, Nicholas, we are not quite safe, while my late servants, the witnesses to the burnt will, are forthcoming. Have you been to Newgate to see them?

Nich. Yes, sir; and says I to them—you know my master's plate was found at the bottom of your trunks, (which, you know, sir, I put there myself,) and the law has condemn'd you to be hang'd—now, your kind master has got your sentence softened to a *mere* trip to Botany Bay.

Und. And they were quite happy, I suppose?

Nich. No, sir—they grumbled.

Und. Ah! man—man—never contented. This is my reward for sending them to a charming flourishing colony, where there is every luxury—even a playhouse, Nicholas.

Nich. And I am told, sir, there are very good actors there.

Und. I dare say there are. (*A knocking at the door.*) Run to the window, and see if it be Greville.

Nich. Lord, sir, I can't run—nor I can't see.

Und. (*Aside.*) Pshaw! old withered dolt!—can't see—one comfort is, you will soon be dead. [*Exit.*

Nich. But I can hear—Soon be dead, eh? Oh, dear me, no—equally obliged to you, notwithstanding—I am pretty well—indeed—excepting a slight liver complaint, a flying gout, and a touch of the dropsy, I am quite well—Ah! the one thousand pounds must be first duly and truly paid, or I'll shew you a trick you little expect, old master of mine.

Enter UNDERMINE.

Und. 'Tis he—'tis Greville—run to the door.

Nich. I can't run, I tell you. [*Exit.*

Und. If he be but married! Now for management —If he be but married——

Enter GREVILLE.

Mr Greville, I presume—allow me to congratulate you on your arrival in England. I hope you enjoyed your health abroad?

Grev. Perfectly so. Excuse me, Mr Undermine; but my anxiety——

Und. I understand—There, sir, is your good father's will.

Grev. (*Reads.*) "I, Robert Greville, do make and declare this my will. To my only son, Charles Greville, I bequeath my forgiveness and blessing, (*Bows in thankfulness,*) together with all my estates, real and personal, provided my said son has not, during my life, contracted, nor does not, till he has fulfilled his twenty-fifth year, contract—matrimony."

(*Greatly agitated.*)

Und. He is miserable—I am a happy man!

Grev. (*Reading.*) "And in case my said son shall have acted, or shall act, contrary to this my will, I then bequeath all my estates, whatsoever and wheresoever, to my herein-named executor, adviser, and valued friend, Urban Undermine, esquire." (*Aside.*) Most accomplished ruin! O, Maria.

Und. You seem indisposed.

Grev. How shall I act? Sir, the dying blessing of a justly-offended father has agitated my spirits. (*Aside.*) And shall this wretch, the enemy of Maria, riot in the blessings she should enjoy?

Und. Mr Greville!

Grev. (*Aside.*) Suppose I conceal my marriage—The clergyman, who officiated abroad, being dead, and the certificate safe in my possession, detection is impossible.

Und. Sir, the pleasure I might otherwise feel at so large an acquisition of property as your *marriage*

gives me, is really, sir, changed into anguish on your account.

Grev. (*Aside.*) I'll conceal my marriage—I'll torture him. Mr Undermine, how happy am I to relieve your benevolent heart from the anguish which oppresses it, and make you happy by declaring, I am not married; but you don't seem happy.

Und. N—no—not married!—Is it possible that—

Grev. It is quite possible.

Und. That is—I mean—I—I—have the pleasure of knowing Miss Egerton.

Grev. True, and she says she knows you *well.*

Und. Yet, on reflection, who can wonder——

Grev. What do you say?

Und. Who can wonder, I say, that the sister of a proud beggar should be lost to those celestial virtues——

Grev. 'Tis false! virtues! she is their representative on earth.

Und. Except chastity.

Grev. (*Aside.*) Distraction! Oh, my wrong'd wife! am I the assassin of thy fame?—If I remain here, I shall betray myself.

Und. Yet, I say——

Grev. Say no more, sir.

Und. Allow me to advise——

Grev. Pardon me, *good* sir—the advice you have here given is so excellent, (*Returning the will,*) that I should be deemed a monopolist, did I engross more. Let the world benefit—my family have had quite enough of it.

Und. In short, then, Mr Greville——

Grev. In short, then, Mr Undermine, I am equal to the attendance on my own affairs. Do you prove your attention to yours, by promptly attending me in the capacity of executor, and not as heir, to my father. [*Exit.*

Und. So, so, so—Yet he must be married: but then how to prove it—how to manage—

Enter NICHOLAS, *running and capering.*

Nich. Well, sir, here I am—ready to touch.

Und. You *can* run, I see.

Nich. Why, after a thousand pounds, I can hobble a bit.

Und. Can you? then hobble to Lucern, in Switzerland, and obtain proof of their union—he denies being married.

Nich. Deny being married! but I'll take my oath he is.

Und. I dare say you will—But who will believe you, Nicholas? I'll probe him to the quick—a licentious profligate! Ah, Nicholas! let this be a lesson to you. Avoid the sin of seduction.

Nich. I will, sir.

Und. To rob innocence of its thousand charms!

Nich. To rob me of my thousand pounds!

Und. But he is married. I'll after him directly.

Nich. Sir, you forget the steward is coming.

Und. True, true, old April—a full twenty years since we met.

Nich. He must be tottering on the grave, poor old fellow.

Und. He tells me he has brought Rose Sydney to town with him, our joint ward. I have left the care of her entirely to him, because it never struck me how I could get any thing by her.

Ap. (*Without.*) Up stairs, do you say? Come along, Rose.

Und. The old fellow is fumbling his way up. Don't hurry yourself, friend April, I'll help you.

Enter APRIL *and* ROSE SYDNEY—APRIL'S *figure representing the "lusty winter" of life, strong, corpulent, a ruddy complexion, and long, flowing, silver hair.*

Ap. Who the devil wants your help!—Friend Undermine, how are you?—heartily glad to see you. (*Shaking him violently by the hand.*)

Nich. Ah, Mr April!

Ap. What, old Nick! alive! You grow devilish like your name-sake! Ha, ha! (*Stops laughing suddenly.*) My dear Rose, ask pardon—forgot to introduce, and all that—Undermine, this is our ward, our pretty Rose—brought her up to town to see all the devilments and things, and marry her to my grandson Plethora, who is by this time, I warrant, a celebrated physician.

R. Syd. That is, Guardy, if I like him.

Ap. To be sure—no compulsion—no—no—You see mine has been a difficult task, friend Undermine—not only to take care of a large lump of land, but also this pretty little morsel of live stock.

R. Syd. Which is certainly the harder task of the two: for where you leave a pasture at night, there you are sure to find the pasture in the morning; but you may leave me peaceably browzing in that pasture in the evening, and, the next day, hear of my curvetting and frisking it on a certain green, called Gretna.

Und. Ha, ha! madam, you will be esteemed a wit.

Ap. She will—for she has three thousand a-year, ha, ha! But, old Nick, have not you a bit of dried wainscot in the house, commonly called a housekeeper? Rose will want an army of milliners, haberdashers, and odds and ends.

Nich. Do you imagine, sir, we exist without the blandishments of the softer sex? Allow me to con-

duct you—don't be alarm'd, miss, you may rely on my prudence and delicacy.

[*Exeunt* NICHOLAS *and* ROSE.

Ap. Come, let me look at you, old boy. You are grown devilish rusty.

Und. Impudent blockhead!

Ap. My countenance is the same.

Und. Yes, brass never rusts; but you must want repose.

Ap. Repose, ha, ha! Why I walked good twenty miles yesterday, over hedge and stubble, to shoot you a bag of birds, old boy. How you stare!

Und. How the devil have you contrived to keep so ruddy a face?

Ap. By keeping clean hands, friend Undermine.

Und. And how do you manage to keep your body upright?

Ap. By keeping my heart in the same attitude; for I soon found out that the weight of every ill-gotten guinea is laid on a man's shoulders for life—bends him down—there is no getting rid of the load. (UNDERMINE *tries to hold up his head, but fails.*) So I preferr'd a long life to a long annuity, and a light heart to a heavy purse, eh, Mr Undermine?

Und. A most excellent plan indeed—for the country.

Ap. Well, but the news—is Greville arrived? The young heir—the dear boy, Charles—is he well?

Und. Yes, a pretty chick he is—a profligate! a seducer.

Ap. What! Oh, I see—a joke of yours, to try to prevent my laughing, ha, ha! Eh, you shake your head though.

Und. What would you say, if I told you he had basely seduced a virtuous and superior woman?

Ap. I would say it was a lie.

Und. Go then, and convince yourself.

Ap. What! Charles Creville guilty of dishonour, merely to get a fashionable name?

Und. And even there he will be disappointed. Formerly, indeed, the ruin of an innocent woman was thought wickedness enough to entitle you to a seat in the coterie of fashion; but now, unless that woman be the wife of your friend, or the daughter of your benefactor, your gusto is scouted, and you are black-balled, for want of a due qualification.

Ap. Oh, rare London, ha, ha! Should not laugh though.—Sad doings. I'll go to him; if what you say be true, he won't dare to look even me in the face—but it can't be.—Oh! he was the bravest, noblest lad! I'll tell you stories of him, will make you so laugh, ha, ha! And I'll tell you stories will make you so cry! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in UNDERMINE'S *House.*

Enter APRIL *and* UNDERMINE.

Ap. But tell me, tell me—have you seen my grandson Plethora lately?

Und. No, not lately.

Ap. Is he one of your *first* rate doctors, eh?

Und. (*Concealing a laugh.*) Not quite, I believe.

Ap. He must be grown a tremendous fellow. Sent him to town in high condition—full of health—all sinew—strong as a castle.

Und. You'll find your castle reduced to mere lath and plaster. (*Aside.*)

Ap. And a power of money in his pocket.

Und. Ay, how much?

Ap. All I was worth.

Und. The devil you did?

Ap. To be sure. The road of life is confoundedly up hill, so I determined the boy should not want provender. Besides, they say money gets money—and by this time I dare say he has doubled, ay, trebled it.

Und. (*Aside.*) Ha! ha! Give all she has to a young spendthrift. Well, you'll follow me to Greville's?

Ap. Never to do things by halves, is a maxim in the family of the Aprils.

Und. (*Aside.*) And you have certainly proved yourself the first of the Aprils, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

Enter ROSE SYDNEY.

Ap. Ah, Rose, my girl, I expect your lover every moment. (ROSE *shakes her head.*) Nay, fair play—see him, and hear him—let us have no sending adrift without a fair trial. Egad, you'll see a man fit for a husband; like—like what I was fifty years ago.

R. Syd. Of this I am sure: I never can hate any thing that resembles my dear Guardy.

Ap. Bless thee!—(*Knocking.*)——Eh—here he comes—the head of Apollo, the strength of Hercules, the voice of a Stentor, the——

Enter PLETHORA, *his visage thin and emaciated, his figure lean, his voice tremulous. A man of twenty, with a constitution of eighty.* APRIL *jumps with surprise.*

Ap. Eh! what! no!

Ple. How are you, Grandad?

Ap. Rose, my love, speak to it.

R. Syd. Alas! poor ghost!

Ple. How goes it, I say?—Grown quite slim and genteel since you saw me last, an't I?

Ap. Quite!

Ple. This is shape and make, is not it?

Ap. Why, Bob—ha, ha! should not laugh—Poor fellow! perhaps 'tis intense study.—But, he, he! zounds, doctor, instead of giving it to others, you seem to have taken all the physic yourself.

Ple. Yes, of cherry-bounce quantum-suff,—and old Oporto,—a couple of magnums—that's my physic—a short life and a merry one, ha, ha!—Ugh, ugh! But you sent word you wanted me on business. What is it, eh?

Ap. Why, I had an intention of proposing a marriage between you and that sweet girl. But I don't know what to say—you don't seem exactly calculated. What do you think, Rose? (*She shakes her head and laughs.*) Nay, don't laugh at my grandson. Age is respectable. I say, old one, what do you think of marriage?

Ple. With that fine girl?—with all my heart. A short life, and a merry one.

R. Syd. Don't be rash, sir. And will you venture to run away with me?

Ple. That I will. Easy stages though.

R. Syd. Easy stages!—It won't do, Guardy.

Ap. No; we must give it up. But what have you done with all the money I gave you?

Ple. Why, I duly considered the hardness of the times, and so threw it into circulation.

Ap. Indeed! And pray how do you intend to live?

Ple. I am one of the host of Pharoah.

Ap. Dam'me, you are one of the lean kine, ha, ha! But zounds and fury!——(*Going up to him.*)

R. Syd. Oh, don't!—If you touch him you'll kill him.

Ple. You have arrived in time; for I have just decanted the last hundred. Come, tip a rouleau.

Ap. I heard you kept a carriage.

Ple. Two—a gig, and a tandem.

Ap. You a physician! Why, you ignorant—

Ple. Come, tip. (*Holding out his hand à la medicin.*)

Ap. Eh! ignorant—I beg your pardon—No, I see you understand at least the grand principle of the profession, (*Imitating,*) ha, ha! But, 'sdeath! what have you to shew for all the money?

Ple. Shew! Ask at the College.

Ap. Oh! in Warwick Lane.

Ple. Warwick Lane! Curse the old quizzes! ha, ha!—ugh, ugh!—No, I mean the Horse College.

Ap. The Horse College!

Ple. To be sure. Farriery is now the only learning fit for a man of fashion. Why, have not you read the Rights of Cattle?

Ap. No.

Ple. No! Then you are a Yahoo.—Nor Loose Thoughts on a Horse-shoe, six volumes folio, price twenty guineas?

Ap. No.

Ple. Nor you, ma'am?

R. Syd. No, sir.

Ple. What! both ignorant of horse-shoeing! Why, you an't fit to shew your heads in polished society. I tell you, 'tis the only thing going.

Ap. Indeed! Well, as it is a thing going, there can be no harm in wishing it gone.

Ple. Gone! Why, bless you, so far from that, there's Lord Snaffle learning to read on purpose. But I must be off.

Ap. Where?

Ple. To the College to be sure—never miss—famous day. Two lectures—one, a grand dissertation on the use and abuse of cruppers.

Ap. Amazing!

Ple. The other, on the proper application of the horse-whip.

Ap. You need not go on that account. I'll shew you that in two minutes. (*Is restrained by* ROSE.)

Ple. But, I say—if I am to match with that nice girl, say the word, that I may go into training accordingly.

R. Syd. Certainly not, sir.

Ple. Then good bye.—I say, a short life and a merry one, he, he! ugh, ugh! [*Exit.*

Ap. So, all my property gone to make a farrier. I say, did you ever see such a bit of blood, ha, ha! But I must away to Greville's. Good bye, my girl! Horse-shoeing!—Egad, doctor, you shall have a bellyful of it; for into the country you go, and farrier you are for life. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Library at GREVILLE'S.

MRS GREVILLE *discovered, dejectedly leaning her cheek on her hand*—SALLY *looking out of the window.*

Mrs Grev. Greville not yet returned?

Sal. There he is, ma'am, pacing up and down the Square, with his arms crossed—now he stops—now he walks quick.

Mrs Grev. Oh! call him to me.

Sal. He is coming, ma'am. Don't agitate your dear spirits.——

Enter GREVILLE, *under great agitation; not observing his wife, he draws a chair, and sits down.*

Grev. To conceal my marriage—How can I ask it of my wife? To confess it, then! (*Rising.*) Ruin without hope. I cannot bear the thought. Unfortunate Maria!

Mrs Grev. (*Leaning on his shoulder.*) Not so—while I possess your love—Oh, tell me, Charles! the wild disorder of your eye terrifies me. (GREVILLE *points to* SALLY.)—Leave us, good Sally. (*Exit* SAL.)—Tell me, oh! tell me the worst.

Grev. I will—it is—for us, a prison during life. Beggary for our child. (MRS GREVILLE *weeps.*) This horrid fate you can alone avert.

Mrs Grev. (*Smiling through her tears.*) O Charles! how unkind to think that misfortune shall for a moment oppress your heart, which I can avert. 'Twill be a happiness——

Grev. (*Mournfully.*) Happiness, Maria! mark me. To prevent the heavy hand of poverty from crushing us, you must declare—how shall I utter it?—that we are not married. Should that be known, I am disinherited.

Mrs Grev. Oh! must we part?

Grev. I mean not that. Consent to live with me, yet——

Mrs Grev. Say on.

Grev. Declare yourself—think the rest.

Mrs Grev. Your mistress. (*Faintly.*) I will. Pardon me a moment's agitation. (*Recovering.*) Yes, cheerfully.

Grev. Think, my love, 'twill be but a transient sorrow.

Mrs Grev. Alas! I think but this—it was my Greville asked it; and I solemnly swear by the holy marriage vow, never to claim the honour'd name of wife, but at your command.

Grev. Let me adore thee!

Mrs Grev. Yet, oh! (*Bursting into an agony of tears.*)

Grev. Is this cheerfulness, Maria?

Mrs Grev. 'Tis not for myself—the title of mistress gives not this pang. But O, Charles, what name will attach to our pretty innocent?

Grev. I cannot bear the conflict. Let ruin come.

Mrs Grev. Oh no! forgive me—but at that moment the mother felt strong within me. Indeed, I will be all you wish. Pray look happy. Come, you shall see I'll act my part to admiration! Be gay. (*Faints.*)

Grev. Maria—my love!—

Mrs Grev. (*Recovering.*) I am better. It was my last struggle. Indeed, I am better.

Grev. Within there! (SALLY *makes one step on the stage.*) You were very near at hand. Her secrecy will be necessary. By your alacrity, I judge it would be needless to repeat what has now passed?

Sal. Why, sir, to speak the truth, I overheard every word you said.

Grev. This, then, is your duty.

Sal. Ah, sir!—if my love for my dear mistress had not been stronger than my duty, you would not have been so long troubled with Sally Downright.

Grev. Well, well—have the servants asked you any questions about your mistress?

Sal. A thousand.

Grev. What answer did you give them?

Sal. None.

Grev. That was right. Now attend to my orders. You must deny my marriage with your mistress.

Sal. I won't.

Grev. What!

Sal. I will not. (*With firmness.*)

Grev. I am not to be trifled with. Wil

my orders? (*She shakes her head.*) Then leave this house instantly.

Sal. I won't go. (*Takes a chair and sits down between them.*) Her dear noble brother left her to my care——

Grev. But your charge is superseded by a husband's protection.

Sal. Act like a husband, and I'll go, bag and baggage.—'Till then, here I sits.

Mrs Grev. Would you see us reduced to want?

Sal. Want!—Nonsense! Have not I a pair of hands strong enough to work for you? And I suppose his are strong enough to work for himself. Want, indeed!

Mrs Grev. Leave her with me. I know I can prevail. Retire, my love.

Grev. My mind is too oppressed to meet Undermine. Tell him to return in two hours.

Mrs Grev. Compose your spirits.

Grev. Thanks, my kind Maria. [*Exit.*

Sal. What! deny his own honourable, real, lawful spouse, and such a lady! And then expect me to encourage——

Mrs Grev. Come, come—you can refuse me nothing.

Sal. I cannot say it.

Mrs Grev. But you can be silent.

Sal. That I can.

Mrs Grev. Then promise me to remain so, should the subject be mentioned to you.

Sal. I do.

Mrs Grev. Ay, but seriously?

Sal. Or may I never see your dear brother again. 'Tis lucky he does not know of these doings.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mr Undermine. [*Exit.*

Mrs Grev. Be prudent, Sally—remember.

Enter UNDERMINE.—MRS GREVILLE *bows coldly, and retires up the Stage.*

Und. This is the confident, I suppose. (*Beckons her towards him.*) I'll try a dose of flattery: that costs nothing. You are as handsome as an angel.

Sal. So are you, sir.

Und. Me! no, that won't do. Ah! then I must apply to the grand specific; (*Takes out a purse;*) put that in your pocket for my sake, but don't talk about it.

Sal. You shall never hear of it again, depend on't.

Und. I say—a handsome couple.

Sal. Very.

Und. I suppose you had a very jolly wedding.—(*She remains silent.*) Come, come, you may trust me. Why should you suppose me a babbling idiot, that cannot keep a secret?

Sal. Why should you suppose me one?

Und. (*After looking at her with suspicion.*) I'll thank you just to look at that purse again.

Sal. Certainly, sir. (*Feeling for it.*) But can you really be snug?

Und. I can—keep the purse—I insist on it—I have her!—I have her.

Sal. Can you be secret?

Und. Yes.

Sal. So can I. [*Exit.*

Und. God bless my soul!—She is gone—and the purse is gone.—Somehow, I didn't manage quite so cleverly. Eh! but now for the mistress. I'll humble her, however—yes—with the earth——Madam, I am under the necessity of asking by what name I am to have the honour of addressing you?

Mrs Grev. (*Coming forward.*) By a name most unhappy, most wronged—yet, by the still proud name of Egerton. Mr Greville cannot see you at present. In two hours he will be at leisure. That is the door.

Und. Alas! madam, I pity you.

Mrs Grev. (*Stifling her indignation.*) I thank you for thinking I deserve it. How superior, then, am I, to that wretch who basely defrauds worth, and drives from his friends and country a noble youth, to encounter calamity, perhaps death;—for, in the awful hour of retribution, who will pity him? That, sir, is the door. [*Exit.*

Und. God bless my soul! I have not triumphed quite so much as I expected. I don't exactly know what to do. I see no particular use in staying here, and, as she observed, that certainly is the door. God bless my soul! [*Exit.*

Enter SALLY *and* APRIL.

Sal. (*Bobbing a curtsey.*) My master is not at home, sir.

Ap. Puph—pugh—tell him 'tis April come to see him. I am his steward.

Sal. Indeed, sir——

Ap. And who are you?

Sal. I am Sally, sir—I came with them from foreign parts.

Ap. Then I suppose you can prattle German, Sally?——

Sal. Me jabber their outlandish stuff! Sir, I'll give you my opinion on that subject. I thinks, that, for a true-born Briton to speak one word of foreign lingo, is a mortal sin.

Ap. Bravo, English Sally! and how did you like the people?

Sal. Not at all—a parcel of conceited chaps—pretended not to understand me, though I spoke as legibly to them in the real vulgar tongue as I does to you.

Ap. Ha, ha! and how did you like the country?

Sal. Not a bit—high frightful mountains all covered with ice. Ugh! (*Shivering.*) And horrible roaring cascades, making such terrible noises. No—Taun-

ton Dean for my money. Regular hay-fields, and corn-fields, and a good turnpike-road.

Ap. Egad, you are a girl to my mind.

Sal. And I am sure you are a nice old man.

Ap. Do you think so, ha! ha! Now to sound her. Pray, Sally, how long has our young master been married? (*She is moving off silently, he gets between her and the door.*) And so you think me a nice old man, eh?

Sal. Yes, that I do—ha! ha!

Ap. And so they were married abroad, eh? (SALLY *looks grave again, and exit.*) Then it is so. Ah, here he comes—he is grown a noble fellow. Pity that so fine a tree should be rotten at the core. Ah! I see he is a man of pleasure, he looks so miserable.

Enter MR *and* MRS GREVILLE.

Grev. Ah! April, the same man I left.

Ap. Yes, the same—body and heart.—Can you say so to me, Charles?

Grev. So, so—more torture.

Ap. What a charming creature! (*Addressing* MRS GREVILLE.) Don't be offended, madam—you look like an angel—nay, don't droop—I dare say you will be one. Heaven is merciful! give me your fair hand. An old man's blessing will not harm you, lady. (*Wiping his eyes.*)

Mrs Grev. He weeps. O, Greville! let us retire! Even the pity of a villain did not move me; but the virtuous tears of that old man press on my heart with agony insupportable.

Ap. O, Charles! Charles!

Enter SALLY.

Grev. Mr April, are you content to be a silent observer of my conduct?

Ap. I cannot—I cannot.

Grev. Then, sir, you must estrange yourself from this house. [*Exeunt* MR *and* MRS GREVILLE.

Ap. I'll go—I'll go—Is it so my once noble boy—my pride?—forbid me his house!

Sal. Never mind his forbidding. I shall always be proud to see you, sir.

Ap. Thank you, Sally. I, that taught him to shoot flying, and now have his dogs so trained—coveys waiting for him to come and shoot them—'tis all over. Pray, (but tell me if I am impertinent,) who is that lovely creature?

Sal. The sister of Mr Egerton. Ah! there *is* a man. How I loved him! Platonic, I assure you. And the regard was mutual; for, excepting the old greyhound, I was first favourite.

Ap. What, he likes greyhounds—then I dare say he is a fine fellow. I'll think no more of Greville—And so your love was Platonic, eh?—Ha! ha!—nay, if I can't laugh, 'tis all over with me. Yes, I will leave your house. Lend me your arm, my good girl; for, to say the truth, Sally, this quarter of an hour has shook me worse than the last twenty years wear.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in UNDERMINE'S *House.*

Enter UNDERMINE *and* NICHOLAS.

Nich. Well, sir, what news of Greville? Does he confess?

Und. No.

Nich. Dear me, I should like to touch. I am an old man, and I can't, I suppose, hope to live always. Do you think I can, sir?

Und. Not always, I shou'd think.

Nich. Ah! (*Sighs.*) Then, sir, if—ever—I should, by any accident, happen to die—it would be consoling to clutch the thousand pounds first. Oh dear—I forgot.—Your nephew Rostrum, the young auctioneer, is below.

Und. What does he want?

Nich. Every thing—riches, title, sense, elegance; because, (to express myself in one grand energetic word,) he wants the *cash.*

Und. Well, well, give him a guinea—stay, I have a thought. Suppose I make him an engine to torment Greville—but he is such a sneakup! Were he a boy of metal, I would adopt him—but he is so honest, Nicholas.

Nich. 'Tis excusable in youth, sir.—Time and your instructions——

Und. Then he is deficient in spirit.

Nich. Lord, sir, you have never allowed him fair play: give him a purse full of gold—try that—adod! it would make a buck of me.

Und. I will try it.

Nich. And, sir,—a thought has struck me too.

Und. Out with it.

Nich. I don't think, sir, we lead very happy lives.

Und. No—not remarkably so.

Nich. Suppose then, sir, when you get the Greville estate, and I get the thousand pounds, that we get rid of the cold damps and shiverings.

Und. Ay, but how!—how!

Nich. Lord, sir, don't you see how the great contrive it? Instead of passing twelve o'clock at night in darkness, and the blue devils—their houses are illuminated, full of company and jollity.

Und. And a most excellent plan it is—I'll do it.—Yes, I'll pass the next fifty years of my life in luxury and honourable uprightness.

Nich. Except, I suppose, any snug bit of roguery should occur in our way.

Und. Certainly, and I'll become a man of taste and virtù.

Nich. What, become a man of virtue, sir?

Und. No—no—you blockhead—I'll explain to you, Nicholas—Virtù is an admiration of every thing useless, or monstrous; as old books full of lies—teacups—bad sixpences—butterflies—kittens with two heads, and so forth; while Virtue is, that—I say Virtue is a—every body knows what Virtue is.

Nich. And, edod, I'll have my jollifications, and who knows but in time I may learn to laugh again?

[*Exit.*

Und. Now, how to provide handsomely for my nephew, without its costing me a farthing—I have it

—marry him to Rose Sydney—ah! let me alone for management. Ah, here is my young auctioneer.

Enter ROSTRUM.

Ros. How do you do, sir? (*Bowing low.*)

Und. Curse your bowing—come here, sir—hold up your head.

Ros. Civility, sir, in my line, is every thing.

Und. Yes, but I am going to make a dashing buck of you, and in that line—civility will be all against you.

Ros. What, sir, am I to leave my pulpit—and part with my little hammer?

Und. (*Throws him a purse.*) There is something better than your little hammer.

Ros. Oh dear, and what am I to do with all this?

Und. What you please.

Ros. I'll go to a sale.

Und. Go to a sale—I gave it you to throw to the devil.

Ros. I'll take it to my attorney's.

Und. Take it to Bond Street—purchase expensive clothes, horses, carriages—I'll make a man of you.

Ros. Well, I should not have thought that becoming a sprig of fashion was the way to make a man of me.

Und. I say, how do you feel with a heavy purse?

Ros. Quite light, sir—the cash certainly loosens a man's joints, and gives a sort of a—I—don't—care—a—damn—for—any—body, kind of a feel—

(*Strutting about.*

Und. Obey me, and my fortune's yours—disobey me, and you are a beggar. In the first place, forget your absurd auctioneer jargon—you understand.

Ros. Sir, I take your bidding—I mean, I take your hint.

Und. And get rid of that respectful manner: the age of supple adulation is passed; bend now to the great and they will sink you lower.—No, you must assume

a superiority—you must hold up your head.—Do you think, for instance, you can get rid of your respect for me?

Ros. With the greatest ease possible.

Und. Very well. Observe, every thing may be done by management. *I*, who am now look'd up to—ay, sir, look'd up to; once kept, you know—a paltry grocer's shop.

Ros. It was a chandler's shop.

Und. Was it?—well—well—how have I become what I am?—by management—for instance—I am thought to possess a strong understanding—is it so?

Ros. It never struck me that you did.

Und. Very well——again—the world calls me a man of scrupulous integrity—am I so?

Ros. Certainly not, sir.

Und. Very well, then—all the effect of management. Say little—yet never seem ignorant; but, by significant nods and smiles, seem to say, I know all—but won't tell.

Ros. Oh! whenever I don't understand a subject, I must nod.

Und. Yes.

Ros. Then, my dear uncle, I shall nod my head off to a certainty.

Und. No, no, you may manage—get a smattering of politics at a party bookseller's—morality you may learn at the play-houses—mechanism at Merlin's—and the fine arts——

Ros. At my own auction room.

Und. Confound your auction room—away and begin your career.—Stay; a little trifle I had forgot—I am going to marry you to a——

Ros. Marry me!—Oh lock, sir! (*With bashfulness.*)

Und. Oh lock, sir!—You sneaking——

Ros. Upon my soul, I meant, sink me—I meant to say—so you are going to marry me. Sink me.

Und. Yes; and to a lady who has all the requisites

for an excellent wife. In the first place, she is esteemed beautiful by all who have seen her—fine estate in Worcestershire.

Ros. Fine estate! I shou'd like to sell it—freehold or copyhold.

Und. Freehold, I believe.

Ros. Within a ring fence.

Und. How the devil should I know? In the next place, she is remarkably sensible and witty—that I had from a gentleman, who says her estate is the prettiest in the county.

Ros. A most excellent authority.

Und. And thirdly, she has a crowd of lovers, which certainly proves——

Ros. That her estate is the prettiest in the county. Quite natural, for, now a-days, no gentleman comes more frequently to the hammer than little Cupid—but I must away; this purse makes me very fidgetty.

Und Success attend you—don't forget my lessons—(*They nod to each other.*)—Management is every thing—remember—hypocrisy. [*Exit.*

Ros. Hypocrisy! I am sure I ought to nod now, for, thank heaven, that is a subject I am completely ignorant of. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Bond Street.

Enter EGERTON *in a military great-coat and cross-belt, with every appearance of distress, and dejection of mind and body.*

Eg. 'Tis strange, that I should pass unheeded amidst a crowd of friends, that none should know me;

surely, the necromancers of old were fools to study life away in vain attempts to become impervious to human sight, when, to render themselves invisible to their nearest friends, 'twas only to put on the garb of wretchedness. (*Takes out a miniature.*) This is the only treasure I have left—my sweetest Rose. (*Kisses the picture.*) But what have I to do with love or happiness? Yet I will not part with thee, sweet remembrancer, though nature's calls are most imperious, and I sicken with hunger.

Enter ROSTRUM.

Ros. Plague take this purse; I don't know what to do with it. I don't care twopence for horses—I hate gaming. I can't drive curricles. And as for the once concealed charms of the fair—no need of a purse for that—now-a-days, they are all to be seen gratis.—Heigho! I am no more fit to be a blood, than my uncle is to be a bishop—I have nothing to do—no where to go—Oh! what a cursed bore it is to be a gentleman.—Eh! what have we here—Oh! I see, a soldier returned from the wars in the full dress of victory.—As we *conoscienti* say, 'tis a grand head, and in nature's best manner. On canvass, it would fetch twenty guineas; but on the shoulders of a poor soldier, nobody will give sixpence for it—throw this to the devil!—No—suppose, instead, I try to get my name inserted in a better catalogue.—Sir, your most obedient—this fine sharp air gives a keen appetite.

Eg. It does, indeed.

Ros. Comical place this Bond Street—brilliant equipages dashing along—most of the owners though are in the predicament of your coat—rather out at the elbows.

Eg. Sir!

Ros. I don't mean to offend.—You seem a stranger, give me leave, sir, to shew you the lions—that small gentleman, with a large coronet, is a new peer of

ninety-seven—that lady all the bucks are ogling, is an old woman of ninety-seven—that seven-feet giant is a milliner—that gentleman running across the way to shake hands with a bailiff, is over head and ears in debt; don't be surprised, he is in parliament—in the phaeton, with little ponies, sits a female gambler, and a great orator: The female gambler, the great orator, and the little ponies are all upon sale, and may be knocked down to the best bidder. I was once a delightful auctioneer—my present trade is buckism—pray, sir, what may your trade be?

Eg. Alexander's.

Ros. By my soul, 'tis an interesting picture, and it sha'n't be my fault, if it has not a gilt frame. Sir, will you have the goodness to lend me twenty pounds?

Eg. Do you mean to insult me?

Ros. I do not, indeed—will you, then, have the goodness to let me lend *you* twenty pounds?

Eg. No, sir.

Ros. Proud as Lucifer—I'll lose some money to him.—A remarkable clear bright sun-shiny day.

Eg. Yes.

Ros. I'll bet you ten pounds, it rains—

Eg. Madman—leave me.

Ros. Leave you! oh, very well—if you insist—good bye to you. (*Drops his purse, which* EGERTON *picks up.*)

Eg. Sir, here is a purse which you dropt.

Ros. I dropt—oh! you sly dog—is that your trick—ring dropping—a brilliant, and a draft—I understand it all—my dear fellow, it won't do—Oh, for shame of yourself! [*Exit.*

Eg. A most extraordinary character, but benevolence fills his heart, and I will not insult it, by refusing to take from his purse such benefits as nature so strongly craves.——(SALLY *crosses the stage singing a ballad.*

'Tis of a sailor that I write,
Who on the seas took great delight.)

Do my eyes deceive me—my sister's servant in England! Sally!

Sal. (*Turning round and running into his arms.*) Oh! my dear master; alive!—he! he! he! ah! but you are not well.

Eg. Not quite well.

Sal. And in poverty.

Eg. Oh! 'tis the soldier's lean inheritance. He must feel nothing a misfortune—but disgrace. But tell me—why do I meet you in England—surely, Sally, you have not deserted Maria?

Sal. I desert her!—have you received no letter?

Eg. None. You seem agitated—is my sister well?

Sal. Yes—Heaven bless her——

Eg. Then I guess the cause—she is married?—(*She looks perplexed.*)—Ah! did'st thou not hear me—she is then married?—(*A pause.*)—No answer—damnation—the thought is madness.—On thy soul, I charge thee speak. Is she a wife?—yet silent—oh! while strength and reason hold—lead me to her.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in GREVILLE'S *House.*

Enter MRS GREVILLE.

Eg. (*Without.*) Where is she?

Mrs Grev. Ah! that voice.—It is my brother!

Enter EGERTON—*he sinks into a chair.*

Eg. Stand off.

Mrs Grev. What means my brother?

Eg. Come not near me, but answer.—Art thou a wife?

Mrs Grev. Ah! have I not sworn to conceal my marriage!—Oh! William!—pardon my silence—I am most unhappy, yet most innocent.

Eg. The laws of honour are simple unsophisticated—thou art an angel, or—'tis plain—I see the burning blush of guilt—and are my sufferings for thee thus repaid?

Mrs Grev. Sufferings! oh tell me——

Eg. I will tell thee, for thou hast deserved to know them—When I had given thee all, I sought my fortunes in a German regiment in the pay of England; we were ordered to the West Indies—there, slowly recovering from the pestilential fever of the island, my emaciated state would not allow me to dress in the ranks with my usual alacrity; the consequence was, that, from the cane of a young ensign, I received on my shoulders a blow. (*Rising.*) Yes, a blow—in the paroxysm of madness I felled him with the earth. (*Sinks again into the chair.*) Yet, it was cowardly in me, for it was a boy that struck me.

Mrs Grev. Oh! (*Weeps.*)

Eg. The punishment of death I was prepared to meet—but, Maria! picture the agony of this proud heart, when I was ordered to the halberts—yes, to be punished with ignominy.

Mrs Grev. Oh! my brother.

Eg. I shall soon conclude—I flew with desperation on my guard, hoping from them to meet the death I longed for—I was deceived, they favoured my escape—at that moment thy image rushed upon my heart, and nature bade me struggle with my fate, and find a sister—I have found her, and may the heavy curse——

Mrs Grev. (*Catching his arm.*) Oh! do not curse me—suspend it but a day—an hour—grant me this, William, or you do not love me.

Eg. Not love thee!—unhappy girl——even now, spite of its wrongs, my heart throbs as it would burst to meet thee.—Yes—one embrace, for her honoured sake who bore thee—no more——curse on my feeble nature. (*Sinks into the chair.*)

Mrs Grev. Ah! you look faint.

Eg. It is not strange—I have not lately tasted food.

Mrs Grev. Oh! William, protect your valued life—take this—on my knees let me intreat it——

Eg. (*Rising with a smile of dignified disdain, and dropping the purse.*) Do not insult me, girl!

Mrs Grev. Indeed I meant it not.—Oh! Greville, come and save my heart from breaking.

Eg. Greville! ah! that, then, is the villain's name.

[*Exit hastily.*

Mrs Grev. Oh stay!—my brother—hear me!

[*Exit, following.*

An Apartment at UNDERM

Enter ROSE SYDNEY.

R. Syd. Heigh ho! no information yet of my dear Egerton; I fear to enquire for him, for should my guardian, Undermine, know of my attachment, I should become the object of his fixed malevolence—Pshaw—here comes his nephew to make love to me.

Enter ROSTRUM.

Ros. There she stands.

R. Syd. (*Sings.*)

"Dee'l take the wars that hurried Willie from me."

Ros. Who the devil is Willie?—I feel very awkward. (*Aside.*) How do you do, ma'am?

R. Syd. Now for a specimen of a modern lover.

Ros. I hear, ma'am, you have a charming estate.

R. Syd. A modern lover indeed—Which estate, in my opinion, sir, you value above its merits.

Ros. I beg your pardon, ma'am—no—when I am call'd in to value an estate, I——

R. Syd. Sir!

Ros. Zounds! no, ma'am; what I wish to speak of is quite another article, I mean quite another lot—I mean quite another affair—'tis not the fine estate in Worcestershire; but, (*Blushing,*) but the holy estate of matrimony, ma'am.

R. Syd. Well, sir, what of it?—pray speak.

Ros. (*Aside.*) I am tongue-tied—'tis damn'd hard, I can only preach in my own pulpit.

R. Syd. What did you say, sir?

Ros. I said, ma'am, that—I'll try my uncle's way. (*Nods to her.*) You understand?

R. Syd. Indeed I do not.

Ros. Nor I neither. (*Aside.*)—Ma'am!

R. Syd. Sir!

Ros. I say—(*Aside.*) I have it—I'll pour forth a torrent of eloquence.—Oh! miss, believe me, I despise riches—ah! how blessed should I be to live with you in a retired and peaceful cottage, situate in a delightful sporting country, with attached and detached offices, roomy cellaring, and commodious attics!

R. Syd. Sir!

Ros. Together would we inhale the vernal breeze in an acre and a half of garden ground, crammed

with esculents and choice fruit-trees—well stocked and cropped.

R. Syd. The poor man is mad.

Ros. With content smiling round us. I would not languish for town enjoyments—no—though situated only an agreeable distance from the turnpike road, with the accommodation of a stage coach passing daily to London.

R. Syd. But, sir, I hate a cottage—and when I marry——

Ros. The premises may be viewed with tickets, and immediate possession had.

R. Syd. Quite—quite mad.—

Ros. Well, miss—after all that, don't you love me?

R. Syd. No—(*Sings.*)

"The pride of all nature was sweet Willie O!"

Ros. Damn Willie—my name is Tom.

R. Syd. Tom, is it? ha! ha!

Ros. She is a sweet creature—perhaps, ma'am, your heart has been previously disposed of by private contract?

R. Syd. It has—(*Sings.*)

"He wou'd be a soldier, wou'd sweet Willie O."

Ros. Oh! Willie is a soldier, is he? then what chance has a simple auctioneer, with his little hammer, against a soldier with his long sword—so, ma'am, you can't bid for me—I mean, you can't love me?

R. Syd. No, sir!

Ros. What a pity—is there no agreeable attitude I could put myself into—no way—what would I give for one kiss?

R. Syd. I'll tell you how you may obtain twenty.

Ros. How?

R. Syd. By giving up the lover, and assuming a character I am sure you will succeed in—a sincere friend.

Ros. Indeed! thank you—quite happiness enough for me—only place me next to sweet Willie O in your heart, and I am satisfied—What shall I say—I'll serve

you with fidelity—pugh!—that I would do for any body else—I'll—I'll fight for you; and that I would not do for any body else.

R. Syd. Oh! sir, could I but learn where my soldier is——

Ros. I'll run and inquire at the War Office.

R. Syd. (*Embracing him.*) Thank you, dear sir.

Ros. Oh, charming—farewell. Would it not be as well though if I knew his name, because, if I ask the clerks for Sweet Willie O! they may not comprehend——

R. Syd. True! true!—his name is William Egerton.

Ros. Happy fellow—one more friendly hug.

Enter at opposite doors UNDERMINE *and* APRIL.

Ap. Hey-day!

Und. (*Aside.*) There's management—he'll do—he'll do.

Ap. More vexation!—Shame, girl—in the arms of a stranger!

Und. He is my nephew—will be my heir—and he is a very clever fellow. (ROSTRUM *nods.*)

Ap. He has a queer way of shewing it.

Und. A tolerable well-looking man, is he not?

Ap. I can't tell.

Und. He has an excellent heart.

Ap. I don't know.

Und. Do you think I would deceive you?

Ap. I can't say—you may be all alike—my grandson has ruined my fortune—Greville has ruined my happiness, and, perhaps, I may find him a coxcomb—my Rose ungrateful—and you a scoundrel—so I'll to the country again, and in the mean time, my dear, you shall see as much of this virtuous town as you possibly can, out of a two pair of stairs window. (ROSE *and* ROSTRUM *kiss their hands to each other.*)

[*Exeunt* APRIL *and* ROSE.

Und. You are a clever fellow—an exceeding clever

fellow. I say, how did you manage to win her so soon?

Ros. I don't know—I believe I have an odd agreeable tickling way with me. Did you never see me coax the ladies to bid at my auctions?—adieu, uncle——

Und. Come back, sir—I can't part with you—this match with management, I conclude, is as good as settled.

Ros. Exactly.

Und. Very well—now you must get a mistress—

Ros. A what?

Und. A mistress—you rascal—do you blush?

Ros. I blush!—sir, I blush to think, that you should think, that I should think of blushing—(*Fanning himself with his hat*)—only getting a mistress, when a man is going to be married——

Und. Well, sir.

Ros. I can only say the necessity of it does not strike me.

Und. Necessity!—I tell you 'tis the etiquette

Ros. Oh! the etiquette is it?

Und. Now for my grand attack on Greville—follow me, sir. [*Exit.*

Ros. This will never do for me. Oh! I foresee a dissolution of partnership here—but he is a relation—what then—am I therefore to sacrifice principle to duty—no—I remember our school adage was "*Amicus Plato sed magis amica veritas;*" which I thus interpret—Undermine is my uncle, but integrity is my father. [*Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A Library in GREVILLE'S *House.*

Servant introduces UNDERMINE *and* ROSTRUM.

Und. Tell your master I wait for him——

Serv. My master is from home—I will acquaint my mistress with your arrival—— [*Exit.*

Und. A noble mansion, is not it?

Ros. A charming tenement, indeed. What is the ground rent?

Und. How should I know?—Here she comes. What think you of this encumbrance with it, eh? Is not she beautiful?

Ros. Very; but she seems unhappy.

Und. 'Tis the more incumbent in you then to endeavour to make her otherwise——

Enter Servant.

Serv. My mistress. [*Exit.*

Enter MRS GREVILLE.

Mrs Grev. Gentlemen, I expect Mr Greville home every moment. Oh, would he were come! (*Aside.*)

Und. Madam, Mr Rostrum, my nephew—now address her.

Ros. But she is in tears, sir.

Und. What's that to you, sir? tears! nonsense! is she not a mistress?

Ros. Is she not a woman?

Und. Come, let us have a specimen of the agreeable tickling way you were talking of.

Ros. (*Approaching her.*) What shall I say? Ma'am, what a capital room, ma'am, this would be for a ball.

Mrs Grev. (*With surprise.*) Very probably, sir.

Ros. That is all, ma'am.

Und. S'death, is that your tickling way? Make love to her, you rascal.

Ros. Yes, sir.

Und. Be sprightly.

Ros. Yes, sir.

Und. Dance up to her, you dog.

Ros. Yes, sir. (*Addressing* MRS GREVILLE *in a melancholy tone.*) You are the most charming creature.

Mrs Grev. Sir! (*Shrinking in alarm.*)—(*Enter* GREVILLE.) Oh, I am glad you are returned.

Grev. What is the matter?

Mrs Grev. Nothing.

Grev. No insult has been offered?

Mrs Grev. No—I am so timid—Indeed, quite childish; but oh! I have a tale to tell you, Charles. Yet that wretch shall not triumph in our agitation. No—until he is gone I am calm.

Grev. Matchless girl! Come, sir, dispatch.

Und. My nephew, sir. (GREVILLE *bows.*) If I can but put him off his guard.—Now is your time. (*To* ROSTRUM.)

GREVILLE *and* UNDERMINE *sit at a table with their eyes fixed on* ROSTRUM, *who addresses* MRS GREVILLE *in dumb shew.—She appears distressed at his attentions.*

Und. These, sir, are the ready money securities.

Bonds to the amount of five thousand pounds. (GREVILLE *snatching the papers, and eagerly returning to his observation.*) Bravo! (*Eying* ROSTRUM *and* MRS GREVILLE.) These are exchequer bills—that is an India bond.

Grev. (*Quitting his chair and running to his wife.*) I cannot bear it; 'tis torture insupportable! I will declare thy innocence.—Poverty, death, I can endure, but not thy tears, Maria. Mr Undermine——

Mrs Grev. Hold—Greville—

Enter SALLY.

Sal. Stand aside; here comes somebody will soon tell who is who. I'll get out of the way. [*Exit.*

Enter EGERTON.

Eg. Who answers to the name of Greville?

Grev. I do.

Eg. Give me your hand.

Grev. What do you mean?

Eg. (*Seizing his hand.*) The gripe of everlasting friendship—for 'tis death must part us. You are a villain. (*Presents pistols;* GREVILLE *snatches one;* MRS GREVILLE *rushes between them.*)

Mrs Grev. Oh, my brother!

Grev. Brother! (*Throws away his pistol.*)

Mrs Grev. Oh, raise not your arm against—— (*Pauses.*)

Eg. Who? (MRS GREVILLE *pauses.*)

Grev. Her husband.

Eg. and *Und.* Her husband!

Grev. Yes; spite of the poverty that name entails on me, spite of impending ruin, my heart triumphantly exults in proclaiming her my loved, my honoured wife! (*Kneeling to her.*) By my soul, Maria, I would not raise another blush upon that angel cheek to purchase the world's dominion.

Und. Then the estate is mine. Strut, you dog. (*To* ROSTRUM.

Ros. I do, sir. (*Reluctantly.*)

Eg. My darling sister! my pride! let me now hold thee to my heart with rapture. (*Puts his handkerchief to his eyes.*)

Und. Tears from a soldier! (*Sneeringly.*)

Eg. Unfeeling man! did not tears of joy start from me at beholding beauty and innocence restored to their native lustre, I were unworthy of the name of soldier. And, sir, it may be prudent for you to remember, that a soldier's heart is like his sword, formed of tempered steel: for, while it bends with sympathizing pity to the touch of woe, it can resume its springing energy to punish arrogance or crush oppression.

Ros. Strut, uncle!

Und. No, no, a little is very well. It would not be feeling. When will it be convenient, Mr Greville, to give possession?

Grev. Immediately. (*With spirit.*)

Und. I say—I'll triumph by and by—at present we'll go home, snug and quiet. Ten thousand a-year, here is management, you dog. [*Exit.*

Eg. (*To* ROSTRUM, *who is following.*) Sir, allow me with gratitude to return this purse. You will find that I have been greatly benefited by your generosity.

Ros. Nay, don't.

Eg. I insist, sir.

Ros. Conceited fellow! but I must away to enquire for Sweet Willie O.

Grev. Come, Mr Egerton.

Ros. (*Turning round.*) Egerton? did I hear rightly? Sir, one word, if you please. Will you take this purse again?

Eg. No, sir.

Ros. You won't! We'll see that. Have you not got a lady called Rose Sydney?

Eg. Have I forgot her! (*Sighing.*)

Ros. I have just parted from her, and she said—will you take this purse?

Eg. Excuse me—but tell me—

Ros. She said—you had better take it, or the devil a word will you get out of me.

Eg. Well, well. (*Takes it.*)

Ros. Now you are an honest fellow again—she loves you sincerely—and, if you will meet me in an hour in Berkley Square, she shall tell you so.

Eg. Don't trifle with my feelings.

Ros. By Heaven, I am serious. You shall have a kiss, and I'll have another. And I say—bring a parson with you.

Eg. I don't know any. Who will introduce me?

Ros. Who will introduce you to a parson! look at your friend on your right hand, my dear fellow—he is gentleman-usher to all mankind, in court or in city.—In public he will escort you to a great man in his state-chamber, or in private to a pretty woman in her bed-chamber. [*Exit.*

Mrs Grev. You are not happy, Greville.

Grev. Yes, Maria—though bereft of fortune; though a prison opens its gates to receive us, yet, blessed with thy love, and my heart's approbation, I feel that I am happy. Accept my homage, oh, celestial virtue! Nature's sweet nurse—'tis thou alone can pour a healing balm upon the wounded spirit, and lull the throbbing heart to rest.

Enter SALLY.

Sal. (*Speaking as she enters.*) Oh, now 'tis Mrs Greville, is it? Did not I say it would be so? Now every thing is as it should be, and my tongue can wag again. (*To* EGERTON.) Oh, my dear master—Well, you must tell me how you have been, and where you have been; and—sir, (*To* GREVILLE,) I am entirely satisfied with your conduct, and, to shew I am per-

fectly reconciled, you may, if you please—(*She wipes her mouth,* GREVILLE *smiles, and salutes her.*) But here am I talking a heap of nonsense, while he wants rest and refreshment.

Mrs Grev. Oh, true.

Eg. Maria! how could I mistake the glow of virtue for the blush of guilt! This lovely cheek resembles that of the chaste queen of night, which can only be illumined by a ray from Heaven. Come, my sister. (*Takes her hand;* SALLY, *on the other side, presents hers; he smiles, takes it, and exeunt.*)

Grev. Ah! here comes my early, my excellent old friend. Circumstances obliged me to behave harshly to him; but I know the way to his honest heart.

Enter APRIL.

Ap. (*Softly.*) Huzza! he is my own boy again. Eeod, I could jump over the moon. But he sha'n't see my joy, that is—if I can help it. Ha, ha! No, he has insulted my regard for him, and it demands satisfaction.

Grev. Well, good April—

Ap. (*Assuming sulkiness.*) Called for orders, sir.

Grev. Sir! Is that language to a friend, to your own boy? Come, if I have been a little frolicsome, pray, who was my instructor?

Ap. (*Stifling a laugh, and appearing sulky.*) I don't know.

Grev. No—don't you remember the mischievous pranks you taught me?

Ap. Yes—ha, ha!—No, I don't.

Grev. What! not making me fill the apothecary's boots with cold water?

Ap. (*Aside.*) He, he, he! (*Sulkily.*) It was not cold water, it was hot hasty-pudding.

Grev. True; and then, April, in our shooting excursions, how you assisted me in climbing the hills. I think I feel at this moment the pressure of your

friendly hand upon my infant fingers. I wonder how it would feel now. *(Presents his hand.)*

Ap. (No longer able to resist his joy, turns round and embraces him.) Oh! my dear Charley, boy! *(Sobbing.)* Now you shall see how merry an old man can be, ha, ha!—The old pye-bald poney is dead tho'. Ecod, I'll tell you a good joke. My dog of a grandson has spent every shilling I am worth, ha, ha!—But you look grave.

Grev. Have I not reason?

Ap. What reason?

Grev. Are you, then, ignorant, that, by my marriage, I forfeit my father's estate to Mr Undermine.

Ap. Eh! what! forfeit! 'Tis impossible.

Grev. Such is my father's will.

Ap. That your father's will? Then my old master, Heaven rest his soul! is gone to the devil to a certainty. But Undermine can't think of keeping it.

Grev. Ah, you then know little of Mr Undermine.

Ap. But I will know him, ay, thoroughly. There must be villainy. I'll to him directly. He possess the Greville estate—no, no, no! Though his majesty has not a more peaceable subject in his dominions than myself, yet, rather than that, I would throttle him to a certainty. Come, come, cheer up. That's right—don't droop; for, while the left side is the stoutest, I warrant it will some how contrive to prop up the other. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in UNDERMINE'S *House.*

Enter UNDERMINE *meeting* ROSTRUM.

Und. Well, nephew, I am a made man; and if I could but see you married to Miss Sydney!

Ros. (*Aside.*) Now for a little swaggering!—Make yourself easy. I mean to marry her in an hour.

Und. The devil you do! But how will you get April's consent?

Ros. (*Snapping his fingers.*) That for his consent. I'll carry her off.

Und. You don't say so!

Ros. I will—sink me!

Und. But are you sure of her consent?

Ros. I don't care that for her consent neither. I'll carry her off, whether she will or no.

Und. Amazing! I didn't think it was in you. But I say—you must have somebody to assist in carrying her off.

Ros. I will—I'll get two of our auction-porters—careful fellows—carried home a Venus the other day without the smallest fracture.

Und. Nonsense!—They won't do.

Ros. No! Then I'll get an officer in the army to assist me in the elopement.

Und. That's right—they are used to it. Now for management! Take that. Observe—that key——

Ros. Is a patent one.

Und. Psha! It opens the escrutoire up stairs.—In the right-hand drawer you will find the title-deeds of her estate, which April put into my care; and possession——

Ros. Is every thing.—Bravo! This is luck indeed. (*Aside.*)

Und. But stay—I must not seem to consent to your carrying her off.

Ros. Certainly not.

Und. I must resist you, and you must push me about.

Ros. I will.

Und. Ah! but may I depend on you?

Ros. You may, upon my soul. Good b'ye, ha! ha!

Und. I say—this is management.

Ros. It is.

Und. You'll trick the old one.
Ros. I mean it, I assure you, ha, ha! [*Exit.*
Und. I did not think it was in him.

Enter NICHOLAS.

Nich. I give you joy, sir, with all my heart and soul.
Und. Ay, Nicholas, 'tis all settled, so say no more about it. All quite settled.
Nich. Except the one thousand pounds, sir.
Und. What? Oh, true. But at present I have not any cash in the house.
Nich. A check on your banker, sir.
Und. Eh! but without pen and ink——
Nich. Here they are, sir.
Und. Well, well—a thousand pounds, isn't it?
Nich. And interest.
Und. Interest!—It has not been due an hour.
Nich. A little interest, sir.
Und. How much?
Nich. Five hundred pounds, sir.
Und. (*Aside.*) Here's a damn'd villain.—There's no need for hurry.
Nich. I am an old man, and have no time to lose. (*Presenting the pen.*)
Und. (*Avoiding him.*) You must hire servants.
Nich. I will, sir. (*Pursuing with pen.*)
Und. I mean to sup in my new mansion.
Nich. You shall, sir.
Und. And let me have a band of music——
Nich. I'll go directly. I can hire them in St James's Street.
Und. Ay, go directly, Nicholas.
Nich. And as your banker lives in Pall Mall, it will be quite handy.
Und. By and by.
Nich. It must be paid directly; for being due for a little roguery, it of course becomes a debt of honour.

Enter APRIL (*unobserved.*)

Und. Zounds! don't teaze so. Interest, forsooth! Consider what an enormous sum a thousand pounds is, for only just popping a will into the fire. I won't be hurried I tell you. [*Exit.*

Nich. And if I had popped it into the fire, what a pretty way I should be in! Ah! you had no such fool to deal with. No, it is sewed up safe here in my coat—by day the comforter of my heart, by night the companion of my pillow; and it shall not be burnt till the thousand pounds are paid. Ay, and with swinging interest too. (*Alarmed.*) Ah! Mr April, I did not see you.

Ap. What do you say?—I am very deaf.

Nich. I am devilish glad of it. Then all is snug.

Ap. Burnt will! (*Aside*).

Nich. Mr April.

Ap. How to fathom it——(*Aside.*)

Nich. I say, I shall be steward now—'tis a great undertaking; but I suppose I shall contrive not to lose much by it.

Ap. I dare say you will.—A thousand pounds?

Nich. Prepare the tenants for my arrival.

Ap. Yes; I'll tell them old Nick is coming among them.—What the devil did he say about sewing up?

Nich. The country air may be of service.

Ap. Yes, with the help of that you may live some weeks.

Nich. Oh dear! some weeks—A large quantity of years you mean? Well, good b'ye, April. (*They embrace, and* APRIL *lays his hand on the left side, where the will is deposited.*)

Ap. Eh—What—By Heaven, I felt something like parchment—If it should be—I'll be convinced—Good b'ye, Nick—a last embrace. (*Embraces him closely, and feels for the parchment.*)

Nich. 'Tis suffocation!

Ap. 'Tis parchment.

Nich. Zounds! it had like to have been a last embrace, indeed.

Ap. How shall I get at that parchment? I can easily persuade him he is ill—perhaps, by that means—I'll try—once more.

Nich. No, no—there is my hand.

Ap. (*Taking it.*) Eh!—what! good God!

Nich. What is the matter?

Ap. Let me look at you—good God!—don't be alarmed.

Nich. But I am very much alarmed. Am I ill?

Ap. (*Shakes his head.*) I dare say you feel—flurried.

Nich. Exceedingly.

Ap. Palpitation at the heart?—'Tis parchment!

Nich. Oh yes—very sudden this. I felt quite well just now.

Ap. Did you? That's an alarming symptom; for I have always observed, that nothing makes the physician look so grave, as the patient's saying he feels quite well. My dear friend, send for one directly.

Nich. I don't know what to say. They sometimes save your life, but then it is sure to cost you a guinea.

Ap. (*Aside.*) And saving yours is certainly not worth it. But I see you are a philosopher—You are prepared for death.

Nich. Oh dear! not at all—I am quite terrified. If perspiration is good for me, I feel that copiously. —What shall I do?

Ap. Come, for old acquaintance sake, my grandson shall attend you gratis.

Nich. Oh, thank you.

Ap. Wonderful physician! Never lost a patient!—(*Aside.*)—because he never had a patient to lose. I expect him here in five minutes. You had better go to your room.

Nich. Ay.

Ap. Keep yourself warm.

Nich. I will.

Ap. Above all things, don't change your clothes.

Nich. I won't.

Ap. Shall I button your coat?

Nich. No, no—I'll do that myself.

Ap. Go, I'll follow, and talk to you of your latter end, and keep up your spirits.

Nich. I believe I am dying. 'Tis very good of you to get me a doctor gratis. *(Exit, and re-enters.)* But I say—who is to pay the apothecary?

Ap. I'll settle that too.—(*Exit* NICHOLAS.)—Now for Undermine—If he have one spark of humanity in his composition, I'll call it forth; if not, and I can get that coat——

Enter UNDERMINE.

Und. Nicholas! What, April here—I guess your errand, and am sorry, sir, I cannot continue you as steward.

Ap. (Aside.) I your steward! No, that is not my errand. I am a feeble fellow, sliding out of the world; but Greville is a noble fellow rising into it. 'Tis respecting him I come. You must assist him. How is he to live?

Und. (Sneeringly.) Oh! his integrity will support him.

Ap. True; but consider what a way you would be in, if you had nothing but your integrity to support you.

Und. Sir, I see you only want to trifle with me.

Ap. True; I only want a trifle of you.

Und. I am flint.

Ap. Well; but even flint, when properly hit, will send forth warm, vivid sparks.

Und. I must leave you. Time presses.

Ap. So do his wants.

Und. A nobleman is waiting for me.

Ap. A bailiff is waiting for him.

Und. If you proceed, expect some personal insult.

Ap. Throw your purse at me. Come—

(*Takes hold of his coat.*)

Und. I shall burst with rage.

Ap. They will famish with hunger.

Und. Unhand me, I say. (*Strikes* APRIL *from him.*)

Ap. What, a blow! (*With subdued irritation.*)

Und. Yes; take him that.

Ap. No, no, that you meant for myself, and I'll take it, so you will give something better to poor Greville.

Und. I will not.

Ap. (*Shaking him.*) You scoundrel! And do you suppose, that, because I would submit to a blow to endeavour to save a friend from ruin, that I want the spirit of a man to resent an indignity! Ask my pardon.

Und. Pardon!

Ap. Ay.

Und. I do—help! help!

Ap. On your knees, or your last hour is come.

Und. Well. I do—I do. Help! help!

Enter two Servants.—APRIL *throws* UNDERMINE *from him, who retreats behind the Servants.*

Und. Leave my house, sir, leave my house. By Heaven, I'll be revenged.

Ap. By hell, you are a villain. [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Outside of UNDERMINE'S *House.*

Enter ROSTRUM *and* EGERTON *with caution.*

Ros. That is the house.

Eg. Does that contain——

Ros. Softly—recollect, sir, you are only a subaltern in this affair, and that I am your commanding-officer; so, obey orders.

Eg. How do you intend to proceed?

Ros. I am too great a general to communicate my plan of operations; I shall do my duty in giving you possession of the lovely citadel, and then take care and do your duty. (*Going.*) I say, when the alarm is given, do you retreat—you know how to do that, I dare say. [*Exit into the house.*

Eg. I fear to trust my happiness. Can it be possible that my adored girl still thinks with kindness on her poor Egerton? Ah! a noise—what an anxious moment! (*Retires.*)

Enter ROSTRUM *from the house, with* MISS SYDNEY *in one hand, and repelling* UNDERMINE *with the other.*

Ros. I will carry her off.

Und. You shall not, sir: I am her guardian.

Ros. Do you think I care for guardians? dare to

stir hand or foot, and I'll crush you into atoms, you old scoundrel. (*During this* EGERTON *discovers himself to* MISS SYDNEY, *who runs into his arms.*)

[*They exeunt.*

Und. That will do—zounds! be quiet—they are gone, I tell you.

Ros. Eh! so they are, ha, ha!—well, how did I do it?

Und. Oh, capitally—(*Rubbing his arm.*) Has the soldier got her?

Ros. Yes.

Und. That's as it should be.

Ros. Exactly.

Und. Well!

Ros. Well!

Und. Are you mad?

Ros. What's the matter?

Und. The matter! why don't you go?

Ros. Where?

Und. Why, zounds! how can you marry the girl if you stand here.

Ros. I marry! oh, very true. I declare it quite escaped me.

Und. 'Sdeath! run.

Ros. I am a-going, a-going, a-going—(*Returning.*) Sir! where shall I bring the bride?

Und. To Greville's. Go along.

Ros. (*Returning.*) I say—this is management.

Und. Yes, yes—but go along.

Ros. (*Returning.*) Sir, you would make a capital puff at an auction.

Und. Zounds! go. (*Exit* ROSTRUM.) So that's settled—and now to Greville's in triumph. I'll walk in with erected crest, and—ugh! confound the fellow, how he has bruised me! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment at MR UNDERMINE'S.

NICHOLAS *discovered on a couch.* APRIL *sitting by him with a book.*

Nich. I wish the doctor were come.—Bless me, I hope I sha'n't die—I don't care what pain I suffer, so I don't die. Oh! for a swinging rheumatism that would last me twenty years—do read a little to me.

Ap. (*Reading.*) "Crumbs of Comfort for an Aged Sinner."

Nich. These books are quite new to me.

Enter PLETHORA.

Ap. (*Apart to* PLETHORA.) Have you had my letter?

Ple. Yes.

Ap. Don't forget—'tis the coat I want—and remember you are a physician, not a farrier.

Ple. I will—and if I succeed, remember you tip. How do you do?

Nich. That's what I want to know of you.

Ple. True—Oh, I see——

Nich. Shall I detail my symptoms?

Ple. No—'tis a clear case—if you were to talk for an hour, I should not know more of your complaint than I do at present.

Ap. (*Apart.*) Bleed him—

Ple. (*Feels his pulse.*) I will. You have no objection to part with a little blood?

Nich. I have no objection to part with any thing.

Ple. Except to advantage. Now, if by sinking an ounce or two of blood, you can produce an income of sixteen pounds of flesh, the advantage is immense.

Nich. How sensibly he talks! Why, 'tis five thousand per cent. profit. I'll be bled directly. (*Taking off his coat.*)

Ple. Help him.

Nich. No, no, I can do that myself. (*Places the coat carefully under the cushion of the sofa.—As he sits down,* APRIL *slips the coat from under the cushion, winks to* PLETHORA, *and exit on tiptoe.*) 'Tis very terrifying—I'll read a little more. But, doctor, are you sure now I shall not be suddenly called to Heaven?

Ple. I am very sure of that.

Nich. Oh, you are. (*Throwing away the book.*)—Then, pray, sir, what is my complaint?

Ple. Complaint? what shall I say? I wish he would return—oh, 'tis the—the glanders.

Nich. The glanders! zounds! do you make a horse of me?

Ple. No—we will be content with making an ass of you. (*Aside.*)—(*Enter* APRIL *with the coat and will, which he exhibits to* PLETHORA *in triumph.*) Or perhaps the disorder may be seated in the coats belonging to the stomach.

Ap. (*Coming forward.*) No, no—the disorder was seated in the coat belonging to the back, ha, ha! but now 'tis removed. (*Throwing him his coat.*) Do you see this? (*Shewing the will.*)

Nich. I am undone.

Ap. And how the devil could you expect a moment's ease with such a thing as this lying next your heart—you may go—you are quite cured.

Nich. Cured! I am ruined. Oh! If I had but touched the thousand pounds, I would not mind the interest—perhaps 'tis not too late.

Ap. (*Examining the will.*) Sole heir, without reservation or restriction; huzza!

Nich. Sir, honourable sir, will you allow me to ask you one small favour?

Ap. What is it?

Nich. Only to delay mentioning this (*Sighing*) joyful discovery for a few moments. My master and I have a little account to settle, and I should like just to strike a balance before he knows what has happened.

Ap. Oh, I understand—we have bled you, and now you want to go and bleed him?

Nich. Just a little ir.

Ap. With all my heart, old Nick. Devil claw devil.

Nich. O, thank you, sir.

Ap. But dispatch——

Nich. I fly, sir. [*Exit, hobbling.*

Ap. Now, with heels as light as our hearts, we'll away to Greville's.

Ple. Stop—stop for me, grandfather.

Ap. I, beg your pardon, old one. Here take my arm—let your grandfather assist you. Upon my soul, I quite forgot you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An elegant Drawing-Room in GREVILLE'S *House, illuminated.—A Band of Music playing.—A number of Servants dressed in splendid liveries.*

Enter UNDERMINE *in great elation, joining the music in,* "See the conquering hero," *&c.*

Und. Approach! Is Greville gone?

Serv. Not yet, sir.

Und. Any of my guests arrived?

Serv. No, sir.

Und. Has the traiteur furnished a splendid entertainment?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Und. Let music usher in the guests. (*Music plays.*)

Enter APRIL, *singing* "See the conquering hero," *&c. flourishing the will in his hand; seeing* UNDERMINE, *he conceals it.*

Und. Zounds! he here.—(*To the Servant.*)—Don't go away, sir.

(*Places the Servant between him and* APRIL.)

Ap. How do you do?

Und. How do you do? (*With alarm.*)

Ap. I have overcome my passion, and thought better.

Und. Oh, very well—then 'tis all over?

Ap. Yes.

Und. (*To the Servant.*) You impudent rascal, how dare you stand between me and my friend?—Be gone, you scoundrel!—I thought you would see the absurdity of my supporting Greville.

Ap. Oh yes; it would have been quite out of character.

Music plays. ROSTRUM, *singing* "See the conquering hero," *&c. enters, leading in* EGERTON *and* ROSE SYDNEY.

Ap. Hey-day! my ward here! why, girl—

(*Goes up to her, and they converse in dumb shew.*)

Und. (*To* ROSTRUM.) Come here—come here—give me your hand, you dog—I suppose 'tis all settled.

Ros. It is—the wedding's over.

Und. I say, what will that old fool April say, I wonder?

Ros. We shall hear.

Ap. (*To* Miss SYDNEY.) I understand. Mr Undermine, have you given our ward permission to marry?

Und. To be sure I have.

Ap. If that be the case, my dear, you have mine.

Eg. Gentlemen, I thank you.

Und. He thank me! what has he to do with it? Oh! I forgot he helped you to this delicious morsel.

Ros. No, he did not; he helped himself—and what is more, persuaded a parson to say grace.

Und. Egerton her husband! did not I order you to marry her? Did not I bid——

Ros. You did bid, sir; but honour bid more.

Ap. I give you joy, my girl. You have chosen a noble fellow.

Und. Well, and I give her joy, for she has chosen a beggar.

Ros. On that point I beg to be heard. You remember you gave me a key—here it is.

Und. Well, sir?

Ros. It belonged, ladies and gentlemen, to an escrutoire, with a secretary drawer—pannels richly fineered—scrole pediment head—bracket feet—the whole finished in a workman-like manner, and well worth the attention——

Und. At the auctioneer again—Zounds! you are so fond of it, I dare say you would sell me.

Ros. Sir, I would knock you down with all the pleasure in life.

Und. But what of the key?—the key—

Ros. The key certainly opened the drawer you mentioned; and it as certainly opened a drawer you did not mention.

Und. What?

Ros. Be quiet. There I found a parcel of papers and title-deeds, which you must have put there entirely by mistake, my dear sir, because I perceived they belonged to Mr Egerton.

Und. Give them to me directly—I say, sir, restore——

Ros. Every thing to its right owner. Certainly I don't wish to keep your, or any man's property—so, Egerton, there are your papers again—and, uncle, there is your key again—

Ap. Ha! ha!

Eg. What disinterested integrity!

Und. What damned rascality!

Ros. Oh fie! no, no.

Und. What is it then?

Ros. Management.

Und. Well, you have managed finely for yourself however—I discard you. Had you followed my instructions, you would have been exalted—

Ros. To the pillory, I suppose.—No, sir, though you don't scruple it to others, far be it from me to rob *you* of your natural inheritance.

Und. I would have left you all I am worth.

Ros. What then? you forget all you are worth belongs to other people. When you were gone, they would naturally ask me for their own, and how could I have the face to refuse them?

Ap. Give me your hand. You have acted your part nobly, and now 'tis my turn.

Und. All this I laugh at. Am I not possessed of the Greville estate? Who has any thing to say on that subject?

Ap. I believe I shall trouble you with a word or two.

Und. I see Greville is about to depart, and I must beg you will all follow his example.

Enter MR *and* MRS GREVILLE, SALLY *following with a small bundle, and weeping.*

Eg. My best friends, allow me to present to you a sister. By this gentleman's kindness, Maria, happiness again dawns upon us.

Ap. (Aside.) And I will make it blaze with meridian splendour.

Grev. Let us then leave this man to the full enjoyment of such reflections as his conscience may administer.

Ap. I beg your pardon a moment. Umph! Mr

Undermine, I hear doubts have arisen respecting the authenticity of the late Mr Greville's signature.

Und. (With a confident smile.) Indeed!—Sir, to shew my fairness, I'll leave this point to your decision. *(Shewing the will.)*

Ap. 'Tis genuine, it must be confessed.

Und. Must it so?

Ap. Any objection to my reading it?

Und. None.

Ap. Perhaps it may tire you.

Und. By no means. I think it remarkably entertaining.

Ap. (Substituting the second will, reads.) "I, Robert Greville, do declare this my last will.—To my only son, Charles Greville, I give and bequeath my forgiveness and my blessing, together with all my estates, real and personal."—Umph! that is very entertaining.

Und. Very—but I prefer the remainder—"Provided my said son"—go on—go on.

Ap. What do you say?

Und. 'Psha!—"Provided my said son has not contracted"—why don't you go on?

Ap. I don't see any thing like it.

Und. You don't, ha, ha! give me leave to direct your attention. *(Looks at the will, drops his hat and cane, and groans deeply.)*

Grev. What does this mean?

Ap. Mean!—That my young master, my friend, my dear Charles, is happy—that my old master is in Heaven, and that I am in Heaven. Two wills were made; by the last, which he endeavoured to suppress, you are sole heir, without reservation.

Mrs Grev. Is it possible?

Grev. How shall I express my gratitude for this discovery?—for giving happiness to my Maria?

Sal. And to me too. Oh, you are a nice old man!

Und. He must have dealt with——

Ap. Old Nick—You are right—I did—and here he comes.

Enter NICHOLAS.

Und. Ah, Nicholas, Nicholas!

Nich. Ah, master, master!

Und. A dreadful affair this!

Nich. Very shocking indeed, sir.

Und. Eh—zounds! I have given him a draft for a thousand pounds. *(Coaxingly.)* Nicholas—Come here, Nicholas. I am not angry. My consolation is, what's done can't be undone. I gave you a draft—

Nich. You did, sir. And my consolation is, what's done can't be undone.

Und. Indeed! but it will be of no use. I have no cash at my banker's.

Nich. Dear sir, what credit you have! They paid it without a word.

Und. (Eagerly.) You have not been—

Nich. Yes, sir—I just contrived to hobble there.

Und. You infernal! *(Gulping down his passion.)* Old friends should not quarrel, Nicholas:—Suppose we go home, and talk it over agreeably. I'll propose something reasonable.

Nich. It must be very reasonable.

Und. It shall. Gentlemen——*(Bowing.)*

Ros. What, bowing! You forget, sir, your own lessons.—Be erect, and I'll tell you how you may be so;—become an honest man, and on my life, that will make you hold up your head more gallantly than the first dancing-master in Europe can—depend on't, sir. Roguery is the worst trade a man can follow; for (to the credit of human nature) I sincerely believe, that where one fortune is raised by pursuing the devious mazes of chicanery, a hundred are acquired by walking in the simple path of industrious integrity.

Und. Indeed!

Nich. You had better stick to management!

Und. Management!—Oh, I have had enough of that. [*Exeunt* UNDERMINE *and* NICHOLAS.

Ap. Now, being all as happy as heart can wish, come along with me, Sally. Good b'ye to you——

Grev. Where are you going, April?

Ap. To the kitchen. I have no notion of your houses, not I, where all the joy is confined to the drawing-room. Let there be degrees in every thing but happiness; and 'fore George, if any servant in this house be sober enough to wait on you at supper, I'll discharge him to-morrow morning.—Poor fellows! must not make them ill though. Never mind—Come along, Sally.

Sal. Oh, you are a nice old man!

[*Exeunt* APRIL *and* SALLY.

Ros. (*To* EGERTON *and* GREVILLE.) If I must have thanks, gentlemen, let me receive them here!—(*Kissing the ladies' hands.*) Happy fellows! you are to be envied.

Mrs Grev. So are you. We have *received* happiness, you have *given* it.

R. Syd. Your fortunes, sir, will be our peculiar care.

Ros. Thank you, dear ladies; but, with your permission, I'll stick to my trade.

And oh! could all my pray'rs but gain this lot,
To raise my pulpit nightly on this spot;
Then your poor auctioneer would prize his station,
While you vouchsafed one nod of approbation.

[*Exeunt.*

WHO WANTS A GUINEA?

A

COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN

BY

GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TORRENT,	*Mr Munden.*
HEARTLY,	*Mr Chapman.*
HOGMORE,	*Mr Waddy.*
SOLOMON GUNDY,	*Mr Fawcett.*
BARFORD (*or* DELAMERE),	*Mr Kemble.*
JONATHAN OLDSKIRT,	*Mr Simmons.*
SIR LARRY MACMURRAGH,	*Mr Lewis.*
ANDREW BANG,	*Mr Emery.*
CARRYDOT,	*Mr Davenport.*
HENRY,	*Mr C. Kemble.*
A BOY,	*Master Horrebow.*
FANNY,	*Mrs Gibbs.*
MRS GLASTONBURY,	*Mrs Mattocks.*
AMY,	*Miss Waddy.*

SCENE—Yorkshire, near the Coast.

WHO WANTS A GUINEA?

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in HEARTLY'S *House.* HEARTLY *and* HOGMORE *seated at a Table*—HOGMORE *smoking —A jug of Ale at his elbow.*

Heart. Yes; an hour after midnight, the flames had consumed two-thirds of our adjoining village.

Hog. Very bad fire last night, to be sure, Mr Heartly.

Heart. Think, then, on the destitute situation of its inhabitants.

Hog. They're in a pretty pickle, I warrant 'em. My service to you. (*Drinks.*)

Heart. Come, come, Mr Hogmore, Providence has bless'd you with abundance; and you must assist me in my poor endeavours to succour our rustic neighbours. The wealthy of this land forbid the drops of disappointment to fall from labour's eye, and

rust the ploughshare. Industry is the source of our country's riches; and English policy would teach opulence to dry the peasant's tear, if English justice and generosity did not continually prevent its flowing.

Hog. (*Smoking.*) Plaguy good tobacco this of yours, Mr Heartly.

Heart. I am glad you like it. But the poor cottagers' calamity—I am sure, Mr Hogmore, you feel for them deeply.

Hog. Monstrous deep, for certain. How much a pound for this tobacco, Mr Heartly?

Heart. 'Tis a present from a friend in London. Now, as you are wealthy, Mr Hogmore, I trust you will co-operate with me (whose means are circumscribed) to alleviate their miseries.

Hog. (*Taking the pipe from his mouth, and looking at it.*) These are nice pipes, rabbit me if they ar'n't! You have every thing mighty snug about you here, neighbour Heartly.

Heart. But to the point in question.

Hog. Well, well—I pity the poor devils—I do indeed. I looked out of my window last night, just at eleven o'clock—Here's to you. (*Takes the jug.*)—I was going to bed—Rabbit me, Suke, says I, to my wife, what a blaze! (*Drinks.*) Now, I say that ale sha'n't be bad—So I shut the window, and Suke and I bundled in.

Heart. You did?

Hog. Ay; for as I live a quarter of a mile off, you know, we were all safe, and had nothing to hinder us from going to sleep as usual. But you are nearer to 'em: I warrant me you was in a fine pheese about your moveables! What was you doing about that time, neighbour Heartly?

Heart. At the time you were shutting your window?

Hog. Ay.

Heart. I was then, neighbour, opening my door,

to give every relief in my power to the sufferers; and just as you were "bundling in," as you call it, at your home, I was inviting them to bundle in at mine.

Hog. (*Sulkily.*) Perhaps, Mr Heartly, I may be as charitable as you, though I can't speechify.—I I don't want feeling. I pay the poor's-rates punctually.

Heart. That, Mr Hogmore, is rather a feeling of the legislature, which enacts, in some cases, lest feeling should not prompt.

Hog. Englishmen don't want to be rous'd to feeling, Mr Heartly.

Heart. I never knew a nation more sensibly alive to it; but here and there, neighbour, an individual may nod; and our laws, vigilant in the cause of general good, search every corner where charity happens to slumber; then, giving her a jog, whisper to her to get up for the welfare of the community.—But, surely, Mr Hogmore, you will contribute to the relief of these sufferers?

Hog. Not a souse—I've a wife and family.

Heart. That is the very reason why you should not refuse.

Hog. How do you make out that?

Heart. Because a husband and father can best judge of *their* anguish, whose wives and children are starving around them.

Hog. So, then, I must strip my fire-side, to warm theirs?

Heart. By no means. Our fire-sides are naturally our first care, but you are affluent—a rich man's superfluities are often a poor man's redemption; and you cannot conceive, neighbour, how much more cheerfully the faggot would crackle on your hearth, if you sent its fellow to save a family from perishing.

Hog. 'Tis my opinion there has been fire enough in the village already. However, there is a great man coming down among us, who is to smother us

all with guineas. He has bought the manor, they say, and the old mansion, and the park—all the estate; but, for all that, he may turn out at last as arrant a—

Heart. Softly—Mr Torrent is my friend.

Hog. Then let Mr Torrent, if that's his name, take care of his tenants. For my part, I know the duties of humanity, without a lesson. As to the tender feelings of a father and a husband, my family shall never want good clothes, food, or physic; and I say it without boasting. As to good will to my neighbours, I never wronged a man of a brass farthing.—In short, I pay my bills punctual—I do the upright thing—I've finished your ale, and I wish you a good morning. [*Exit.*

Heart. This fellow now has obtained respect in his neighbourhood, by a dry performance of duty to every body, without a grain of feeling for any body. How I detest your worldly moral man, who is just as honest as the law directs, and just as kind to his family as decency requires. He paces through the proprieties of life as a bear moves a minuet; and is an upright brute of good carriage and decorum: But surely, ere Society established rules, Nature traced her precepts upon the yielding tablet of the human heart, and, with a glowing hand, she wrote on it—"Compassion."

Enter SOLOMON GUNDY.

Now, Solomon Gundy, how are they going on in the village?

Sol. The conflagellation has been dreadful—all smother and rubbish. 'Tis the greatest calamity to our hamlet since my father was schoolmaster.

Heart. Don't get on the old subject now. We'll wave the schoolmaster, till we have more leisure.

Sol. De toot mong cure:—though 'twas under him I made all my deficiency in the English tongue before I went to France, and learnt to *parly voo*.

Heart. Well, well, your father has been dead these eleven years.

Sol. Dead as Malbrook. He's *more*, as the French say; which, in English, means he is *no* more. So, peace to his remainders!

Heart. Now, tell me of the cottagers.

Sol. Most of 'em ruined, and nothing to turn their hands to.

Heart. Poor fellows!

Sol. Ay; all poor indigenous pheasants. Thanks to industry, I've better luck. I snatched the board from over my door when I was burnt out, and ran off with it under my arm. Here it is. (*Reads it.*) "Rats and gentlemen catched and waited on, and all other jobs performed by Solomon Gundy."

Heart. You have still a livelihood, Solomon.

Sol. Edication and travel fit a man for any thing, and make him a *jolly garsoon.* You'd hardly think it, but at fourteen years old I could read.

Heart. You don't say so?

Sol. Fact, upon my *patrole*; and any sum in arithmetic, that didn't demand addition, substraction, or multiplication, I looked upon as a *petty kick shose.*

Heart. Why, you are a perfect prodigy of genius.

Sol. I believe I have picked up a little; and the captain of the cutter on our coast, that traded in brandy, taking me to Dunkirk for six months, perhaps has given me a *jenny see quaw*, to which the commonality seldom perspire.

Heart. Who was that captain, Solomon?

Sol. Quite the gentleman—an *Ellygong*, as the French say; and felt such a sympathy against vulgar custom-house officers, he'd have no dealings with 'em; so he always smuggled.

Heart. But I hope no lives are lost among our neighbours?

Sol. Not a Christian soul, except the old village bull, and a porker. Their loss is to be implored,

though they are but quadlipeds. But a number of accidents.—Jacob Grull, the hump-backed taxman, jumped out of his cock-loft into the water-tub, poor reformed creature! If we hadn't heard him bawling "Fire!" he'd have been drowned. And fat Mrs Doubletun, scrambling down a ladder in her husband's short frock to the farm-yard, was so peck'd at by the cock-turkey, she won't be able to *assayez voo* for a fortnight.

Heart. These calamities are not very serious; but a number of buildings are, doubtless, destroyed.

Sol. All down but the house of deception for travellers, and the contagious brick messages beyond it. We worked hard to save 'em, laboured like gallypot slaves.

Heart. I will do all in my power to be of service, in the general calamity.

Sol. We know that. You are full of *amour proper* for your neighbours, as we say at Dunkirk. Nobody doubts the malevolence of your heart.

Heart. An hour hence I shall be among you in the village.

Sol. An hour! Then your *amee*, who has been overturned, will be put out of patience.

Heart. A friend of mine overturned in the village!

Sol. Plump into the horse-pond—shot from a chaise out at elbows, with four posters. Don't be frightened, he fell too much in the mud to be hurt.

Heart. You're sure he's safe?

Sol. As his most sanguinary friend could wish.

Heart. What's his name?

Sol. Can't tell. He's at the Spread Eagle. The carriage broke into twenty *morso's*. I helped to drag it. No coach-maker by, I offered to impair it. The great man was daub'd, and looked like a hog. No servant with him, I scraped him. He read my board as I was rubbing him down. Wanted to send you a *billy*—no messenger at hand—I've brought it. He

gave me a guinea; I called him an angel; he bid me run like a devil; I told him I would; so I have, and there's the contentions. (*Gives a letter.*)

Heart. (*Reading the letter.*) "Dear Heartly, I have just *tumbled* into my estate. Let none of the villagers know who I am till I get to my house. I hate fuss—Don't say I am a rich man. Come to me at the alehouse. JOHN TORRENT." He arrives just in time to assist his tenants in distress; but I dread his impetuosity, and carelessness of discrimination. Ever in haste to make people happy, he defeats his own purpose. His heart runs away with his head, and he often produces most harm when he shews most benevolence. I'll wait on the gentleman, Solomon, directly.

Sol. That's just what I should like to do myself. Speak a good word for me to him, your honour. *Pauvre Solomon Gundy*, just burnt out—kills vermin, and dresses gentlemen. I know he'll attend to your imprecations.

Heart. There's no hurry—he'll stay in the neighbourhood some time.

Sol. Will he? Take a *chateau*, perhaps. I'm up to every thing about a house.

Heart. Well, well, follow me, and we'll see what can be done for you.

Sol. Thank your honour. I'm very graceful. If I am but burnt into a good place, after all, this fire will turn out as fine a *few de joy* of misfortune to me as could possibly happen. I follow your honour.

[*Exeun*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Village Inn. TORRENT *discovered;* AMY *is attending him.*

Tor. And so your name is Amy, and you are daughter to the Spread Eagle?

Amy. Yes, your honour. We are in a sad pickle, to be sure.

Tor. Ay, ay; all owing to the fire, as you say.

Amy. Yes, your honour. It broke out unawares; but we hope you'll excuse it. (*Curtseying.*)

Tor. It carries its own apology. Whereabouts did it begin?

Amy. It began about ten o'clock, your honour.

Tor. Umph! In what part of the village, my dear?

Amy. Oh!—At the corner of the—but you're a stranger—it was as you go by the—but perhaps your honour knows the horse-pond.

Tor. Very well:—I've just come out of it.

Amy. There's a power of mischief done; and all in a moment, as one may say. Lord knows, when I was stepping into bed last night, I little thought that ruination was just a-coming!

Tor. Like enough. Ruination, my dear, often comes, when giddy girls like you least think about it.

Amy. But what a thing if it had happened to our house, now my poor father's bed-ridden!

Tor. What! bed-ridden!—Poor fellow! Is he a good father to you?

Amy. The best in Christendom. He's the kindest neighbour, and the kindest parent—But we have had a power of misfortune, and he's nigh broken down in the world.

Tor. I'm glad of that.

Amy. Glad?—Dear!

Tor. Here's an honest man, up to his ears in misfortune, and I'm his landlord! Come, that's charming! I have something to begin with. You take in the weekly paper, you said?

Amy. Yes, your honour.

Tor. Fetch it me. (AMY *is going.*) And, hark ye—your father is *very* poor and *very* sick, you say?

Amy. Very, indeed.

Tor. Then mind, if he recovers this bout,—I'll do for him.

Amy. Do for my father! Bless us!

Tor. If I don't, hang me.

Amy. Why, sure, you—

Tor. Go, and get me the paper.

Amy. Dear! what a strange old gentleman! [*Exit.*

Tor. This fire is delightful! It has destroyed two thirds of my poor tenants' houses. Huzza! I shall have the pleasure of building them up again. They shall be as merry as the day is long. Their dirty village shall rise in splendour, like a phœnix out of a crow's nest; the hod and trowel shall catch their tears; and I'll block up all their grief with brick and mortar.

Re-enter AMY. (*with the paper.*)

Oh! the newspaper. Is the messenger come back from Mr Hearsay?

Amy. Not yet, your honour.

Tor. Damn it! how slow he is!

Amy. Slow! There's not a cuterer young man in the village than Solomon Gundy.

Tor. How the devil do you—O ho! I smoke—a sweetheart of yours, I perceive.

Amy. He, he! Yes, your honour;—but don't you tell; for, till he gets twenty pounds to set us a-going,

'tis a secret to every body but father, and the rest of our village. [*Exit.*

Tor. Twenty pounds!—He shall have—No, damn it, I won't marry people rashly neither; for they may hate me for it afterwards, as long as they live. I was apprehensive, when I left London, that I had acquir'd an overgrown fortune there to little purpose; for I see no good in getting an overgrown one, but to make those around us happy. It would have been an irksome thing to me, now I have left the bustle of business, to have found every body's happiness ready made to my hands;—but, thank Heaven, my tenants are as miserable as the best well-wisher can desire!

(*He sits down to read the newspaper, with his back turn'd to the door, through which enters* BARFORD, *without observing* TORRENT, *and throws a small bundle on the table.*)

Bar. Rest there, my whole property!—the remains of many a wreck, rest there!

Tor. (*Starting up.*) Eh! Zounds! Wreck! He looks like a gentleman. Pray, sir, how came the wreck of all your property to be tied up in such a cursed small pocket-handkerchief?

Bar. By what right, sir, do you inquire?

Tor. By the right that lugg'd me out of the horse-pond—the right of running to any man's assistance who seems to be stuck in the mud.

Bar. (*Turning from him.*) Pshaw! Sir, you are obtrusive.

Tor. Why, it was rather rude to be reading the newspaper in my own room, when you chose to walk in, and interrupt me.

Bar. This is the parlour of a village inn, sir, where 'tis the custom to huddle people together indiscriminately. 'Tis an emblem of the world; men mingle in it from necessity, as we do now, till they part in dislike, as we may do presently.

Tor. We seem to bid fair for it; for I detest misanthropy.

Bar. 'Tis the opium to our affections; an antidote to the drivelling unwillingness dotards feel to be swept from hypocrites who have profess'd to regard them.

Tor. Opium—and antidote!—You've dealt with a damn'd bad apothecary. Hatred to mankind is Lucifer's own laudanum; and whenever he coaxes a Christian to swallow it, he sends one of his imps to shake the bottle. All men hypocrites! Zounds! here's a doctrine! So, then, love, and friendship, and—

Bar. Love and friendship are, at best, Life's fading roses; but reject the roses, and you escape many a thorn.

Tor. How should you like to lose your legs?

Bar. Why my legs, sir?

Tor. They are part of the fading blessings of life, like love and friendship; but you may have the gout. Reject your legs, and you escape many a twinge in your great toe.

Bar. I have suffer'd deprivations enough already, sir.

Tor. I give you joy of them; for, according to your own account, they must make you very comfortable. But you have deprived yourself of that, which your worst enemy's malice should never have taken from you.

Bar. What is it?

Tor. Universal benevolence: the chain of reason in which we all, willingly, bind ourselves. Nature gave us the links, and civiliz'd humanity has polish'd them.

Bar. And how often are the links of Reason and Nature broken by sophistry and art!

Tor. I'm sorry for it. I know there are rascals; but the world is good in the lump; and I love all human kind; kings, lords, commons, duchesses, tallow-chandlers, dairy-maids, Indian chiefs, ambassadors, washer-women, and tinkers. They have all their claims

upon my regard, in their different stations; and, whatever you may think, hang me if I don't believe there are honest attorneys!

Bar. You *have* been fortunate in the world, I perceive.

Tor. I have been fortunate enough in my temper to keep the milk of human kindness from curdling.

Bar. By having no acids squeezed into it.

Tor. Plenty: Who hasn't? But, when you were put out to nurse, curse me if I don't think you sucked a lemon! You have a fine field to fatten in, upon others calamities here. Only look out. (*Pointing to the window.*) Pretty havoc from the fire! There's a house, now, that would just suit you. It sticks up by itself gloomy and gutted, in the midst of the rubbish.

Bar. That *was* my residence, sir; my refuge, as I hoped, during the remainder of my life, from ingratitude and treachery.

Tor. Did—did—did you live in that house?

Bar. Eight months ago, I enter'd its door, to take possession of an humble lodging; and last night, I leap'd with difficulty, amidst the flames, through its window.

Tor. Out at—that window?

Bar. Yes; with that wreck of property, on which you have been pleas'd so much to question me.

Tor. My dear sir, you are an unfortunate man: I have behav'd like a brute, and I beg your pardon.—(*Seizing his hand.*)

Bar. I feel no anger, sir. (*Coldly.*)

Tor. Damn it, then, you despise me. I know you must, for I have treated you cruelly; but, as you have taken offence at all the world, don't think me too contemptible to be left out of the number. Pray, be angry with me, then shew me you forgive me by telling me how to serve you—I happen to be rich.

Bar. And I happen to be poor; but I will always be independent, and will accept no favours.

Tor. That's right: but I have taken a house in the neighbourhood—Dine with me every day. That will only be doing me a favour, you know.

Enter AMY.

Amy. Here's a letter for you, sir. (*To* BARFORD.)

Bar. To me! Who should write to *me*?

Amy. 'Tis from the parson of next parish.

[*Gives the letter, and exit.*

(BARFORD *opens the letter, and reads to himself.*)

Tor. (*While* BARFORD *is reading.*) Independent! That's the proud lie of a decay'd gentleman—It sometimes gives truth the ear-ache;—but it always gives pity the heart-ache,—and, to prove that I don't believe you, (*Going to the table,*) here goes my pocket-book into your bundle! There! (*Stuffs it in.*) You are, now, a hundred and fifty pounds nearer to independence than you imagine.

Bar. (*Folding up the letter.*) This bears the semblance of kindness, and 'tis from a clergyman. His profession commands respect. I will wait upon him, and decline his offer.

Tor. (*Hastily.*) What is it? (*Checks himself.*) I beg pardon; but I——

Bar. His house, sir, if you must know, in my calamity.

Tor. That's right—don't take it—cut the parson, and come to me.

Bar. I fix in no residence, sir, which I cannot call my own.

Tor. Well, you may call mine your own;—and bring the parson with you:—I like that parson.

Bar. Excuse me; (*Takes his bundle from the table;*) but, before I leave you, sir, one word, which, I think, I owe you.

Tor. I won't take back a shil—I mean, you don't owe me a syllable.

Bar. Pardon me, and I must pay it. Your im-

pulses, apparently, proceed from benevolence; but your impetuosity may render you an offence to the sensitive, and a dupe to the designing. Farewell, sir. [*Exit.*

Tor. That advice is a little too late to a man at fifty. My impulses are like old radishes; they have stuck so long in the soil, that, whenever they are drawn out, they are sure to be hot.

Enter HEARTLY.

Ah! Heartly! my dear old friend! give me your hand! I hav'n't shaken it these ten years. I'm so glad to see you, that I—Well, and—Zounds! my heart's so full, that I had better hold my tongue.

Heart. Moderate yourself! I need not tell you how happy I am to see you.

Tor. Well, old school-fellow! I've closed all accounts of business at last: but we have a deal to think about:—The estate, and the tenants, and the fire, and all that. We must go to work directly, old Franky!

Heart. (*Smiling.*) I thought you had done with business.

Tor. Pshaw! this isn't London business. That is a constant fatigue. This is country bustle; that keeps the mind from stagnation.—But, damn it, how well you look!

Heart. And you wear well, my friend.

Tor. No, no; city smoke and a counting-house;—but, with your air, in a fortnight, I shall get as fat, and as red about the gills, as a cramm'd turkey. By the by, did you meet any body, as you were coming in, with a bundle under his arm?

Heart. You mean Mr Barford.

Tor. That's his name, is it? What is he?

Heart. Nobody can tell. I fancy he has serv'd in the army. He avoids the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and is a mystery to the villagers.

Tor. He seems a strange fellow.

Heart. You have conversed with him, then?

Tor. Yes—He appears to be a gentleman; but I'm afraid he's poor.

Heart. I hope you gave him no hint of such a fear.

Tor. Why, yes, I did—One or two, plump to his face.

Heart. Which, no doubt, offended him.

Tor. Yes; and so I dropp'd the rest behind his back.

Heart. Oh! I begin to perceive.—And how were they dropp'd?

Tor. Pshaw!—Why—into his bundle, if you must know.

Heart. To no small amount, probably; and without investigating his character.

Tor. I hadn't time.—He was in want—I may never see him again; and, in such a case, 'tis better to take our chance for a knave, lest caution should let honesty go away unsuccour'd.

Heart. Here you may have chanced right; for I fancy he only affects misanthropy.

Tor. I fancy so, too.

Heart. I have many reasons to think so; and one of the strongest is, his only having that small bundle with him.

Tor. How so?

Heart. He relinquished the material part of his property, to save his landlord's infant son.

Tor. Zounds! Then his landlord is a rascal. Not run the first to his own child, when the house was on fire!

Heart. My dear, impetuous friend! a father, who was, three days ago, struck with a palsy, occasioned, perhaps, from grief for his wife's recent death, finds some difficulty in running, even to his child. This was the landlord's case, Barford knew it, when the

house was burning beneath him.—He rushed to the poor cottage-garret, clasp'd the sleeping baby under one arm, and, with the poor bundle (which you saw) under the other, leap'd to the ground.

Tor. And where's his landlord?

Heart. Barford recollected him, as soon as he had placed the child in safety. A ladder was at hand; he ascended it to a room, from which the smoke was rolling in columns; he dragged the father through the flames, and seated him by his boy! But this man professes misanthropy.

Tor. He lies! he lies! God bless him! he lies! I'll run after him, and stop him from going to the parson. (*Running out.*)

Heart. (*Detaining him.*) Stay, stay; he is not leaving the neighbourhood. He has a bed here, I find—and you have enough to do besides.

Tor. Why, that's true: the man of the house is sick—a good fellow;—and I must think of Amy, who is in love with Solomon Gundy.

Heart. (*Laughing.*) Ha! ha! ha! These are minor considerations, when you have the distress of a whole village to remedy: but for Solomon Gundy I must be an advocate.

Tor. Do *you* recommend him?

Heart. He is an industrious fellow, and a proper object.

Tor. I know him; he's burnt out—I read his board.—He's a rat-catcher—I'll make him my valet de chambre directly.

Heart. Softly:—What may your present household consist of?

Tor. Why, some I shall find, as you wrote me word, on the spot. Two footmen I sent on before me to the house, to avoid fuss. A cook was pack'd off a week ago. A housekeeper I expect every hour. That's all for the present.

Heart. Who recommended the housekeeper to you?

Tor. Her distresses.

Heart. So! I hope she is a steady, methodical woman. I think, my good friend, you will want one of that description.

Tor. Why, distress generally makes people think; and when 'tis accompanied by virtue, it should never want a place in a rich English family.

Heart. What is her age?

Tor. Nineteen.

Heart. Rather young for a steady housekeeper What threw her in your way?

Tor. An advertisement in the newspaper.

Heart. I see—"To the affluent who can feel."

Tor. Psha! damn it, now you are sneering at me. If you had read it, it would have broken your heart! I've never seen her, but my agent in town tells me she's a good girl, and as handsome as an angel.

Heart. I wish you joy. A handsome housekeeper of eighteen will give you *eclat* in the county.

Tor. Pooh! nonsense! How can you be such a blockhead! You know I'm too old for—Psha! and as to my character, I don't care a button for the rural backbiters.—Come, let's go up to the house to dinner.

Heart. Why didn't you go there first?

Tor. To avoid the cursed parade of an entrance upon an estate. I hate to be huzza'd like a return'd member, or the man in armour, at lord-mayor's show. Walk with me up the hill, and let me slink into my splendour. But first we'll call Solomon Gundy. Solomon.

Enter SOLOMON GUNDY.

Solomon Gundy, can you keep a secret till you get to the top of a hill?

Sol. A secret is a sacred deposition, and I never revulge.

Tor. Then I'm going to live on the hill, that overlooks the village.

Sol. The manor-house!

Tor. Yes; 'tis mine, and you shall be my servant.

Sol. Shall I? Then, damn my board, when I've got such a lodging!—(*Throws the board away.*)

Tor. Go out, just three paces before me. You sha'n't talk to Amy. I know you love her; and I'll never trust a man with a secret, out of my sight, when there's a woman in the case. The moment you get to the house, you shall have a horse, to ride for a doctor, to visit the sick Spread Eagle; then, if your cursed jabber should raise a clamour, by calling the neighbourhood about my ears, dam'me if I won't order my cook to baste you. Come along, Heartly.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A cross Road.

Enter OLDSKIRT *and* FANNY.

Old. Well, I hadn't been out of the bills of mortality since I set up shop; and now we're in York-

shire, a hundred and seventy miles from Whi[tehall]. This cross lane is as boggy as Tothill Fiel[ds] chapel. rough as Cranbourne Alley pull'd up for n[ew] and as

Fan. We cannot be far from Mr Torr[ent's] paving.

Old. Far! We've waddled a good th[ree] miles now. bad way, since we left the stage at the [corner] of the high road. Miss Fanny, ar'n't you n[ot] astratiously tired?

Fan. Not in the least.

Old. I'd carry the bundle for you m[yself]; only, ten to one, I shall tumble and daub it.

Fan. Indeed, I want no assistance, and [the] plough-man, we just met, says it is but half a m[ile] further to the manor-house.

Old. At any rate, I'm glad we're out of [the] coach. Six inside—two squalling children in lap, and [a] point-er as big as a hog. At every jolt, the sleepy [quack] doctor plump'd his fat head smack in the pit of my stomach; and, when I popp'd my mouth out o' window to fetch breath, the long-legg'd Scotchman on the roof gave me a kick in the jaws with his heels.

Fan. But, my dear sir, I—I have a favour to ask.

Old. A favour?

Fan. Consider, I am going to Mr Torrent's in a humble situation.

Old. Ay—as housekeeper. You ought to have a palace of your own. If fortune isn't quite blind, I wish, for your sake, she'd send for some eye-water.

Fan. As it is, let me persuade you not to appear with me at the house.

Old. What?

Fan. I only mean, not immediately.

Old. Oh ho! I smell a rat! What, then, Miss Fanny, you're beginning to feel asham'd of Jonathan Oldskirt, the little remnant-seller from the back of St Clement's?

Fan. How can you fancy so?

Old. Why, you are a gentlewoman born; and I

suppose I am but a stiff-rump'd jockey, to go to a grand house: the members of our club call'd me old Deadwig and last week, when business took me a trot up Bond Street, a pert puppy, in pantaloons, ask'd me after my uncle Noah, and hop'd all my relations were well in the ark. But I didn't think Miss Fanny would have turn'd up her nose at me, neither.

Fan. Can you think me capable of—Sir, you have been my preserver.

Old. I can see—'tis the way of the world—shake hands with a shoe-black, when your boots are dirty, and kick him as soon as they're shin'd.

Fan. How can you wrong me so?

Old. Pooh! What could have made me leave shop at sixes and sevens, but to see you well plac'd? I've been rump'd and bruis'd in the stage, into as many colours as a tailor's book of patterns.—And, now we're within half a mile of the house, you are for shuffling me off in the middle of the mud.

Fan. Hear me, sir—recollect what I have already suffered, and do not add to my sorrows. In an obscure corner of Jamaica, after fifteen years of penury and affliction, it was my lot to receive the last breath of a wretched mother, who expired, heart-broken, in my arms.

Old. I wish you'd hold your tongue, Miss Fanny. I'm a soft old fool, and that plaguy Jamaica story is, somehow, as bad for my eyes as all the pepper and spice of the island.

Fan. You have rous'd me, sir, to recapitulate, and I will proceed. Her dying hand plac'd mine in Henry's. Plung'd in poverty, like myself, he promis'd to be my protector and future husband. He sail'd with me for England, where he had friends to solicit, and we cherish'd expectation. On the day of our arrival in London, he was snatch'd from me, (Heaven knows how!) and left me destitute, even of hope.

Old. He was crimp'd, I'll lay a penny—I always said so. Poor, dear soul! you've gone through a great deal.

Fan. I have, now, endured the worst, sir; for you—you have upbraided me——Sir, without your humanity, I must have perish'd. An ingenuous bosom can feel no keener wound than the charge of ingratitude from such a benefactor.

Old. Then, why won't you let me go with you to the place? You know, I've set my heart upon seeing you done justice by. Don't be cast down.—I look on you, Miss Fanny, as my own child. I shall never forget how you came to me first, as my lodger.

Fan. Pennyless.

Old. Why, at the end of a week, when I ask'd you for rent, you told me so, and fell a-crying. Now that, Miss Fanny, was the first thing that made me take a liking to you. When a tradesman is never to be paid, you can't think how much more satisfactory your way is to him, than being told, month after month, by a great man's porter, that the fellow must call again. Come, let us go on to the house.

Fan. Pray, oblige me! pray, be patient with me! To present myself, in my new office, with a person, determin'd, as you are, to fix there for some days, would be thought presuming.

Old. But what the plague am I to do? Stick here, in the dirt, like a skewer in a marrow-bone?

Fan. There appears to be a village to the left yonder, scarcely a quarter of a mile distant.

Old. I see a few chimneys, and a deuced deal of smoke.

Fan. No doubt you will find an inn in the place. Wait there till evening, then come to me. I shall then have spoken to Mr Torrent, concerning your care and kindness for me.—'Twill be better so on both our accounts—indeed it will.

Old. Ah! bless you, Miss Fanny! you can per-

suade me to any thing. But how will you get safe? We're so far from town, it must be monstrous dangerous.

Fan. Oh! I have no apprehensions.

Old. Well, I see you are resolv'd and desperate. Heaven bless you! This is a wild country for a Londoner! and, somehow my mind misgives me, I shall never see you again.

Fan. (*Smiling.*) There is no danger, believe me.

Old. Farewell!——(*Going, returns.*) Miss Fanny, my will's in the left hand pigeon-hole of my bureau, in the back room, up two pair of stairs. I've neither chick nor child;—so I've made you sole executrix and legatee.—Jonathan Oldskirt may cut up richer than some people think. Heaven knows the depth of these mud lanes! I measure but five foot three;—and if I happen to be missing, it will be but respectful to send somebody to dig for me.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

A spacious Hall in a Country House. ANDREW BANG *discovered asleep in a Chair.—A violent ringing of Gate Bell is heard.*

Enter SIR LARRY MACMURRAGH.

Sir Lar. (*Without.*) Hollo!—If there's nobody within hearing, cannot you say so?—(*Enters.*) As I am an Irishman, I believe every living creature in this house is dead; for I've pull'd the bell for them this half-hour, like a sexton. (*Sees* ANDREW.) By my finger and thumb, I see a nose! I'll pull that, and, perhaps, I'll get an answer.—(*Pulls his nose.*)

And. (*Bawling and starting up.*) Awgh! awgh!

Sir Lar. (*Bowing.*) Sir, my compliments of the sleeping season. There's the handle of the gate-bell. (*Throws it to him.*) Hang up the handle of your own ugly mug in the room of it, and plenty of visitors and runaway rings to you!

And. Bless us, zur!—Seeing you be a stranger, how did you get in?

Sir Lar. Like a tom cat.—I walk'd in at the outside gate, over the wall. Where's my lord's steward?

And. Mr Carrydot be taking a morning's ride, zur.

Sir Lar. Upon business?

And. Na; upon Dobbin.—Can't ye wait a bit, zur?

Sir Lar. I'll wait a little; but if he hasn't done airing in six weeks or two months, the chance is, I'll be gone from the premises.

And. Two months!

Sir Lar. I will;—my estate to nothing.—So, 'tis an even bet, you see.

And. Be you come to stay at my lord's so long, zur?

Sir Lar. Don't be asking questions—I'm our master's—Lord Alamode's friend;—I'm here, *incog.*; —and if you are after blabbing it to a soul here, in Yorkshire, that I'm Sir Larry MacMurragh of Ballygrennanclonfergus, by the honour of an Irish baronet, I'll crop your ears as short as St Thomas's day. Never you tell secrets.

And. I never do, zur, but when I'm fuddled.

Sir Lar. I must bribe this sot. Don't you go to the alehouse, and there's something for you to drink. —(*Gives money.*)

And. Thank ye, zur.

Sir Lar. Mind—let nobody learn my name of you.

And. I defy 'em—It's so plaguy long, I shall never learn it mysen.

Sir Lar. Here, now—(*Putting his hand in his purse.*) Go you, and give this to my two post-boys at the gate.—I paid for the chaise beforehand.

And. Ees, zur.

Sir Lar. Tell the rascals they crawl'd like a couple of flies in treacle. They would have had half-a-crown each for driving fast; but now there's only a seven-shilling piece between 'em; and damn the rap more do they get.

And. (*Aside, and going.*) He, he! if they'd ha' stood still, dang me if he wou'dn't ha' given 'em half a guinea.

Sir Lar. And, hark ye, what family has my lord left in the house?

And. There's na' but ould steward, Mrs Glastonbury the housekeeper,—and I, zur.

Sir Lar. And who are you, you Judy?

And. Andrew Bang, my lord's game-keeper.

Sir Lar. You and I'll have a slap at my lord's partridges, Mr Bang.

And. Be you a good shot, zur?

Sir Lar. A good shot! I'm an Irishman, you devil.

And. Have they much practice that way, zur?

Sir Lar. A pretty deal with a single ball, Mr Bang.

And. (*Going.*) Shoot partridges wi' a single ball! You ha' been used to shoot wi' a long bow, or I be plaguily mistaken. [*Exit.*

Sir Lar. I wonder is Mrs Glastonbury pretty. A smart housekeeper is a mighty convenient article for an Irish gentleman, in an empty house, all alone, by himself. Oh! this old-fashion'd man must be the steward.

Enter CARRYDOT.

Is't Mr Carrydot I'm talking to?

Car. I am very sorry, sir, I wasn't at home to receive you.

Sir Lar. Short speeches, my dear creature, for we're upon business. Just run your spectacles over this small bit of a letter.—(*Gives it.*)

Car. 'Tis my lord's hand, I see.

Sir Lar. You may say that.

Car. (*Opens the letter, and reads.*) "Mr Carrydot, the bearer of this is my dear and intimate friend, Sir Lawrence MacMurragh of—of Ballygrennanclonfergus."

Sir Lar. That's my estate in Ireland.

Car. You'll excuse me, Sir Lawrence, but I find it rather difficult to get through that name.

Sir Lar. Never you mind the name;—I've found it mighty easy to get through the estate.

Car. (*Reading on.*) "You will shew the baronet every attention, while he does me the honour to remain in my house. His situation requires secrecy, which you will scrupulously observe, if he condescends to place you in his confidence—Yours,

ALAMODE."

Sir Lar. Now I'll place you in my confidence, ould gentleman, before you can throw sixes. The short and the long of the story is, I'm dish'd.

Car. Dish'd, Sir Larry! Pray what is that?

Sir Lar. 'Faith, I'm always bother'd at derivations; but, according to the most learned Greeks on the subject, 'tis agreed that dishing comes from dashing.

Car. I don't comprehend.

Sir Lar. Sure, 'tis as easy as nothing at all.—Only, when it happens in the city, you're a duck; but at the west end of the town, you're a pigeon.

Car. I protest, I am still in the dark.

Sir Lar. This is it in the west, do you see—Run to London, give grand dinners, and set your champagne going like whisky—Sport your carriages, belong to the clubs, lose to gamesters, borrow of Jews, bet upon boxers, keep a stud, keep a Dolly.

Car. A Dolly! Bless us, what is that?

Sir Lar. A sort of moveable in a house, sometimes of mighty little use to the owner.—And so, you see, when you have completely over-run the constable, you must try to out-run the bailiff; and then you're dish'd, after the newest receipt of the present season.

Car. I fear, Sir Lawrence, you may have been duped at play.

Sir Lar. Duped! What, Sir Larry MacMurragh! Sure, and wasn't I ruin'd, at last, in the most honourable manner, by an intimate friend?

Car. Ruin'd in an honourable manner, by an intimate friend? I can't conceive how that can be.

Sir Lar. That all comes of your ignorance of fashionable life, Mr Carrydot. 'Twas my friend, your own natural lord and master, that finish'd the job.

Car. Lord Alamode?

Sir Lar. His own dear self;—fair and easy, about six in the morning. The run had been against me pretty smart, and I grew desperate like. Will you set ten thousand, says I, against the remaining third of all the estate I have in the world at Ballygrennan-clonfergus? With all my heart, Sir Larry, says my lord. Seven's the main, says I. Throw, says he. Crabs, says I. 'Tis mine, says he. Then damn the luck on't! says I; for, Heaven bless you, my bosom friend, you have made me a beggar, like a man of honour as you are, all at a stroke.

Car. A stroke of thunder, I should think!

Sir Lar. Upon my soul, it was much more like an earthquake; for it swallow'd up three thousand acres, and a great big family-house, before you could say shamrock.

Car. I am sorry my lord should have done this.

Sir Lar. Indeed, and I sympathise with yourself: but rather he than another; for mind how friendly

Now I have won the last stick and guinea you have, my dear friend, says he, you'll want a house to be out of the way of your creditors. You are welcome to hide yourself at mine, in Yorkshire, till you can turn yourself about.

Car. Did my lord, then, advise you to fly from them, Sir Larry?

Sir Lar. Sure, and he did; for you can't beat it into their brains, that a man of honour must ruin twenty tradesmen sooner than not pay one man of honour who has ruin'd *him*.

Car. But I should hope, Sir Lawrence, that with the assistance of friends, and the exercise of economy—

Sir Lar. Economy! Only look at that book. (*Gives him a pocket-book.*) See how methodical I was when I first went to London. All my expences set down:—only you'll see, at the bottom of a leaf, I cou'dn't cast up the sum total.

Car. (*Reading.*) "To the sweeper of the crossing in Bond Street, one shilling." This is methodical indeed, Sir Lawrence.

Sir Lar. Oh! I was resolute to be mighty particular.

Car. "To sundries,—seven thousand pounds." That is not so mighty particular, Sir Larry.

Sir Lar. I was busy that day. I lump my expences, now and then, when I'm bother'd.

Car. "To a collar for Lady—half-a-guinea."

Sir Lar. A female of Dutch extraction—a pug, that belonged to me once, Mr Carrydot. That's a cheap article.

Car. "To a diamond necklace for Eliza,—nine hundred pounds."

Sir Lar. A female, whose extraction I could never make out; but she belong'd to me once, Mr Carrydot. That article's a trifle dearer.

Car. A great deal indeed!

Sir Lar. No matter for that. They both ran away from me one day, and I advertis'd them the next. "Whoever will bring Lady without a collar, or the necklace without the lady, shall be handsomely rewarded."

Car. "Promised my tailor four hundred pounds." Is that to be put down as an actual expenditure, Sir Lawrence?

Sir Lar. Sure and it is. Isn't a promise to a tailor fashionable payment all the world over?

Car. "Lost to my best and dearest friend, all I have in the world."

Sir Lar. That's the end of my fashionable atlas for the year eighteen hundred and five; and it saves a great deal of trouble in casting up the articles.

Enter ANDREW.

And. I ha' pitch'd all your bundles out o' the chaise, zur, into our court-yard.

Car. The court-yard! Why, there's a soaking shower.

And. That's why I left 'em there, zur. I'll take 'em in the moment it's over, you may depend on it.

Sir Lar. Let him manage it. He's a careful person, I see.

And. Ees, I be, zur. If I hadn't rummaged chaise, they'd ha' drove off wi' summut.

Sir Lar. Was it my little shaving-case?

And. Na;—'tware a little boy.

Car. Drove off with a little boy!

Sir Lar. By the powers! that's my man-servant. I'd forgot him—clean and clever.

And. He was fast asleep, in a laced jacket, up in the corner.

Sir Lar. And how did you wake him?

And. Why, zur, first I pull'd his nose; and then, says I, "Zur, my compliments o' the sleeping season."

Sir Lar. But has he taken out the sparring-gloves, and the pistols, and the German flute, and Hoyle's Games, and the usquebaugh, and the rest of my creditors?

And. Here they all be, zur.

Sir Lar. By my soul, I levanted from London in such a hurry, I can't tell if one parcel is itself or another! What did he say is that thing like a wafer-box in your hand?

And. It's all your ready cash, Sir Larry.

Sir Lar. And what's that big bag at your back, you devil?

And. Boy says it be all your unpaid tradesmen's bills, Sir Larry. Which room be the bag and the baronet to be put into, Mr Carrydot?

Car. The blue chamber. Get a fire,—see every thing arranged. [*Exit* ANDREW. Well, Sir Lawrence, every thing in my power, to render my lord's house comfortable to you, it will be my duty to perform. I will go and give the housekeeper directions for your accommodation. (*Going.*)

Sir Lar. You'll mind to sink my name in the neighbourhood, you know.

Car. Rely on my discretion, Sir Larry. I am as faithful to my lord's friends as to my lord himself. [*Exit.*

Sir Lar. That you may be, and cheat 'em most confoundedly, steward-like. I'll be mighty dull in this house. The worst of us fine fellows of high style is, when we are left by ourselves, we have hardly any resource, but Hoyle's Games and a German flute.

Re-enter ANDREW BANG.

Have you a fire in my room yet, Mr Bang?

And. I think so, zur; for it be plaguy full of smoke.

Sir Lar. Hark ye, is that Mrs Glastonbury, your housekeeper, a smart sort of good-looking creature?

And. He, he!—She be round and plump-like.

Sir Lar. Plump! Well, well,—sure a person may be pretty for all that.

And. I know that, zur;—I'se plump mysen.

Sir Lar. I think she may help me out in passing the time. I think I fancy her a neat, round, inviting Yorkshire Hebe, that—

Enter MRS GLASTONBURY.

Mrs Glas. Your room is ready, sir; and I hope I shall make all things agreeable.

Sir Lar. And are you Mrs Glastonbury, the housekeeper?

Mrs Glas. At your honour's service. I'll shew you all the pictures to-morrow, sir. This house was erected in King William's time. I was born in it, sir.

Sir Lar. That you were, the day before it was built, I'll be bound for you. (*Aside.*)

Mrs Glas. This way, if you please, sir. [*Exit.*

And. Don't you go to be roguish wi' our housekeeper, zur. Her reputation be tender, you do know.

Sir Lar. Then, upon my soul, it isn't at all like her person:—for, any how, that's tough.

And. You'll always find her mighty civil to ye, zur.

Sir Lar. 'Faith, and I'll return the compliment; for damn the bit shall she complain of my being rude.

And. He! he! he!

Sir Lar. Oh, curse you—and are you laughing? Shew me the way, you sneering spalpeen! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Still-Room in LORD ALAMODE'S *House. Bottles on Table, &c. &c.*

Enter MRS GLASTONBURY *and* ANDREW BANG.

Mrs Glas. Bless my stars!—He's up the house and down the house! skipping, jumping, boxing, swinging the dumb-bells, blowing the flute—all within this half-hour. For my part, I think he's a madman.

And. So do I.—But he do say he's na' but a baronet.

Mrs Glas. And who is he? Where does he come from?

And. That's tellings.—He ha' put I upon honour.

Mrs Glas. Put you upon a pin's head! I wouldn't give a farthing for your honour.

And. He gi'd I nine and sixpence. I said nought but liquor should make I betray un. Be that cherry-bounce you ha' got on table, Mrs Glastonbury?

Mrs Glas. Tell me all, and you shall have two glasses.

And. Fill away then. (*She fills a glass, and gives it to him.*) Why, then you must know his name be—Here's wishing you well through this world's trouble, and very soon out on't—Fill up t'other glass. (*She fills and hold[illegible]*be Sir Some-

body Summut, as long as your bills; and—gi's t'other glass—he do come from a place fit to break more teeth than you ha' left in your head.

Mrs Glas. And that's all you have to discover?

And. Ees—don't you tell. (*A horn is blown without.*)

Mrs Glas. What's that?

And. He be gi'ing a tantivy upon your old rusty French horn, that do hang up in the hall.

Mrs Glas. My legacy!—I wouldn't have it hurt for fifty pounds. He'll turn the whole house topsy-turvy.

And. Wool he? It will be a comical sight then to walk into your room.

Enter SIR LARRY MACMURRAGH.

Sir Lar. The rain's done, all but drizzling, Mr Bang, and we'll pop at the partridges. Oh! and is it there you are again, Mother Glastonbury?

Mrs Glas. Marry come up!—Mother!—I never was called so before, sir.

Sir Lar. Then it's too late in the day with you now to hope for a true title to that appellation. And whose is that horn hanging up in the hall, old gentlewoman?

Mrs Glas. Old gentlewoman! Why, sir, that horn belonged to my dear deceased husband, who was huntsman here; and, if you must know every thing, my late lord gave him a pair of them.

Sir Lar. And did your late lord do that?

Mrs Glas. That he did—bless his memory for it.

Sir Lar. That's right: you mayn't meet such another good-natured person again in a hurry.—Mr Bang, isn't that sweet lady a most infernal sour old woman?

And. Nation! Plague her a bit, do, zur. Say my lord ha' hired another housekeeper.

Sir Lar. Be asy, Bang. Mrs Glastonbury, I—you're a fine bustling body—But now I'm come here, mayn't I chance to fatigue you a small matter?

Mrs Glas. Perhaps you may, sir. (*Sulkily.*)

Sir Lar. That's what I'm thinking—And you might be even with me, you know—So I told my friend, Lord Alamode, I had just made bold to order a new housekeeper in the room of you.

Mrs Glas. What!—I've been here these five-and-forty years, and if my lord himself offered to discharge me, I wouldn't turn out, and that's flat.

And. Dang me, but he ha' set the old one's back up now!

Enter CARRYDOT.

Car. Sir Lawrence, a young person at the gate inquires for you.

Sir Lar. A young person? By the powers, a sucking bailiff!

Car. 'Tis a woman, Sir Lawrence.

Sir Lar. A woman! And is she handsome, Mr Carrydot?

Car. That, sir, it is not in my department to determine.

And. Let I go, and look at her, zur. I be reckon'd a tightish judge.

Sir Lar. Bang, don't you bellow. (*Stopping his mouth.*)

Mrs Glas. I see what's going on. The family mansion will be made quite scandalous.

Sir Lar. (*Putting her aside.*) Hold your tongue, you punchy lady! Mr Carrydot, I respect the roof of my bosom friend; and, if the young person isn't fitting to come under it, by St Patrick! rather than let her in, I'll marry Mother Glastonbury.

Car. Her appearance is most respectable, sir; but I think there must be some mistake.

Sir Lar. Explain me the rights of it, Mr Carrydot. Don't bother, now, you two keepers, game and house.

Car. She has inquired for the gentleman who is just arrived on the estate.

Sir Lar. That's myself, you know.

Car. Doubtless, sir; but she says that she is come here, engaged by you, as housekeeper.

Mrs Glas. I won't budge an inch. I'll stay here, and tear her eyes out.

Sir Lar. (*Apart.*) Mr Bang, how will I get rid of that tremendous old tabby?

And. Bide where you be, zur; I'll ha' her out in no time. [*Exit.*

Mrs Glas. Service is no inheritance, that's a sure thing; but if my deceas'd husband was alive, he'd—(BANG *plays upon the French horn without.*) Bless me! what's the matter now?

Sir Lar. It's Mr Bang playing "Variety is charming," on the horn of your deceas'd husband. (*The horn falls with a crash.*)

Mrs Glas. (*Screaming.*) Augh! he has broke it all to pieces. (*Runs out.*)

Sir Lar. I'll thank you now, Mr Carrydot, just to send in the young woman, and keep out the old one.

Car. I shall, Sir Lawrence. But I had almost forgot—The young woman desir'd me to give you this card, which will instruct you whence she came; and then, she says, you will recollect who she is. [*Exit.*

Sir Lar. (*Reading the card.*) "Jonathan Oldskirt, remnant-seller, back of St Clement's."—What will I make out of this? Sure a young woman, come here for housekeeper, can't be Jonathan Oldskirt, from the back of St Clement's.—"Deals for ready money only."—By St Patrick, you are little likely to get me for a customer!

Enter ANDREW BANG.

And. I think, zur, I ha' blow'd out Mother Glastonbury.

Sir Lar. And who is it you have bid to be asking after me, to bother her?

And. Come, that be a good un! You do know who it be better nor I, zur.

Sir Lar. Look at this card. Mr Bang, can you read?

And. I left off schooling, zur, afore I got to that part o' my edication.

Sir Lar. And you don't know the back of St Clement's?

And. Na, zur; nor his face neither.

Sir Lar. Look ye, Mr Bang, you rapscallion! if you have been sending any female here according to my order, which I never gave, you have taken an unpardonable liberty with my name,—provided she's ugly.

And. Why, how could that possibly be, zur? Putting the case, I had got your order in earnest, who could I gi' it to as would mind it?

Sir Lar. Not mind my order! Would you make me believe every body here is like my banker?

Enter FANNY.

Oh, Venus! here's a creature! Are you the person that came from the person, that—

Fan. Sir!

Sir Lar. By the powers! the dazzle of her eyes has blinded my utterance! Are you the person, my dear, come here as housekeeper?

Fan. Yes, sir; I am come from London in obedience to your commands.

Sir Lar. My comma—Seat yourself, my jewel. Mr Bang, get some refreshments. Fly, you devil!

Fan. Indeed, sir, you distress me.

And. *(Going to the table.)* Mother Glastonbury ha' left out her brandy bottle. I'll fill the young woman a bumper.

Fan. (Doubtfully.) I hope I have not mistaken the house, sir.

Sir Lar. Oh, 'faith, you are under no mistake. This, my dear, is the house that—the house that Jack built, for all I know to the contrary. *(Aside.)*

And. (Presenting a bumper.) Take a drop o' this, miss; it will comfort you up, like.

Fan. Not any, I thank you.

And. Then here's wishing you joy o' your safe arrival. *(Drinks it.)*

Fan. Then this, sir, is the manor-house?

Sir Lar. Is this the manor-house?—Isn't there the game-keeper?—Only ask him—Sure he shou'd know.

And. (*Aside to* SIR LARRY.) It be half a mile up the hill, on the hill, zur.

Sir Lar. Lie through half a mile up hill—it won't tire you.

And. I wool.—Ees, miss, this be the manor-house.

Fan. (To SIR LARRY.) And are you the master of the house, sir?

Sir Lar. Ask the game-keeper again, my little one.

And. What be I to say, zur? (*Aside to* SIR LARRY, *who holds up half-a-crown.*) Hem!—Oh! half-a-crown—Yes, miss, this be master,—He be landlord in fee. (*Takes the money.*)

Fan. I had been taught to expect a gentleman of a more elderly appearance, sir.

Sir Lar. Would you be after my parish-register, my darling?—But, *je me porte bien*, as the French say;—and, standing by the side of this ordinary man is a mighty advantage, you know.

Fan. You will think me very presuming, sir; but I imagined also that my employer was a native of England.

Sir Lar. Is it just a little twist of the tongue you are noticing?

Fan. I confess it is, sir.

Sir Lar. Oh—pooh—th[illegible] Yorkshire, my darling.

Fan. Yorkshire, sir!

Sir Lar. That's why I took this estate. I'm partial, you see, to the county I was born in.

Fan. To say truth, I am ignorant of dialects here, sir. Except the last six months at London, my whole life has pass'd in Jamaica.

And. That's where the rum do come from.

Sir Lar. Hold your tongue, you—

Fan. But, if your accent be of this country, sir, your game-keeper, or my ear deceives me, cannot be Yorkshire also.

And. Na, miss—I'm Irish.

Fan. Forgive the questions I ask, sir.—A heart, like yours, that can compassionate female distress, slightly sketch'd as mine was, in a newspaper, will account for my apprehensions.

Sir Lar. (*Aside.*) A newspaper! You'll find many an honest man, every day, mighty tender-hearted, in a case like yours.

Fan. I have found only one, except yourself, sir.

Sir Lar. Only one! and who is he?

Fan. The person who had the interview with your agent in town, sir, and engag'd me in your service.

Sir Lar. And what's his name, my little one?

Fan. I sent you in his card just now, sir.

Sir Lar. (*Looking at the card.*) Oh, I remember —Jonathan Oldskirt.

Fan. Your first notice of my advertisement was address'd to me, under cover, to his initials, sir.

Sir Lar. His initials.—Yes—that's—(*Referring to the card*)—that's *I, O*, my dear.

Fan. Yes, sir, you writ me word you had enter'd them in your pocket-book.

Sir Lar. Yes, you may say that—There's *I, O*, in my pocket-book;—with a damn'd sight of thousands at the tail of it. (*Aside.*)

Fan. His house has been my asylum, sir.

Sir Lar. And didn't you find the asylum rather dark and dingy, my dear, at the back of St Clement's?

Fan. Oh, sir, gilded roofs escape the eye of affliction; but the smile of welcome, the tear of pity, strike forcibly upon the heart, when benevolence shelters misery;—and the meanest cabin true charity inhabits affords gratitude a palace.

Sir Lar. It's my notion you love this same Jonathan Oldskirt, my darling.

Fan. Dearly, sir;—I love him as a father: Anxious for my welfare, he hopes you will not think him intrusive, by requesting to be admitted here a few days, till he sees me properly settled.

Sir Lar. And is he come with yourself?

Fan. He would not presume so much, sir, without your permission; for which he waits in the neighbouring village.

Sir Lar. (*Aside.*) I wish, with all my soul, he was waiting in Constantinople.

Fan. He will be here in the evening, to know if he have your leave to remain, sir.

Sir Lar. Oh, 'faith, let him take leave, and welcome. Mr Bang, you'll do the honours to Mr Jonathan Oldskirt.

And. Ees, zur.—(*Apart.*) I ha' lock'd Mother Glastonbury up in china-closet, putting by her husband's horn; when Mr Oldskirt do come, I'll lock he up wi' her, for company.

Sir Lar. Do that thing—My dear, I—I—the family is a little unsettled just now, you see; so you'll take a mutton-chop to-day with me, you know.

Fan. With—with you, sir!—I heard, indeed, you were but just arrived on the estate—the family unform'd, and—but still, I—

Sir Lar. Damn the soul's in the house but ourselves, good or bad, except the old steward, and that ill-looking game-keeper.

Fan. Indeed!—this is very strange! (*Aside.*) Sir, I—

Mrs Glas. (*Without.*) Let me out—I insist upon it.

Fan. Bless me! what's that?

Sir Lar. That? Oh! that's a rumpus.—You must know, among other live lumber, I found an old housekeeper on the estate, and—and she's lock'd up.

Fan. Good Heavens! this is very alarming.—Lock'd up, sir?

Sir Lar. Yes; she's crazy, poor soul!

And. Don't ye be frightful, miss.—It ben't often here we do lock up the housekeeper.

Sir Lar. Make yourself easy, my darling. The game-keeper shall take you to t'other side of this great big house, and the devil the bit will you be plagued with that woman's bawling. I'll come to you, and we'll go over the apartments, and we'll—Shew the way, Mr Bang.

And. This way, miss.

Fan. Go on—I know not what to think: but if I betray my suspicions, I—(*Aside.*)—Go on.

[*Exit* ANDREW, *conducting her.*

Sir Lar. Whether, now, is this one of the deserted ladies, who are unhappy in the Morning Post every day, thirteen to the dozen, or real virtue in misfortune? Any way, she'll procure me an agreeable companion, in the long afternoons. If she's kind, we'll make a merry duet; if she's immaculate, I'll have no bad *tête-à-tête* with my own conscience,—for dismissing innocence, with its due honours, when I had it so much in my power. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Manor-House.

Enter TORRENT *and* HEARTLY.

Tor. It shall all be done, slap dash—on the spur of the moment. By this day se'ennight, every tenant, man, woman, and child, shall meet me with a grin of joy, and a face as round as a dumpling. They shall all buz in sunshine, like a hive of bees.

Heart. Are the drones on your estate to profit equally by the heat of your munificence?

Tor. Pshaw! Why won't you let the poor devils be happy, if they can?

Heart. Certainly you have a right to command here; but I think you are too hasty in such indiscriminate kindness.

Tor. Too hasty in doing good to the poor!—No,—no;—come;—there is a warm adviser, old boy, in that case, that tells me I am right.

Heart. Who is that adviser?

Tor. My heart.

Heart. 'Tis too warm for an adviser—'Twere better to consult a cooler.

Tor. Yourself, I suppose?

Heart. No; you can spare *me*, at times. 'Tis one you cannot live without for a moment.

Tor. Who is that?

Heart. Your head.

Tor. I should make an awkward figure without it,

that's certain.—But what's the use of a consultation about relieving want, if I can afford it?

Heart. To distinguish between an ardour and a rage for charity; to regulate patronage, that we may not injure society at large, by squandering relief upon distress'd knaves; and to prevent one of the worst national principles affluence can inculcate, that want is to place Virtue and Vice upon a level.

Tor. Well, but there are some points that speak for themselves. The poor widow, for instance, who left her petition at the house against my arrival. Her case is notorious to all the parish.

Heart. Yes—and to half the next, they tell me.

Tor. Why, you hard-hearted Turk! She has five little children,—and without her husband.

Heart. That was well known before she was a widow.

Tor. What?

Heart. That she had five children without her husband.—She's a scandal to the place.

Tor. Indeed!—At all events, the children must be brought up to some honest employment.

Heart. There I agree with you. To train an infant of the abandon'd to industry is a noble mode of serving the public, by saving the individual.

Tor. I am glad I have got you to agree to something at last. You'll allow, too, I was right to make a present just now to the thatcher?

Heart. Clearly;—if you were certain he is a worthy object.

Tor. Where's the doubt?—Isn't he disabled from work?—Wasn't his hand scorch'd last night at the fire?

Heart. He is used to that.

Tor. Used!—how?

Heart. He was burnt in it at the last assizes.

Tor. Curse me, if I think you have any thing decent in the parish! You have decoyed me into a neigh-

bourhood of ill fame; and I must go about at noonday, like Diogenes, with a lantern, looking for an honest man.

Heart. Oh! he was a cynic, or he might have found plenty, without the help of a candle.

Tor. Hang it! after all, it matters little how my money goes. My young brother, mad Tom, as I used to call him—was the last relation I had in the world, and he has been gone many years. If he hadn't been a bad subject, rambled away from all his friends, turn'd soldier, and died abroad, nobody could hear exactly where or how, he should have inherited my fortune. Well, it can't be help'd, and—

Sol. (*Without.*) I'll denounce you to my master in a *petty momong.*

Tor. There's that infernal Solomon Gundy!—the rat-catcher, whom you have made my valet-de-chambre.

Heart. He's honest, I'll be sworn.

Tor. Confound him!—he does nothing but run about and talk. He's all legs and mouth, like a Dutch oven upon a trivet. He knocks the furniture about as he does French and English, and makes as much havoc in a house as in a language.

Enter SOLOMON GUNDY.

Well, what have you been doing this last half hour?

Sol. A multiplication of affairs!—I've laid the cloth, fed the mastiff, comb'd your best wig, tapp'd the ale, hunted the pigs from the pleasure-ground, and clean'd the parlour windows.

Heart. A pretty good half-hour's employment.

Tor. But why will you be in such a devil of a bustle?

Sol. Bless your honour! I'm very jealous to learn, till when you'll pardon my defection. Mr Thom is so condescending as to say he'll do nothing at a that I may get versified in all the work of the hou

Tor. Is he?—Then I'll tell you how you are to dust my coat.

Sol. Commong? as they say at Dunkirk.

Tor. Put it on Mr Thomas's back, and beat it as hard as you can with a horse-whip. Tell him 'tis my order. What was that smash I heard just now in the hall?

Sol. A fraction.

Tor. A vulgar one, I'm sure, if you were concern'd in it. I heard you letting down the great lamp by the pulley—so, I suppose, you have broke it?

Sol. Into a thousand anatomies. It came down with so much voracity, that it forced my head through the glass bottom, and wedged me in down to my shoulders.

Tor. Fine mischief you have been doing already.

Sol. Don't be concern'd: I'm very little hurt. A slight confusion in my head, but soon heal'd, your honour.

Tor. Curse me if the confusion in your head isn't incurable! And where is Thomas?

Sol. Tasting the ale.

Tor. Then I hope 'tis sour.

Sol. He thought so the third jug—so he's drawing a fourth, to be certain.

Tor. I've a great mind to be plagued with that drunken rascal no longer.

Heart. Why have you been plagued with a drunken rascal at all?—Nobody but yourself would keep him a week.

Tor. That's the reason I have kept him these seven years. He'd starve if I turn'd him away,

Heart. That's *his* affair.

Tor. No, it isn't: 'tis the affair of a sober woman and two squalling brats, who must starve along with him.

Sol. Ah! you've got a *cure*, as the French say.

Tor. Curse the French!—What brought you in here?

Sol. I came to say that——

Tor. But stop—First remember to keep that sot out of my sight during the rest of the day. Let him come to my chamber as soon as I rise to-morrow, and I'll lecture him when his head aches.

Sol. What time do you get up?

Tor. Nine.

Sol. Not till nine?—Then, before I shave you I'll catch a few rats.

Tor. This fellow will lather me with arsenic! Now why did you come in?

Sol. With a message.

Tor. Deliver it.

Sol. I came to denounce that a gentleman in the hall is——

Voice (Without.) Solomon Gundy!

Sol. That's Mrs Cook's voice.—The jack's down.—I'll be back *dong le momong*, as they say. [*Exit.*

Tor. An active booby!—He is as provoking as a bad barometer; his quicksilver only causes confusion.

Heart. Nay, give him a fair trial.

Tor. I intend it:—But where is your grand recommendation? the person you writ to at London, to come down and lay out my grounds?

Heart. He was to have been here yesterday.

Tor. Is he clever?

Heart. Very; and as cheap as any dirt he has beautified.

Tor. I don't mind expence, if he has taste; but if he throws Chinese bridges over a dry English ditch, Solomon Gundy shall kick him into it. I never heard of him.

Heart. Few have.—He is a man of talent and acquirement, but modest, even to shyness; and of too simple manners to make a fortune, as many bustlers do without one tythe of his ability. His mind is like

the landscape he adorns; the height of its polish has not disturb'd the quietness of nature.

Tor. He is just what I want. I hate to hear fashion cry up an architect, or a painter, or a playwright, as the only man, to the degradation of all others. A fury for individual artists pinches the arts; and when people have patronage they should always draw modest genius from obscurity.—But why isn't he here?

Heart. I think there must be some mistake—You dine late—I must leave you for half an hour to go into the village; and I will make inquiries about him at the inn.—(*Going.*)

Tor. Heartly——

Heart. Eh?

Tor. The Spread Eagle has got the gout in his stomach.

Heart. I intend calling there.

Tor. Aren't his liquors very bad?

Heart. Execrable.

Tor. I've laid in some famous old Madeira.

Heart. I shall taste it at dinner.

Tor. If you don't mind a little bumping behind you, perhaps a bottle in each of your coat-pockets may do the poor fellow a service.

Heart. I'll take care of him, depend upon it.

[*Exit.*

Enter SOLOMON GUNDY.

Sol. A man in the hall wants your ear.

Tor. My ear?

Sol. Yes—your *orell.*

Tor. What's his name?

Sol. I forgot to ask:—that was a little *forepaw*, as the French say.—I'll run and——(*Going.*)

Tor. Zounds! come back; and stand still, if you can!—Did you ask his business?

Sol. As I am but a menial, I thought it might flavour of curiosity.—But he comes from London.

Tor. From London?—Oh! Heartly's friend that's to lay out the ground.—I'm glad he's arrived.—Doesn't he say he comes recommended to me?

Sol. He says a person, now in the house, was to give you some intimidation.

Tor. Ay, ay, 'tis he; desire him to walk in.

Sol. Shall you want me again till I wait at dinner?

Tor. No, I hope not.

Sol. Then I'll bait my traps, just to *passy le tongs*, as they say. [*Exit.*

Tor. I'm glad the surveyor is come. We'll go at it ding dong!

Enter JONATHAN OLDSKIRT.

Oh, pray come in! I have been expecting you, and am very happy to see you.

Old. Then Miss Fanny has mention'd me. (*Aside.*) I should be sorry to intrude, but——

Tor. Intrude!—Nonsense! Merit never intrudes; and you have just been mention'd to me by a person I sincerely regard and respect.—Sit down.

Old. Regard and respect! How pretty he talks of Miss Fanny already! (*Aside.*) Why, sir,—(*Both of them sitting*)—the long and the short on't is, I had set my heart upon coming.

Tor. Had you heard a good account of the situation?

Old. A friend or two told me it was a situation for any body that wanted one, to jump at.—"But," says I, "though prospects are good, my advice is wanted, and I had better be on the spot, to see how I may mend them."

Tor. Certainly. The only way, I suppose, to mend the prospects, is to be on the spot.

Old. Well, I hope you don't think I have come upon bad grounds.

Tor. In that I must bow to your opinion. You must be a much better judge of any grounds you come upon than I am.

Old. (*Aside.*) The sweetest temper'd man I ever met with!—Ah, sir, we might be of much service between us:—and I have great hopes; for, to say truth, I am prodigiously pleased with what little I have seen of your manner.

Tor. Why, the manor, they tell me, isn't a bad one; but there's room for improvement.

Old. Indeed I think it vastly agreeable.

Tor. Then, on the whole, you don't dislike the place?

Old. In my opinion, the place bids fair to turn out all I could wish.

Tor. Well, well, we must lay our heads together, how to make it better.

Old. Begging your pardon, that will depend upon the master.

Tor. Pooh! if you mean money, I don't mind that.

Old. Why, money is an object in a place to be sure; but good treatment is a prime matter with me.

Tor. Treatment? Ay, true;—as the poet says—"In all, let nature never be forgot:"—We mustn't have too much labour.

Old. That's a good hearing; for she's very delicate.

Tor. "But treat the goddess like a modest fair!"

Old. The goddess!

Tor. "Nor over-dress"——

Old. That would be ridiculous.

Tor. "Nor leave her wholly bare."

Old. (*Starting up.*) Dam'me if I'd stand by and suffer such a thing for the universe!

Tor. (*Rising.*) This man's an enthusiast in his business. He'll do! We'll begin our operations betimes to-morrow morning. Are you an early riser?

Old. First up in the house, this thirty years.

Tor. Indefatigable in your profession, I dare say.

Old. I was always fond of my business. When I was a boy, I had the watering-pot in my hand by day-break, and had generally done sprinkling before a soul was stirring.

Tor. The watering-pot!—So—began with the lowest rudiments of his art, I suppose, and was a common gardener—(*Aside.*) Well, application added to genius is always sure to rise—And 'tis amazing how much we have mended in your line, within the last century. Quite another taste. Hardly a remnant of the old style to be seen.

Old. Now and then a remnant of that kind comes in my way, but very scarce.

Tor. So much the better—Our forefathers were too formal;—too stiff by half;—no grace, no ease, no sweep;—they could never boast any thing like the lawns of the present day.

Old. Lawns are a nice article, and brought to amazing perfection, that's certain.

Tor. I see we shall agree on our notions on all points. We'll talk more about it, when the cloth is removed. You'll dine with me of course. I have only Heartly.

Old. Dine with you? Bless me! that honour is too great.

Tor. Why, where the deuce wou'd you dine?

Old. With your leave, as long as I stay, I'll take my victuals in the housekeeper's room.

Tor. (*Aside.*) Zounds! he is modest even to shyness, indeed, as Heartly says. You are to do as you like, but——

Enter SOLOMON GUNDY.

Sol. There's a man in the hall——

Tor. Wants my *other* ear, I suppose. What's his name?

Sol. Mr Barford, of our village.

Tor. The gentleman I met at the Spread Eagle, who was burnt out?

Sol. Yes;—one of the unhappy incendiaries.

Tor. Shew him into the breakfast-parlour.—And conduct this gentleman to the housekeeper's room—(*To* OLDSKIRT.) But suppose you let him take you into the park first—Do—perhaps you'll catch a hint.

Old. (*Aside.*) Catch a hint!—Bless me! I'm more likely to catch a cold, this rainy day.—By all means, whatever you please.

Tor. Attend the gentleman, then, Solomon. We shall meet by and by, you know. [*Exit.*

Old. I'm always at your commands—(*To* SOLOMON.) Shew me to the housekeeper's room at once.

Sol. That's *tooty fay impossceble.* My master has laid his conjunctions upon me to take you a *promenade.*

Old. (*Bowing.*) Thank you, sir. Now, whether this foreigner is going to take me out of doors, or into the housekeeper's room, I wish I may be burnt if I can understand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Manor-House—BARFORD *discover'd.*

Bar. The wealthy man takes his time:—but poverty, it seems, must always wait the leisure of the rich. Oh! I hear him coming.

Enter TORRENT.

Tor. Ah! Mr Barford! this is kind! you are come to dinner, as I requested.

Bar. I am here, sir, upon business.

Tor. Well, we'll settle it after our bottle, and——

Bar. Pardon me; I——

Tor. But why didn't you bring your friend the parson? I respect the cloth, and there's a plum-pudding.

Bar. Look at this pocket-book, sir. (*Putting it into his hands.*)

Tor. 'Tis a—hem!—'tis a mighty neat one, indeed.

Bar. You certainly recollect it.

Tor. I—I think I have seen a clasp of this pattern before.

Bar. Nay, sir, I know it is yours, and I must insist upon restoring it to you. There are bank-notes to the amount of a hundred and fifty pounds. See if they be right.

regiment should at least be, once in a winter, a pair of stockings the better for him.

Bar. My wife resolv'd to be the partner of my voyage. Flush'd with the hope of fame, and ardent in my country's cause, I gaz'd from the deck upon my native cliffs, without one sigh as I receded from them; for I had the wife of my bosom on one side, and the friend of my bosom on the other.

Tor. I wish I were young—I'd marry, and go into the army, to-morrow morning.

Bar. Mark the reverse.—After five years residence in the West Indies, the friend, whose need had been supplied by my unsuspecting love, seduc'd the innocent he had given to me at the altar; and, at one blow, struck two of the keenest wounds upon his benefactor's heart, the heart of man can suffer.

Tor. Damn him for a scoundrel!

Bar. The guilty fled together. I pursu'd, and overtook their carriage. The bosom traitor threw out his sword, unsheath'd, and exclaim'd he was ready, on the instant, to give me satisfaction.

Tor. What? By—Oh, true—I had forgot:—The modern notion of satisfaction is, that the injur'd is to enjoy a chance of being murder'd by his injurer.

Bar. The hilt of his sword stuck deep in the soil of the road, while the blade pointed upwards to that heaven which had witnessed his villainy. In leaping out, he fell upon it; it pierc'd his body, and he expired at my feet.

Tor. And by almost the only sword that would not have been disgrac'd by ridding the world of such a monster. Who was he?

Bar. Your brother.

Tor. My bro—I—You—So, then, it seems he's died at last, by—I don't mean to insult you by being shock'd at his death; but he was my brother, and I can't help it. What became of your wife?

Bar. We had a daughter, four years old. The wretched woman hurried from the scene of death, to give a last kiss to her little one, before she shrunk from the eye of an outrag'd husband; but, while the smiling baby twin'd its arms about her neck, a mother's tenderness urg'd her to add to a wife's cruelty; and, as she rush'd from my roof for ever, she bore away my infant.

Tor. Pray, say no more:—he was my brother, but I'm afraid he deserv'd to——

Bar. Deserv'd! Oh! Probity, Honour, Domestic Peace! how often are your sacred bonds rent asunder, and how lenient is law to the offender!—If the famish'd criminal be executed, who purloins a little food to preserve life, what sentence can be too severe for the libertine wretch, who has plunged his friend's family in anguish, to gratify his passions!

Tor. You have too much reason, I believe, to abhor my brother's memory.

Bar. He has disgusted me with the living, but I wage no war with the dead; although his death ruin'd my fortunes, as his life destroy'd my happiness.

Tor. Your fortunes!

Bar. At the moment he was planning my misery, and my wife's shame, I had become his security to so large an amount, that my paternal income was annihilated in discharging his creditors.

Tor. Bring your claim against his relations. I am the only one surviving, and will discharge the bonds directly. Where are they?

Bar. Here is your brother's note, bearing a reference to those bonds, for seven thousand pounds. (*Shewing it to* TORRENT.)

Tor. I'll swear to the hand. Let me cancel the debt, though I blush at the relationship.

Bar. I cancel it now, sir. (*Tears it.*) That pocket-book, which I have just return'd, has given me a far,

far more valuable claim; my title is indisputably legal, and I am here to assert it.

Tor. Pocket-book! There's nothing that I recollect, but—but the paltry notes and—(*Searching it*)—and some memorandums—and a long letter here, without an *envelope*, from a poor girl in distress, who is coming to be my housekeeper.

Bar. I must see her.

Tor. See her!—Why?

Bar. That this heart, so long cold and desolate, may feel the aching transport of a father, when it beats against the bosom of my child.

Tor. Child! What, is she the infant daughter that—Hollo! (*Calling.*) You shall be—Solomon!—I'm as much pleas'd as if—Thomas! Pooh!—he's drunk—My dear sir, if she's not arriv'd yet, you'll see her to-night to a certainty.

Bar. Not arriv'd! The letter says she would be here this morning.

Tor. Yes; but she's not come.—The moment I—that is, she—I mean that—Zounds! I'm too much flurried to speak plain. But don't distrust me:—If my brother has sullied his memory, by making a husband wretched, don't suppose I can't jump for joy in making a father happy.

Enter SOLOMON GUNDY.

Tor. Is Miss Fanny—is—the housekeeper arriv'd?

Sol. No.

Bar. No!

Tor. No!

Sol. *Nong paw*, as the French say; but the little man in the bob wig is run out of his senses.

Tor. Then I wish you had run into them.—What's the matter with him?

Sol. A total arrangement of his ineffectuals.—He's what we call *foo* at Dunkirk. He says you sent him into the park to take him in; calls all the prospects

a blind; and when I shewed him the stags, he ran into the *chateau*, and said he wouldn't be kept from his own little dear.

Tor. Why, what is all this?—Don't be impatient. (*To* BARFORD.) This is only a strange surveyor that—You shall soon be made easy.

Bar. I shall expect it, sir.

Enter JONATHAN OLDSKIRT.

Old. I've been from the top of the house to the bottom; but I sha'n't be bamboozled.

Tor. Hey-day!

Old. Mr Torrent, you know what business brought me here.

Tor. To be sure I do.

Old. Then I'm a reputable man, and insist upon joining the party.

Tor. Joining the party!—When I ask'd you to dine at my table, didn't you tell me you would take your victuals in the housekeeper's room?

Old. That's what I wanted; but, instead of that, this outlandish fellow has kept me capering about the park, after a parcel of live venison.

Sol. 'Twas my master's *ordonnance*, and I acted according to *riggles*.

Tor. Hold your tongue!—If you wish to go to dinner, go to dinner; and when you like; nobody hinders you.

Old. Damn the dinner!—that isn't my object.

Sol. Tezzy voo, according to the French; for if you are saucy to my master, I shall kick you out, agreeable to the English.

Tor. Leave the room. [*Exit* SOLOMON GUNDY.

Old. Don't tell me; I'll raise the whole county, but I'll know the rights on't.

Tor. Heartly has sent me a maniac. Aren't you welcome to all the house affords?—What more do you want?

Old. Want?—I'll have a beautiful young woman.

Tor. The devil you will!

Old. Yes; and I won't rest till I'm satisfied.

Tor. I'll tell you what, my friend; for a man, modest even to shyness, you are as brazen a dog as ever threw up a clump.

Old. I've clump'd here up to my neck in clay; and it's well I did, or I might have been cheated out of my charge.

Tor. I never knew such assurance!—How dare you talk to me of being cheated of a charge, when you have no title yet to demand one?

Old. We shall see that.—I'll swear to our parting this morning in the lane, in the direct road to your house.

Tor. 'Tis my opinion that you'll swear to any thing; but, so far from parting with you in a lane, curse me if I ever saw your extraordinary face any where but in this parlour!

Old. Who says you did?

Tor. You, this minute—But here comes a gentleman who will settle matters, and rid my house of you directly.

Old. With all my heart. Let him clear up all. I've no objection to meeting a gentleman, for my part, when he behaves as such.

Enter HEARTLY.

Tor. So, Mr Heartly, here's a mighty modest person, according to your notion of things, to whom I must beg you to talk a little, if you please.

Heart. (*Bowing to* OLDSKIRT.) Sir, your most obedient.

Old. (*Returning the bow vulgarly.*) Sir, yours.

Tor. And now, let me tell you, (*To* HEARTLY,) if you had search'd all England for a shy and a cheap man, you couldn't have pick'd out a more impudent or extortionate fellow.

Old. I don't value what you say of me a button. Come to the point.

Heart. I'm thunderstruck!—Who can this be?

Tor. Who should it be—but your precious recommendation, the surveyor.

Old. Surveyor!

Heart. You are mistaken—I never saw this person before.

Tor. No!

Old. You know that as well as he. But that fetch won't pass.—I'll have what I came for.

Tor. And what the devil did you come for?

Old. For one who is as dear to me as the eyes in my head. Didn't I tell you I came to better her prospects, now she had got a place?—And didn't you cajole me by saying you'd help me to mend 'em? But old Jonathan Oldskirt had rather see all his remnants on fire, than return to the back of St Clement's before he knows Miss Fanny Delamere is safe.

Bar. How!—Are you the person she mentions in her letter, who has shewn her so much care and kindness?

Old. What's that to you?—I know none of you; but let her be forth-coming.

Bar. (*Warmly*). She shall be forth-coming.

Tor. Oldskirt!—Zounds! then you are the remnant-seller who settled every thing for the place with my agent in London.

Old. Pooh! pooh!—You knew that all along.

Bar. 'Tis fit that I, as her father, Mr Torrent, should know every thing.

Old. Her father!—What!—Will she find a father after all?—Lord, Lord! I—But first, let her father find *her*. Have the house search'd directly.

Tor. Why, what is it you mean to insinuate?

Old. I'll take my oath to leaving her a few hours ago, not half a mile off, in her way to the house;

and, when I got here myself, you said you expected me, because she had just mention'd to you I was coming.

Bar. You hear that, sir.

Tor. Yes; but I said no such thing.

Old. Don't believe him—Fie upon you! You are no better than a kidnapper.

Tor. Dam'me, if I—

Heart. (*Interposing.*) Softly—Here must be some mistake. Mr Barford, if you have that claim to inquiry to which the tender name you have just mention'd gives you a title, we had better leave you to investigate the matter coolly with my friend. Come, Mr Oldskirt, to avoid clamour, suppose you and I withdraw to another apartment.

Old. (*To* BARFORD.) Do you say I should?

Bar. I think it would be better.

Old. Well, I—But don't be bamboozl'd—We're in bad hands.

Heart. Come, come.

Old. (*Going.*) Curse me, though, if I quit the premises till I see her!

[*Exeunt* HEARTLY *and* OLDSKIRT *on one side.* TORRENT *and* BARFORD *on the other.*

SCENE II.

A substantial House on a Heath. Barns and Out-Houses adjoining.—A slight Railing in Front of the House, and a Wicket, to which a Bell is attach'd.—A Cart under a Shed, and at the end of it is inscrib'd "Barabbas Hogmore—Tax'd Cart."—The Sea at a distance.—Bright Moon-light.

Enter HENRY.

Hen. After a painful walk from the beach, here is a house at last. I need not doubt a reception,

for I am on British ground. The mastiff barking, as a nocturnal terror at an Englishman's gate, gives sure token of comfort to the wanderer in search of a habitation. (*Rings at the wicket.*)

Hog. (*Looks out at one pair of stairs window.*) Who's that?

Hen. A stranger in quest of a night's lodging.

Hog. We don't let any here. (*Going to shut the window.*)

Hen. Stay a moment. I do not want to *hire* a night's lodging—I *entreat* one.

Hog. That's a genteel way of begging, I suppose. Where do you come from?

Hen. The coast of France.

Hog. O ho! I understand. If you have any run brandy, I should like a keg, snug and reasonable. I'll come down to you.

Hen. You mistake me. I was, six months ago, impress'd into the king's service;—I was captur'd by the enemy;—have escap'd from a French prison;—and, after many hardships at sea, was put on shore, in an open boat, an hour since, on this coast.

Hog. That may be all gammon. Coast of France, indeed! 'Tis a mighty extraordinary story. Are you an Englishman?

Hen. I am a British subject, and want shelter.

Hog. You don't get any here.

Hen. Then your want is more extraordinary, for an Englishman, than mine.

Hog. What's that?

Hen. The want of hospitality.

Hog. Look ye, my man; I'm a Yorkshire freeholder: my young ones are just going to bed, and I am obligated to keep 'em safe: if you hover outside of my warm dwelling, because you are in want of house and home, I'll fire at you, as every tender master of a family is in duty bound. (*Shuts the window.*)

Hen. Brute! You form, I hope, a strong exception to the rule of that country's generosity in which you are born. His young ones!—What a litter of cubs must spring from such a bruin! I am very faint, but I will stagger on. (*Going.*)

(*A Boy, apparently seven years of age, puts his head from a window of the ground-floor, and calls to* HENRY.)

Boy. Hollo! Master!

Hen. (*Turning back.*) A child's voice!

Boy. Don't you go.

Hen. Why not, my little fellow?

Boy. Because I'm locked in to go to bed. I've all this closet to myself; so, if you creep in at window, you shall sleep in my room if you like.

Hen. Can so sweet a baby belong to that savage?

Boy. But stay, I had better come out, for Tiger's unchain'd—He'll bite you if he don't see me with you; he won't bite you when he does, for I ride upon him. I'm coming.

Hen. No, no; you'll fall and hurt yourself.

Boy. No, I sha'n't. I clamber out of this window very often, and in again too, when brother John plays with me at hide-and-seek.

Hen. Take care.

Boy. Stop, though—Mother puts her cold ham and cordial bottle in my cupboard; and I dare say you are very dry and hungry. (*Goes back.*)

Hen. Infantine simplicity, how powerful is thy appeal to Nature! How do thy tones and gestures awaken in us that softness which age, with all its acquired austerity (sour vintage of life!) cannot resist.

(*Boy having come from the window to* HENRY, *with bottle and meat in a basket.*)

Boy. Have you got a knife in your pocket?

Hen. Yes, my sweet fellow.

Boy. Then cut the ham very smooth, and father

won't miss it; else, if he finds me out to-morrow morning, he'll larrup me.

Hen. Can he ever have the heart to beat you?

Boy. Never very hard when mother's by, for then he'd get it himself. Come, why don't you eat? And then we'll go to bed.

Hen. I am too ill to eat, my dear boy; but the contents of your bottle will cheer me.

Boy. Oh! nobody will miss that. When mother gets up, she never remembers if she left any in it over night.

Hen. (*Drinks.*) What is your name, my dear?

Boy. I'm Bill.

Hen. Won't you lose a keep-sake, if I give you one?

Boy. No, that I won't.

Hen. See—here is a silver whistle for you. I tore it by accident from a poor boatswain, as I was endeavouring to pluck him from the waves, when he was drowning.

Boy. What!—and was he drowned for good and all?

Hen. Yes. Be sure to keep this till you are a man, and it will put you in mind to do then what you are doing now.

Boy. What's that?

Hen. (*Lifting him up in his arms.*) To struggle all in your little power to save a fellow-creature from sinking. (*Kisses him, and puts him to the ground. As going.*) Farewell.

Boy. Oh, but you won't go?

Hen. Yes, my love. But I must see you get into your room first.

Boy. Oh, but stay, and see how nice I'll blow this whistle. (*Blows it.*)

Hen. Hush! you'll alarm the house.

Boy. Oh dear! I forgot that.—There's father at

the window—Let us get under the great elm. (*They retire.*)

Hog. (*Looking out.*) Who's that?

Enter SOLOMON GUNDY.

Sol. Mr Hogmore, I wish you a very *bong soir*.

Hog. What do you want here, after sun-set, you rat-killing vagabond! No good, I'll answer for you.

Sol. Whoever answered for you, at your christening, to teach you the vulgar tongue, kept his word with the strictest voracity. And as to killing rats, you have always been my victorious competitioner.

Hog. How do you make out that?

Sol. While *I* have poisoned one, you have starved twenty. But suppose now, our new lord of the manor had placed me at the top of his house?

Hog. Then I shouldn't be plagued with you under my wall.

Sol. He has sent me here, officiously, to implore the country in search of a wanderer. Have you seen one?

Hog. There was one wanting to get in just now.

Sol. Huzza! What did you do?

Hog. I'll shew you. (*Slaps down the window.*)

Sol. That man is what I call a *Poissarde*. I could hear no news of this housekeeper at the Spread Eagle. I'm afraid we must look upon her as lost, like an *ongfong trouway*. But I suffused a sigh into the ambrosial ear of my Amy, and murmured my youthful vow of everlasting detachment.

(HENRY *and the Boy come forward.*)

Who's that?

Hen. The wanderer, you have just been told, was refused admittance to that dwelling.

Sol. This can't be the housekeeper, for she's a *song culotte*, as the French say. Where do you come from?

Boy. He came out of a boat;—all the way from France.

Sol. From France! Hem! *Parly Fransay un pew*, I suppose, *Musseer?* (*To* HENRY.)

Hen. I understand French better than I speak it.

Sol. That's not my case: I speak it, *toote le maim*, as well as I do English. What part did you *voyagy* from last?

Hen. From Dunkirk.

Sol. Dunkirk! that's astonishing! The place where I received my foreign polish. Perhaps you lodged at the *Tetty de Buff?*

Hen. I lodged in a prison.

Sol. A prison!

Hen. And the most wretched of its kind.

Sol. Now, that's what I call *le diable momporte.*

Hen. My story is brief. I was taken in the English service by the French, and have escaped, first from their prisons, then from the storms that have driven me so far northward on the English coast. Be my guide to any place where I may rest for the night, and I will reward you for your labour.

Sol. I'll tell you what you shall give me.

Hen. Make your terms.

Sol. A cursed thump on the head, if I take a farthing for helping a distressed English seaman, thrown on his own shore, from the clutches of the enemy.

Hen. My good friend, whatever your proficiency may be in French, such language is pure English, and that of the best subjects in the British dominions.

Sol. Don't be surprised at my orthography of utterance, for my father was schoolmaster at the contagious village; so learning to me is hereditary.

Hen. Well, shew me the nearest habitation, for I am almost dropping with fatigue.

Boy. My lord's house is just a' top of our hill.

Sol. I must go to Lord Alamode's to make inquisitions about our housekeeper; but they have no family

there now. I'll take you afterwards to my master's, where you will be treated *cummy fo*, as we say.

Hen. Oh! the very first place of rest.

Sol. 'Tis but a few hundred yards, and the night is quite lunatic.

Hen. First let me take care of my little friend. Come, William, I must see you safe into your room.

Boy. Oh! I can get in easy enough.

Hen. Won't you let me help you? You have been ready enough to help me.

Boy. Yes, that you shall, if you like. Softly, though, for fear father should hear us again. Come along. (*Goes to the window.*) Now for it. (*Gets in, and remains in sight.*)

Hen. (*To* SOL.) My good friend, give me that basket. God bless you! (*To the child.*)

Boy. Good b'ye!

Sol. (*Giving the basket.*) Here's a ham! A *jambong*, as we call it at Dunkirk.

Boy. (*To* HENRY.) If you come this way again, I shall be very glad to see you.

Hen. And if I do come this way again, it shall go hard but I *will* see you. Good night, my sweet little fellow! (*Kisses him.*)

Boy. Good night; I'll take care of the whistle. (*Goes in.*)

Hen. Come, friend, come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I

A Room in LORD ALAMODE'S *House.*

Enter MRS GLASTONBURY *and* FANNY.

Fan. My presence here arises entirely from mistake, believe me.

Mrs Glas. Well, well; I take your word for it.—But that brute Bang did not lock me up by mistake, that's certain. You are the new housekeeper, you say, at the manor-house.—You are prodigiously young, child, for the mysteries of so important an office.

Fan. There is no mystery, I imagine, in being strictly honest to my employer.

Mrs Glas. Honest! Fiddle faddle! Can you raise paste, and make lemon-cheesecakes? Do you know what is good for an inward bruise? Have you studied the whole art of preserves, pickles, jellies, cakes, candies, dried fruits, made wines, cordials, and distillery?

Fan. No, indeed.

Mrs Glas. I thought so; but, as you let me out of the closet, I owe you a return of favours.

Fan. And I entreat your assistance, madam, immediately.—Enable me at present to fly from this house.

Mrs Glas. Don't be alarmed, young woman. Has that madman, my lord has sent here, been rude to you?

Fan. Indeed he has! By proposals which, however speciously worded, a virtuous woman bears with indignation.

Mrs Glas. Oh! I wish he had been rude to me! I would have given him such a look! my looks freeze a libertine, they are reckon'd so very repelling.

Fan. In this lone house, and in his power, I have nearly sunk with terror; but the wine he has drank, which at first increased my fears, gave me an opportunity of escaping from his apartment.

Mrs Glas. And, in running along the gallery, you heard me calling help through the key-hole.

Enter CARRYDOT.

So, Mr Carrydot! fine doings, truly!

Car. What is the matter, madam?

Mrs Glas. Matter! I have been made prisoner in my own china-closet, by that beast of a gamekeeper.

Car. Bless me!

Mrs Glas. Bless you? Bless me, if you go to that! and while one ruffian has lock'd me up, t'other has made advances to her, which make every virtuous housekeeper tremble!

Enter ANDREW BANG, *drunk.*

And. I say, old Carrydot, do you go and fetch coffee for the baronet.

Car. Drunk as an owl! how did you get in this sad condition?

And. Sad? That be your mistake. I've been getting merry.

Mrs Glas. So, sir, I am obliged to you for locking me up.

And. Don't ye mention it.—You be kindly welcome, I do assure ye.

Car. Answer me, you abominable!—How came you in this pickle?

And. Mother Glastonbury forgot to lock up her cherry-bounce before I lock'd up she.

Mrs Glas. And you have drank it all?

And. Damn the drop's left, as the baronet said, e'en now, a'ter his third bottle o' claret.

Car. His third! Why, I only sent up the third, because you told me the second was cork'd.

And. So it ware then; but when I uncork'd it, he drank it. Miss, the baronet do want you to pour out his coffee.

Fan. I shall never—but I cannot give you an answer.

And. Nor I you, hardly; so we be much of a muchness. (*A ring at the gate.*)

Car. There's a ring at the court-gate.—Inquire who it is, if you can.

And. Pooh! I'm sober enow, you'll see, and—— (*Ring again.*)

Car. Go to the gate.—Let me see that, you hog.

And. I wool; but if you want to see a hog in a gate, you had best go to't yoursen wi' a looking-glass. [*Exit.*

Fan. And now, sir, set me free, I beseech you.

Car. Nay, nay, be advised.—I am unable, while matters are in this state, to leave the house myself to-night; and your venturing alone would be dangerous.—To-morrow, early, I will see you safe.—Rest easy, child, till then, under my care.

Fan. Till to-morrow, then, to your care, though with a trembling heart, I confide myself.

Mrs Glas. Ay, ay, you needn't fear trusting yourself to him.—We have pass'd many a winter's evening together; and he's as harmless a man as any in Christendom, I'll answer for him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Hall at LORD ALAMODE'S.

ANDREW BANG *admitting* SOLOMON GUNDY *and* HENRY.

Sol. Thank you, Mr Bang, for letting us in.—*Mill grass*, as we say at Dunkirk.

And. You be kindly welcome, as we do say in Yorkshire.

Sol. My business here———But, first, for this gentleman—he has just deliberated himself from the clutches of our incapable enemy, the French.

And. The French!—How the dickens did he get here?

Hen. The usual mode of crossing from the Continent to an island is by sea, friend.

Sol. Yes; he's just come off the *mer.*

And. Cross the sea upon a *mare!*—Dang me! but that be a rum way of coming over!

Hen. Permit a fatigued stranger to remain here till day-break, friend, and I shall be thankful.

And. You be welcome to our arm-chair, zur. (*Pointing to one.*)

Sol. Hav'n't you, *par accidong*, such a thing in the house as a bed?

And. Plenty i' the wash.—All ours, bating they in use, be pull'd down for cleaning.

Sol. Nothing to eat?—A few eggs, perhaps, for a *hamlet.*

And. I emptied my lord's hen-roost at my dinner-time; for he do keep I upon board wages.

Sol. And—hem—I see you never have any thing to drink.

And. Bless ye, ours be an unaccountable sober family.

Hen. A roof over my head is all I desire. (*Throws himself in the chair.*)

Sol. Now for my own business.—Come here, Mr Bang—have you *wrong-countered* a refugee?

And. Anan?

Sol. I am looking for one that is not to be found.

And. Who be it?

Sol. A hapless female! wandering, benighted, through the *beau monde*, exposed to insults from the licentiate!

And. Now just put that into English, will you?

Sol. The housekeeper's lost out of the stage-coach, who was to come to-day to the manor-house.

And. Is she, by golls!

Sol. She is, *parblew!*—Have you seen any thing of her?

And. I'll step and ax the baronet.

Sol. Ask a baronet?

And. Ees; we ha' gotten one come down to our house.

Sol. Have you?—A *shevalleer*, as we call 'em at Dunkirk. But can't you tell whether you've seen a young woman, without asking a baronet?

And. Na, sure.—Why, I shouldn't know when I'd seen a baronet, himsen, if somebody didn't tell I what he ware.

Sol. This man's almost a naturalist.

And. Bide where you be—I'll be wi' ye in no time. So there be a hue and cry a'ter miss! I wonder where be the baronet's conscience.—Dang me, if I tell a lie for him, about her, under five shillings!

[*Exit.*

Sol. (*Turning towards* HENRY.) The stranger is fast asleep.—Ah! how little the terraqueous lands-

man thinks on the hardships of the poor fatigued marine! (*A ring at the gate bell.*)—Somebody *sonnys* the *clash*—Mr Bang's busy, and I'll open the gate. Sir! (*Jogging* HENRY.)

Hen. Well, friend, why have you waked me?

Sol. Only to tell you not to be disturb'd, if any body comes in. [*Exit.*

Hen. Why should I endeavour to repose, when I am tortured with such anxieties? Sleep descends upon the eye-lids of the happy, like Heaven's dew-drops on the earth, cool and refreshing; but the dosings of a disturb'd mind add listlessness to the fever'd limbs of the slumberer.

Re-enter SOLOMON GUNDY, *escorting* TORRENT *and* BARFORD.

Tor. But is she to be found?

Sol. All my derogatories have been crown'd with disappointment.

Bar. No tidings!

Sol. *Poing de too.*

Bar. 'Tis very unaccountable.

Tor. So it is:—but what would you have me do more? Isn't this almost the only house that we haven't searched? What would you infer?

Bar. The inference, under all the circumstances, is, that as she is to be found in no other house, she may still be conceal'd in yours.

Tor. Zounds! Then, to convince yourself, spring a mine upon it with gunpowder; that will search every cranny. You'll blow up a hump-back'd cook and a pimple-faced footman; but if you throw out a handsome housekeeper, I'll suffer the fate of Guy Fawkes.

Bar. One way or other my doubts must be satisfied. [*Goes up the stage.*

Tor. This comes of doing kindnesses; but if ever I am caught at another—I'll harden myself against

all manner of pity; I'll——Who's that asleep in the chair? (*Seeing* HENRY.)

Sol. A *matelot*.

Tor. What the devil's that?

Sol. An English seaman, lately inkarkerated in France, that wants a bed to lie down on.

Tor. Wants a bed! And who are the unfeeling scoundrels that let him lie there? Stay—He's waking. (HENRY *rises.*) Young man, you are in need of help, they tell me—my house is close by, and I have bed, board, and lodging at your service.

Hen. To whom am I indebted for this kindness?

Tor. To one who has just resolv'd to feel for nobody; but, curse me, if any thing could be more ill-timed to a man, beginning to be hard-hearted, than the sight of an English seaman in want of assistance.

Enter ANDREW BANG.

Tor. Who's this?

Sol. My lord's game-keeper—his *gardy sash*, as the French say. Any news of the young woman, Mr Bang?

Bar. (*Starting up.*) What? we have still a chance here then?

And. The baronet do say he'll answer all questions himsen.

Bar. The baronet?

And. Ees, he be an old friend o' my lord's; though he and I haven't been long intimate.

Bar. Let us see him immediately.

Tor. Let me see him first by myself.

Bar. Why so?

Tor. I suppose you don't want to make a hubbub of inquiry; and as I am a neighbour, fixing in this country, the thing will be done more quiet and more proper.

Bar. Perhaps you may be right, sir. I will wait for you here.

Tor. Conduct me to this baronet directly.

And. Mind how you do come through our gallery, zur. It be nation dark, and a'ter dinner, you mayn't be quite steady.

Tor. Solomon Gundy, come with me, or this drunken rascal will lead me into the cellar.

Sol. Voos avy rasong. Besides, this building's very antic, and, I dare say, full of rats. Mr Bang, pray go first.

And. A'ter you, if you please, Mr Gundy.

Tor. Oh! confound you both! Get on, and shew me the way. [*Drives them before him, and exit.*

Hen. Who is that gentleman, sir, who has made me so hospitable an offer?

Bar. His name is Torrent.

Hen. Torrent! Had he a relation who served several years ago in an English regiment, in Jamaica?

Bar. (*With a movement of surprise.*) Did you know any thing of such a relation?

Hen. I know he was a villain. He was guilty of the deepest treachery to a generous friend, and entail'd many a year of misery on that friend's penitent wife, whom he had seduced from her duties.

Bar. Was she penitent? Are you certain, sir, of that circumstance?

Hen. Remorse preyed upon her lovely frame, and sunk her to the grave: and, as the head of the poor dying soul reclined on the bosom of her daughter, she fervently bless'd her husband, and implored Heaven's and his forgiveness.

Bar. Did—did you witness this distressing scene, sir?

Hen. Yes; had the husband been present, I think the sense of his wrongs would have yielded to his pity, and he would have pardon'd her.

Bar. The sight would have wrung his heart. The thoughts of former mutual affection, in her bloom of innocence, might have rush'd upon his mind, while

he beheld her agony, and forced him to obey the mild precept of divine mercy, when crime is expiated by repentance.

Hen. Did you know her husband, Captain Delamere?

Bar. I—I was acquainted with him, sir.

Hen. Can you inform me if he be still alive?

Bar. Why do you inquire?

Hen. To little purpose, perhaps, at this moment. Six months ago I had a treasure of his in my care to restore to him.

Bar. What was it, sir?

Hen. His daughter.

Bar. His daughter! Then 'twas to you she was consign'd, by her dying mother, as your intended wife?

Hen. How came that to your knowledge?

Bar. You may be inform'd hereafter. But the instant you arrived with her in London, you abandon'd her.

Hen. I would sooner have abandon'd life.

Bar. If you betray'd her innocence; if, with the smile of protection, you lured her to infamy, and then left her to famine, your life, sir, must be answerable to her father, on your first encounter with him. Suppose I were intimate with Delamere? Suppose I felt as warmly for his interest as my own?

Hen. You might then inform him (it would be my duty, could I discover him) that on our arrival in London, as I left her at our inn, to seek for her an humble, but proper habitation, I was hurried on board a vessel, sent into action, immured afterwards in French prisons, whence I have escaped to England, in the anxious hope that I may recover and again protect her.

Bar. But was not a father's consent necessary to your union?

Hen. 'Twas my ardent wish to obtain it; but where

was I to find him? In such a case, had he re-appear'd, a father's anger would not have fallen upon us, when I had married his friendless daughter, that I might afford her an honourable claim to share the humble income my professional pursuits might obtain for me in England.

Bar. Take his consent, young man; take the gratitude of an unhappy husband, for soothing the last moments of a deluded, heart-broken wife. Accept the tears of a father, for the protection you have given to his child.

Hen. Her father! Are you, then, sir——

Bar. Yes, yes; say no more now. Spare me.—The heart that has been so long torpid in the sullenness of misfortune, can scarcely bear this aching surprise of the affections.

Hen. But have you intelligence, sir, concerning her?

Bar. I have. A letter, which she writ to Mr Torrent, who has just left us, gave me this morning much of her history.

Hen. Can we trace her?

Bar. Perhaps we may; but I fear some treachery, even from the person who ostensibly protects her—this Torrent—'tis a hateful name! Come with me further into this house—we must search every angle of it.

Hen. Rely on my activity.

Bar. Oh, young man! You are beginning to wake me from dreams of gloom, which I fear I have too much encouraged. Misfortunes have made me hate the world; but afflictions are the test of religious patience, and repining is impious, when Providence has ever so many unforeseen blessings in store for us.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in LORD ALAMODE'S *House.*

Enter SIR LARRY MACMURRAGH *and* TORRENT.

Tor. But, sir, you won't tell me whether you do or don't know any thing of her.

Sir Lar. That all comes of my having had my claret.

Tor. Had your claret!

Sir Lar. A man of fashion, you know, never bothers his head after dinner about business, without 'tis gaming.

Tor. But zounds, sir, here's a beautiful girl lost; the whole country is running after her.

Sir Lar. Then, upon my conscience, the whole country has a deal of taste.

Tor. I cann't tell what to make of this buck! He seems half tipsy, and he either knows nothing about her, or too much. I'll at him again. Sir, my housekeeper, I tell you, was lost almost close to my park pales this morning.

Sir Lar. You'd have hinder'd that, if you'd just done as I did, a week ago.

Tor. What was that, sir?

Sir Lar. I lost my park itself, and every pale and stick about the good-looking premises.

Tor. Nay, sir, truce with trifling. She is a poor young handsome creature, who—

Sir Lar. Yes, I understand—She advertised, you told me.

Tor. Yes; she was among the numerous children of misfortune who wanted comfort.

Sir Lar. Och! faith, there's no small lot of hand-

some ladies to be comforted, if a man gives his mind to pity. Quite a beauty, you say!

Tor. So they tell me; and her distresses, of course, must interest me.

Sir Lar. Ay, humanity, and charity, and all that. A retired citizen, you know, must be decorous.

Tor. A retired citizen!

Sir Lar. Snug, you know.

Tor. Damn snug! I can't tell what you mean. If humanity and charity be decorous in a retired citizen, his *decorum* is only what it was before he *did* retire. Look at the commercial names that swell every list of national subscriptions, and then tell me whether men of the highest rank do not acknowledge, with pleasure, the merchant's kindred ardour in the country's welfare.

Sir Lar. Long life and prosperity to the city, sir, say I. But take my advice, as a friend,—don't be coming out, at moon-shine, after distress'd young creatures, or, upon my soul, you'll bring a scandal upon the corporation.

Tor. I come out after——Sir, my character has bid defiance to scandal these forty years.

Sir Lar. That's a mighty long provocation.

Tor. Zounds! Sir, you'd provoke a parson.

Sir Lar. Then you may keep cool till you take orders, you know.

Enter HENRY.

Hen. You must pardon my abrupt entrance, sir, for I have pressing business.

Sir Lar. Oh, murder! I see how it is.

Hen. In which business I have a friend in the house who is jointly concern'd.

Sir Lar. The game's up: tell me at whose suit, you divel, at once.

Hen. Suit!

Tor. Eh! the young seaman I left just now in the hall.

Hen. There is a servant in this house, sir, from whom I have gathered (thanks to his intoxication) that a female arriv'd here this morning, on whom you have basely impos'd, and who—

Sir Lar. Asy one moment, if you please, sir. We always take matters cool in Ireland, when it looks like a bit of a quarrel. May you chance to know who I am, sir?

Hen. A baronet, whose appellation, the servant tells me, 'tis very hard to remember. I congratulate you on this difficulty, which, should your exploits be publish'd, may prevent your name from being coupled with your transactions.

Sir Lar. It's my notion, one day, I'll print my memoirs myself, sir, and set my hand and seal to the back of 'em. Such a work, you know, must be address'd to the most impudent person born; and I hope you'll allow me the pleasure to write you a dedication.

Hen. In the mean time, sir, I have every reason to suppose that the female I have mention'd is still in this house: but the building is intricate. My friend is searching it on one side; I on the other. I have luckily stumbled on your apartments, and insist upon your immediately producing the person we seek, or giving me a strict account of your conduct.

Sir Lar. That same *insist* is rather an awkward bit of an expression. Indulge me, sir, in a trifling question:—May you, by any chance, just happen to be a gentleman?

Hen. Birth and education give me a claim to that character. And I have never forfeited my title by practising fraud on an unprotected woman.

Sir Lar. That's quite enough.—Mr Bang!—(*Calling.*)

Bang. (*Without.*) Zur.

Sir Lar. Bring in my pistols, and make haste with the coffee.

Enter ANDREW BANG *with coffee and pistols.*

Tor. I won't have any fighting.

Sir Lar. Don't you meddle, you old Cheapside—sure we must have all in readiness, providing that gentleman don't think proper to make me a small matter of apology.

And. There be the coffee, Sir Larry, smoking hot.

Sir Lar. Set it down on the table, and take out, in your arms, that little old gentleman.

And. Where be I to carry un to, zur?

Tor. If any body dare to—

Sir Lar. Fie upon you! Keep the peace! I am wishing to shew you all manner of respect; so, till this business is over, (which it is not decent for you to see,) what part of the house will we bind you over to?

And. There be plenty o' room for him in our hen-house.

Sir Lar. Then, by the powers, I'll send him to the Poultry.

Tor. Gentlemen, you think the game is in your own hands!—But I shall not suffer you to commit murder.

Sol. (Without.) Murder!

Sir Lar. Sure that's an echo!

Tor. Then you've brought it with you from Ireland; for 'tis as different from the reverbation of sound, as a cart-load of iron bars and an opera-singer.

Enter SOLOMON GUNDY.

Solomon Gundy! What the devil's the matter with you now?

Sol. There's a tame goat in the gallery.

Tor. Well?

Sol. As I was imploring, in the dark, through the intrikasies of this *chateau*, he butted me down as flat as a *six livre piece*.

Enter BARFORD.

Bar. This way the light directs me: and I——

Sir Lar. 'Faith, now, and here's another.—Is it a lady you are asking after, or are you running away from a goat in the gallery?

Bar. It is a lady, sir, I am seeking.

Sir Lar. I'm just going to give this gentleman an explanation of the whole affair in one word.

Bar. What is that one word, sir?

Sir Lar. Pop—A long Irish phrase, that stands for the English monosyllable, satisfaction.

Tor. No, you don't.—Come here, you drunken game-keeping rascal!—There are two pistols—take them away;—there's a guinea—and now go to the devil.

And. A guinea! I'd better go to the ale-house. [*Exit.*

Bar. (*To* SIR LAR.) I conceive, sir, you are possessed of some intelligence of the person whom we are anxious to discover.

Hen. I am convinced he is.

Tor. So am I.

Bar. Are you a father, sir?

Sir Lar. Upon my soul, sir, that's a mighty difficult question to answer.

Bar. Levity apart, sir, I am the father of the young person for whom we anxiously inquire. If you have any thing to disclose relative to my daughter, let me invoke your humanity rather than suspect your subterfuge.

Sir Lar. This is the case, sir, you see. Does an Irishman like a pretty woman? Sure, sir, he does; but when he's bullied by a wicked advertising alderman on one side of him, and a man in trowsers on the

other, damn the bit of answer will he give.—I—Give me your hand, sir—there's no standing a father's asking for his child. Sir, I'm a gentleman, a little wild, perhaps. But upon my honour and conscience, she's safe; and damme if an Irish gentleman will ever do a dirty action.

Bar. But is my daughter in this house?

Sir Lar. Hollo there, ask old Carrydot where's the young lady?

Enter JONATHAN OLDSKIRT *conducting* FANNY.

Old. I've got her! I've got her! I've got her!—I've hunted all the neighbourhood, and burn all my remnants, rather than not find her.

Fan. (*To* OLDSKIRT.) Under your protection, sir, I venture again into this gentleman's apartment; but whom else I am to meet, I—Henry! Ah!—

Hen. (*Runs to her.*) You encounter none but friends.

Fan. Whither have you—

Hen. Cease—cease to inquire now—my heart is too full; but here is one who claims every immediate attention.

Bar. (*Singles her out, and brings her forward.*) You—'tis fifteen years since you were torn from me, in—I mean, young lady, that I—Oh God! my child! my child! (*Falls on her neck.*)

Fan. My father!

Tor. Tol de riddle lol, lol, &c. Whoever says I am hasty in charity, I'll kick him.—Heartly may lecture as much as he pleases, but I'd rather hire twenty housekeepers, who would let my jellies turn mouldy, than lose the chance of this meeting. I'll make you all happy—I perceive you two are inclined to be *very* happy together, (*Pointing to* HENRY *and* FANNY,) and I owe it in justice, sir, to you, (*To* BARFORD,) to take care of their fortunes, if you'll permit me.

Bar. I begin not to be quite so fastidious relative

to obligations as I have been, sir; but still I dislike favours.

Tor. Well, well, we'll talk over all that. Master Oldskirt, you are a worthy fellow for taking care of this poor girl, and I must take care of you. As for you, Solomon Gundy, I suppose I must portion you off with the daughter of the Spread Eagle, and be pestered with your brats and jabber in my house, to the last hour of my life.

Sol. See voo play, as we say at Dunkirk—But I'm full of thankfulness and remorse.

Tor. (*To* SIR LAR.) As for you, sir—

Sir Lar. Make yourself easy on my account, old gentleman. You seem a worthy person, and I'm sorry I've afforded you any kind of offence. But as I didn't know the case of this mighty pretty couple, the lady will forgive all errors, and I'll look over the small words that happened to slide out of a wrong corner of that young gentleman's mouth.

Tor. All must be forgotten that requires to be forgiven; and I will (if I can) try to convert my haste of charity into (what Heartly calls) thinking benevolence.

Bar. And I, Mr Torrent, must endeavour to convert my mistaken tendency to misanthropy into a fair appreciation of mankind. To be soured with the world by the treachery of a few is judging millions by individuals. Men were born to endure; but half the measure of our grief depends upon our own sentiments.—And, gloomy as my thoughts have been, my anxious wish now is, to observe all around me indicating a light heart, and a good-humoured countenance. [*Exeunt.*

WERTER;

A

TRAGEDY,

IN THREE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY

F. REYNOLDS, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALBERT (*betrothed to Charlotte*),	*Mr Harley.*
SEBASTIAN (*Friend to Werter*),	*Mr Williamson.*
LEUTHROP { (*Werter's confidential Servant*), }	*Mr Claremont.*
WERTER (*in love with Charlotte*),	*Mr Holman.*
CHARLOTTE,	*Miss Wallis.*
LAURA (*her Confidante*),	*Miss Logan.*

Servants, Friends, &c.

Scene—Walheim, throughout.
Time—A Night and Day.

WERTER.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

CHARLOTTE'S *Apartment.*

Enter CHARLOTTE *and* LAURA.

Char. (*Reading a letter.*) Albert returns to-night
—he little thinks
What ravages a few short hours have made
In this distracted breast: Laura, he comes
To take possession of my promis'd hand,
And claim that love his virtue well deserves!
How will his hopes be dash'd, then, when he finds
That all the labours of three tedious years,
One night, one fatal night, has quite eras'd?
Lau. Banish these thoughts—they serve but to enhance
The sad remembrance of an hopeless love.
Char. Talk not of love, it has destroy'd my peace;
Oh! had not Werter's lovely form appear'd,

I still had liv'd unconscious of these pangs!
And Albert's friendship Werter's love supply'd;
But he has shewn the god in all his charms,
With each allurement to seduce the soul,
And then has left me to deplore and die!

Lau. Think not of Werter—'Twas thy solemn vow
To wed with Albert.

Char. And I'll maintain that vow;
Think'st thou that honour will descend to kneel
At love's fantastic throne? No, Laura! no;
Albert deservedly has gain'd my heart;
Some sighs may heave, some tears in pity fall,
When memory muses on another's fate;
But truth and constancy shall never cease
To pay that debt the generous Albert claims.

Enter WERTER.

Wer. My better angel!—Oh! at sight of thee
The gloomy winter in my bosom thaws,
And sunshine smiles again.

Char. O, Werter!

Wer. What means my Charlotte?

Char. Alas! my Werter,
There, in that letter, read thy hopeless fate.

Wer. (*Having read the letter.*) Albert return to-night!—Then am I curs'd indeed.

Char. Wou'd I could sooth the anguish of thy soul;
But well thou knowest honour denies thee that
Which best might give relief—yet, if the balm
Of healing pity will assuage thy pain,
Still thou art somewhat blest! for even now—
My heart is bleeding for the wounds of thine.

Wer. Generous Charlotte!—But oh! what needed this?
If sympathy could heal my rankled wounds,
I knew that thou wouldst pour the balsam on;
'Twas madness only that has made me thus,
And only that can save me!

Char. No, Werter;
'Tis Charlotte only that has made thee thus—
She is the origin of all thy woes!
Wer. Perish the thought!—I am myself the cause;
Thou art the lovely soother of my cares;
My guardian angel! sent by pitying Heav'n
To compensate my every other ill;—
And yet there is another that should claim
My warmest gratitude.
Char. O shun me! fly me!
I am a syren fatal to behold,
And ruin those I ever should protect.
Wer. Tell me delusion lurks beneath thy smiles;
Tell me destruction dwells within thine eye;
Tell me contagion hangs upon thy tongue;
And I will still love on, and still be happy;
But when thou tell'st me to avoid that form,
Death has no terrors! hell no pangs like mine!
Ah, whence those cruel tears!
Char. Thou best of men,
For thee they fall—anguish must have its vent,
Or the heart's blood would gush.
Wer. If I have liv'd
To give one moment's misery to thee,
That moment I have liv'd too long—by Heaven!
The frantic thought of adding woe to her,
Drives each ungenerous selfish sorrow hence,
And shews me what a shallow soul I have:
Oh! cease to weep; in a far worthier cause
Thy sorrows might be shed.
Char. Never, Werter.
When virtue such as thine is tortur'd thus;
When love, the purest, is so ill bestow'd,
And noblest talents are in love so lost,
The sympathizing heart may surely melt,
And melting, thus may pour its wishes forth.
Fly then far hence—seek some more generous fair;
And should she ask the story of thy life,

Tell her that Charlotte did abuse thy love:
Tell her, the only recompence she shew'd
For all thy sufferings was—to leave thee thus—
My heart no longer can support its pangs! [*Exit.*

Wer. (*Solus.*) If you have mercy, Heaven, O shew it now!
For never wretch did need your mercy more.
But hold—How shall my troubled mind resolve?
If I remain—'tis but to mar her peace—
'Tis but to check the generous Albert's bliss:
If I depart, the pain is all my own!
Where is that virtue then, that boasted honour,
That ever was my pride? O shame! 'tis fled,
And Werter's but the shadow of himself!
Yet will I shew some firmness still remains,
And shake these demons from the dens they haunt!
Yes, I will leave her—e'en now I'll seek my friend,
Take one short farewell, and depart to-night!
So may I live to bless that happy hour,
When honour nobly triumph'd over love! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Garden, by Moonlight.

Enter ALBERT.

Enough is known; and I with pity see
A youth the noblest struggling to subdue
A generous passion; whilst I in peace possess
The valued treasure he so much admires—
As the disturber of another's peace,
Honour compels me to attempt relief.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Alb. At length the wish'd-for moment is arrived!
At length I clasp thee in a fond embrace!
Char. Oh, 'tis an age since last we met!
Alb. The pangs of absence have indeed been great;
Yes, most severe—But I'll no more complain;
Propitious Heaven has granted all I ask'd;
Has yielded thee, the summit of my hopes!
And we shall part no more.
Char. May Heaven so grant!
Alb. Why those doubtful words?—and why that pensive look?
Oh! had I thought of meeting thee in grief,
The pangs of absence never had been borne—
'Twas the fond prospect of our future bliss,
That only cheer'd my pains!
Char. Alas! my lord,
When the great secret in my breast is known,
You will not wonder at my present grief—
Perhaps you'll think it merit all I feel,
And wound me with reproach!
Alb. Banish thy fears—
I know that secret—I approve its cause:
It adds new honour to the best of hearts,
And makes me worship, where before I lov'd—
Oh, if that only interrupts thy peace,
Thank Heaven, for Albert can dispel thy grief!
Char. Heavens! is it possible?—Yes, 'tis Albert;
The same unalter'd Albert I esteem!
Alb. And couldst thou think that Albert was so base,
As not to sympathise in Charlotte's woes?—
I scorn suspicion and its jealous train;
'Tis only nourish'd where pollution lives.
For ever, in the pure unspotted breast,
The poisoning canker starves.—But, O my Charlotte!
Long have I known thy honour, love, and truth;
Have seen these jewels stand such trying tests,

That when I doubt them—may I cease to live!
Char. Who could be false when truth is thus esteem'd?
Albert, there needed not my truth alone,
To make thy peace secure—for had I wish'd
To prove unfaithful—I had wish'd in vain.
Werter had scorn'd me for a thought so mean;
For, oh! his honour only stoops to thine.
Alb. Then as his honour has preserv'd my peace,
Mine shall instruct me to restore him his—
Yes; I will shew this all-excelling youth,
That Albert never was out-done by him.
I'll seek his friendship and his sorrows share;
And, if my Charlotte shall approve the thought,
Entreat him to remain and share our bliss.

Enter WERTER.

Wer. Ha! Albert here—'twas him I would have shunn'd—
Alb. Come to my arms, thou honest noble youth!
Wer My heart o'erflows—I know not how to thank
This generous kindness!
Alb. Come, Werter, let us contemplate
The beauties that surround us.
How sweet the solitude of this retreat;
'Tis solemn silence all—and yon pale moon,
That dully glimmers on the passing stream,
Completes the awful scene.
Char. Yes, 'tis most awful;
And ever when I walk by Dian's light,
A musing melancholy wraps my soul,
And memory ponders on departed friends;
On friends I never shall again behold!
O Werter, shall we converse after death?
Shall we in unknown climes again exist,
And once again be known?
Wer. (*In agitation.*) Charlotte, Charlotte
Here and HEREAFTER we shall meet again.

Char. And do the buried know the living's thoughts?
Are they partakers of our various scenes?
Oh, if my long-lost parent could be told,
That I my proffer'd promise had fulfill'd—
To be protectress of her children's youth;
Could she be witness of the social love,
The mutual harmony that now subsists,
How would she worship that great power above,
Whom in her dying prayers she so implor'd
For our protection!

Alb. These thoughts, my Charlotte,
May please remembrance, yet—

Char. O Albert!
You well remember her exalted soul,
And oft have wonder'd at its various charms!
Oft call'd her generous, cheerful, mild, and fair:
And Heaven can witness she deserv'd thy praise.—
Ah me!—how often have I vainly pray'd
To be the image of such great perfection.

Wer. (*Throwing himself at her feet.*) Thou art that image, 'tis by Heaven proclaim'd!
The gods' own blessing, all thy mother's charms,
With double splendour grace an angel now!

Char. (*Laying hold of his hand.*) You should have known her, Werter:
Yes, she was worthy to be known to thee!
A heart so good deserv'd a friend so great:—
Yet, in the midst of happiness and life,
She was to perish, she was to be lost.
Alas! how hard to part with those we love!
Werter—'tis sharper than the stings of death.

Wer. Charlotte, 'tis more than nature can support!
'Tis agony extreme! 'tis horrible to think on!—
Gracious powers above!
Why am I tortur'd with these questions now?

Alb. Be patient, Werter; let not reason yield
To these tumultuous transports of the soul!

Wer. Fools may be patient—my controuling woes

Shall ne'er be silent; they must roar aloud,
Else my expanding heart would burst.—Albert,
Thou hast not drunk of sorrow's bitter cup,
Thou hast not borne the miseries of love,
Nor felt one agony that Werter feels!
Oh! if thou hadst—thou wouldst invoke the gods,
Thy ceaseless groans would be as loud as mine,
Thy madness—raging madness!—wild as mine!

Alb. Werter, farewell—'tis time we should be gone.

Wer. And canst thou leave me on the brink of fate?
Can Charlotte leave me like a wretch cast off?
Stay but a moment—oh, one parting look!
Am I so lost she will not grant me that?
I am content—now leave me to my fate.
Farewell to both!—and may you never bear
What I have borne!—but we shall meet again—
'Tis not for ever that we now divide.

Char. No, for to-morrow we will meet again.

Wer. To-morrow, Charlotte—oh! oh! oh!

Alb. Werter, farewell!
Some pitying angel guide thy steps,
And sooth thy soul to peace!

[*Exeunt* ALBERT *and* CHARLOTTE.

Wer. (*Solus.*) She's fled! the image of my soul is fled!
My other self, my only refuge gone!
Then what remains for Werter but—despair?
Now, Grief! now, Sorrow! I am all thine own.
Ye shades of night expand your sable wings,
Cover in darkness a deserted wretch!
Hide him from Heaven, the world, and from himself!
Here let him fall forsaken and forgot,
And sigh in solitude his life away!

(*Throws himself on the ground.*)

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* LEUTHROP.

Seb. I fear the generous Albert has prevail'd,
For I have waited at the gate in vain!
This way I know they met—Alas! how's this?
O, Werter, speak!

Wer. Away! I'll perish here.

Seb. Look up, my friend!——thy lov'd Sebastian calls;
Perhaps he brings thee peace!

Wer. (*Starting up.*) Who talks of peace!
'Tis not to be found!—the cherub sits on high,
And, smiling, mocks mankind—pursue it not,
For it will lead thee to a dangerous sea,
And there will vanish! rather thou, like me,
Plunge deep in sorrow; millions of fathoms deep;
And gorge upon despair! 'twill satisfy
The hungry soul, and leave it nothing wanting!

Seb. Oh Heaven! the thought of leaving all his soul holds dear
Has, for a while, depriv'd him of his senses:
We must delude him hence.

Wer. Look, look, and read;
'Tis fate's dire volume! and on the bloody page,
Self-murder's doom'd damnation!—and see! around
Avenging demons wait to lash their prey——
Hark how they yell! and now they pull—they tear—
O torture, torture!

(*Falls on* LEUTHROP, *and is supported off.*)

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

ALBERT'S *Apartment.*

Enter CHARLOTTE *and* LAURA.

Char. If dreams are ominous, some dreadful woe
Is not far distant, Laura, from thy friend—
For even now, oppress'd with heaviest care,
I sought for comfort in a short repose;
And my wild brain was harassed with a dream
So terrible! that it will banish sleep
For ages from my soul.
Lau. Oh, heed it not!
It can portend no harm.
Char. Hear then, and judge—
Methought, alone, and in the dead of night,
Whilst lightning fill'd each pause the thunder made,
And the pale moon in blackest clouds was lost,
I wildly wander'd to that dreary vale—
That vale! where Werter first confess'd his love,
And oft in secret sigh'd!—But to my tale—
The lightning's fire, and moon's few scatter'd rays,
Just shew'd the awful horror of the scene;
Loud roaring waves rush'd o'er the fertile fields,
And the whole valley seem'd a tossing sea;

Sad echo doubled every hollow sound,
And nature with complete disorder groan'd!
Lau. How could your fancy form so wild a scene?
Indeed, 'twas terrible!
Char. But mark the end.
The forked lightning flashed a sudden glare,
And far, far off, a towering cliff appear'd!
Urg'd, at the moment, by a secret wish
To gain its summit—in the flood I plung'd!
And driven by the torrent, reach'd its foot—
Loud howl'd the wind, the tempest still increas'd—
Trembling—sad omen! I began to climb—
And midway saw—oh, horrible to tell!
An human being on the highest verge,
With arms outstretch'd, propending o'er the deep—
I scream'd aloud—struck with the sudden noise,
He started—madd'ning I flew to his relief,
And saw with eyes as frantic as his own—
The lost, deserted Werter—O Laura!
I wak'd in terrors; and countless centuries
Can never wear the image from my mind.

Enter ALBERT.

Alb. And still will Charlotte fly her Albert's arms!
Still will she leave him to lament alone!
Oh! if my soul could find a secret charm,
That gently could attract thy heart to mine,
Or gain me but a share of that dear treasure!
High Heaven itself would be a poor conceit
Of Albert's happiness!
Char. Nay, talk not thus—
It stings me to the soul to hear thee chide.
Love's deepest wounds, affliction's sharpest pangs,
Would be indulgence to reproof from thee!
Alb. Thou little know'st
How thou art rooted here!—In early youth
Thy lovely form first planted in my soul;
There long it liv'd, and charm'd my wandering senses;

But, nurs'd by time, it grew into esteem——
And friendship budding blossom'd soon to love:
The fruit, alas! has not fulfill'd my hopes;
But, oh! the plant is firmly rooted here,
And here shall flourish till the stock decays!
How canst thou wonder then that thy sad eye
Attracts unwilling frowns from mine!
Char. Oh, Albert!
Ere this thou shouldst have known, 'tis Charlotte's fate
To torture most where most she means to please.
Alb. Be what thou wilt,
Be pleas'd, be silent, be content or sad,
I will still love thee, and be blest to share
Thy pleasures or afflictions—but come, my life!
I came to tell thee that some sudden news
Compels me hence until to-morrow noon—
'Tis hard to part so long!
Char. Alas! my lord,
What news so suddenly can force thee hence?
Alb. I am compell'd to hasten to the court—
No common mandate forces me away:
But I have done—in this one fond embrace,
Let my farewell be known! Ere noon to-morrow
I shall again my only joy behold! [*Exit.*
Char. (*Solus.*) Farewell! and may the unrelenting heavens,
That shower down curses on this wretched head,
Lavish their blessings on the generous Albert.
Oh! how my soul still struggles to forget
What most it meditates, what most it loves!
But ah! how vain!—O Werter, Werter!
Yes, I may blame, but never can forget thee;
A secret sympathy attach'd me first;
Time since has stamp'd thine image on my heart,
And the impression is engrav'd for ever!
Should we e'er meet again;—deluding thought!

It thrills like lightning through my trembling frame.
And penetrates my soul.—Ha!—Werter!

Enter WERTER.

Wer. That very wretch!

Char. (*Turning away.*) Some kind protecting angel guard me now!
Oh, watch me at this awful moment!

Wer. Heavens!
Is it possible?—can she abandon me?
She—who would smile if Werter was but pleas'd!
She—who would weep if Werter did but sigh!

Char. We must not be alone——
The scene is alter'd since we parted last—
Laura, I say—yet hold—a moment hold—
Am I so lost that I distrust myself?
So mean, so cowardly! must I be watch'd,
Lest I prove false?—Hence, idle visions, hence!
I am alone protectress of myself,
And dare defy all love's seducing arts,
To shake one atom of my virtue!

Wer. Oh!
It was not always thus!—the time has been
When Charlotte would have flown to soothe her Werter.
But now 'tis well! he'll trouble her no more—
He came oppress'd with sorrow and despair—
Yes, almost broken with a weight of woes,
To seek for succour in his only hope.
Like one that's shipwreck'd in a dreadful storm,
Struggling he sought the last remaining plank
To save his sinking soul!—but that avoids him—
Even there his hopes are lost—then let the storm
Come on! it cannot injure now!
(*Throws himself on the couch.*)

Char. (*Looking sometime at him and flying to him.*)
O Werter!
Why will you plunge in misery again?

Why will you leave the shelter of your friends,
For this distracted scene?
Wer. Charlotte, I came
To you alone! One gentle hour of love,
Snatch'd at a time so circumstanc'd as this,
Is better than an age of other life!
Char. Werter, no more—this is no time for love—
Oh! let the torturer for ever sleep
In silent peace! for shou'd he wake again,
'Tis but to lead us to the brink of horror!
Once more I charge thee to subdue a passion
So vainly, madly form'd! a passion join'd
To sure destruction!—why is it only me?
Me, that's another's—Alas! I much, much fear
The conscious thought—I can be never thine,
Only encreases the enraged desire!
Wer. Did Albert furnish thee with this reflection?
'Tis a profound one.
Char. Nay, think me not severe!
By Heaven, e'en now my struggling heart recoils
While thus it chides! and could the trembler speak,
'Twould tell thee that it pants to sooth and share
Each pang that tortures thine—but as the cause
Of all thy sorrows, it should seem not harsh
That pity prompts me to invent a cure!
Wer. And know'st thou of a cure?
Char. Return to Manheim—
Time may do much—absence, perhaps, much more;
Another object too may change the scene—
One who deserves thy love, who'll hear thy tale,
And by dividing dissipate thy woes;
And when past sorrows shall be quite forgot,
Bring her to Walheim, and with us enjoy
The purest pleasures perfect friendship yields.
Wer. All will be well ere long—all will be well.
Char. Do not oppose my wish—for you well know
Albert has been most kind—his generous love
Merits return—and I could rather die

Than willingly torment him with a care!
Therefore, alas! I tremble as I speak!
We meet with prudence, or we meet no more.
(*Here they both rise.*)
Wer. 'Tis well—'tis very well!
Char. Honour incites
The fixed resolve!—Heavens relieve me now!
I scarce have power to speak.—Ha, thou art pale!
Wer. Or meet no more!
Char. What passion shakes thee?
Wer. Or meet no more!
Char. What wild mysterious words!
Some smothered passion struggles in thy breast:
Speak——
Wer. I dare not.
Char. Oh speak, in mercy speak. (*Bell tolls.*)
'Tis Walheim abbey bell
That tolls for some poor wandering pilgrim's death!
Wer. Death—ha! didst thou say death!—Lo! where he stalks!
Hence, thou pale warrior, hence,
(*Takes* CHARLOTTE *by the hand.*)
You shall not, cannot part us!
Alas! where am I?—Ah, my brain is turn'd!
Pity me, Charlotte, pity me! I am
The veriest wretch alive.
Char. Alas! my Werter!
Wer. Oh! forgive me; the raging tumult's o'er,
And I'm again myself—'twas but a fancy
Of my too troubled mind—think on't no more;
Some better subject may employ our thoughts.
Oft have we chaced the heavy hour away
In reading Ossian—may we not read again?
Char. Here is your own translation of his songs.
(*Here they seat themselves.*)
Wer. O Charlotte, what ravages hard time has made
Since last I read them!—Of that no more——

Alas! the leaf's turned down
Where hopeless Armin mourns his murdered child.
(*Reads.*) "Alone on the sea-beat rock my daughter was heard to complain—frequent and loud were her cries, nor could her father relieve her. All night I stood on the shore—I saw her by the faint beam of the moon, and before morning appeared, her voice was weak—it died away, like the evening breeze amongst the grass of the rocks—Spent with grief, she expired, and left thee, Armin—alone!"

(*Here* WERTER *throws down the book, seizes* CHARLOTTE'S *hand, and weeps over it—she leans on her other arm, holding her handkerchief to her eyes—They are both in the utmost agitation.—In this unhappy story they feel their own misfortunes. —At length* CHARLOTTE *says*, Go on.)

Wer. (*Reads.*) "Why dost thou awake me, O gale!—It seems to say I am covered with the drops of Heaven—The time of my fading—is near, and the blast—that shall scatter my leaves—to-morrow—shall the traveller come—He that saw me in my beauty —shall come—His eyes shall search the field—But —they will not—find me!"

(*These words fall like a stroke of thunder on the heart of the unfortunate* WERTER—*in despair he throws himself at her feet, seizes her hand, and puts it to his forehead. An apprehension of his fatal project, for the first time, strikes* CHARLOTTE—*she is distracted.*)

Char. (*Starting from the couch.*) Heavens! Suicide—am I to be so curs'd?
Is there no mercy to be found in Heaven?
O Werter! O Werter! (*Falling on him.*)

Wer. I will not lose thee——
Thus let me ever clasp thee to my heart.

(*Here they lose sight of every thing, and the whole world disappears before them.—He clasps her in his arms, and strains her to his bosom.*)

Char. Werter! (*With a faint voice.*) Werter! (*Gently pushing him away.*) Werter! (*With a firm voice of virtue.*) This is the last time——we never——never—meet again. [*Exit.*

Wer. (*Solus.*) Now art thou satisfied, indignant fate!
Is not thy vengeance glutted now?—Then look,
And sate thy soul with triumph and revenge,
For I am curs'd beyond the reach of hope!
Heavens! how the tempest rages in my brain!
'Tis all on fire!—O Charlotte, Charlotte,
Once more come forth and soften me to calmness!
[*Throws himself on a couch.*

Enter ALBERT.

Alb. The night and ceaseless fury of the storm
Compell'd me to return—strange fancies too
Perplex'd my mind, and agitate me much.
I know not what to think—How! Werter here!
This is most strange!—But, Albert, have a care,
Suspect not without cause, for when thou dost,
Then thou art damn'd indeed!—Of all calamities,
Suspicion I have yet avoided most—
And ever will!—Welcome again to Walheim.

Wer. (*Not looking up.*) Away—away—and leave me to my sorrows.

Alb. Still on affliction, Werter—I hoped ere this
Thy friends had chac'd each dismal care away,
And quite restored thee to thy former peace.
Oh! 'tis a weakness to be ever thus!
Look up, my friend—'tis Albert speaks.

Wer. Albert!
The last on earth I would intrude on thus:
O Albert, do I merit this from thee?
Am I not most unworthy of thy friendship.

Alb. Unworthy!—Now by yon heaven I swear,
There's not an action, (unallied to sin,)
However dangerous, however painful,
But I would willingly attempt for Werter!

Wer. (*Taking* ALBERT *by the hand.*) Then, Albert, hear!—and O ye powers above!
That ever blast the wishes of my soul,
For once be merciful, and grant my prayer!
Let anguish, sorrow, and despair combine,
To form in unison one perfect wretch!
And let that wretch be Werter!—but, gracious Heaven,
Let all the curses that are lavish'd here
Be doubled in thy mercies—blessings there.
Let purest pleasure, let perpetual peace,
Eternal happiness, and constant love,
Attend him even to the hour of fate!
But long avert that hour!—he deserves it all—
I can no more—my spirits weaken fast—
I pr'ythee bear me hence.

Alb. Bear on my arm.
A little quiet will restore thy strength——
Thou shalt rest here to-night

Wer. I thank thee much——
But I have business that compels me hence:
Yes, I have that which cannot be delayed.

Alb. Nay, sigh not, Werter; you will be soon at peace.

Wer. Yes, Albert; very soon.—I would be gone.

Alb. Nay, say no more—bear up, my friend—bear up—
Time will restore you to your wonted peace.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

WERTER'S *Apartment.*

Enter WERTER *and* LEUTHROP.

Wer. (*Giving* LEUTHROP *letters.*) These to my mother—for Sebastian these—
Get them convey'd, and meet me here again;
And mark me—that I prevail'd upon my friend
Not to depart from Manheim till to-night,
Must be divulg'd to none.

Leu. I shall obey, sir.

Wer. How goes the night?

Leu. 'Tis near the second watch.

Wer. Then, Time, I must no longer trifle with thee—
Something must be done—and that most quickly—
Oh! 'tis an awful
Moment! and I must use it like a man—
Away, and leave me.

Leu. His disorder'd speech,
And the wild fury in his looks, foretel
Some new misfortune—I will not leave him.
[*Goes up the stage.*

Wer. (*Pausing.*) Death is the common medicine for woe—

The peaceful haven, which the shatter'd bark
In tempest ever seeks.———
Then why delay?—Why yet these doubtful fears?
Oh! tis the mind that shudders at the thought
Of dark uncertainty!

Leu. (*Coming forward.*) O sir, forgive the ardour of your slave,
Who rudely thus intrudes—but much I fear
Some new affliction wounds my master's peace,
Which I perhaps can lessen or avert.

Wer. Away! Away!

Leu. O, do but try me, sir!
I would walk barefoot o'er the boundless world,
And every step that wrung my aged feet
Should be a shoot of comfort to my soul,
Could I but mitigate my master's woes!

Wer. If thou wouldst shew obedience to my will,
This instant leave me, nor increase my pain.
[*Exit* LEUTHROP.
(*Pausing again.*) Yet in this world can I e'er hope for peace?
Peace!—when my Charlotte is another's wife.
E'en now perhaps she languishes away,
And melts transported in her Albert's arms—
Ha! that dread thought works inward on my soul
Like darting poison—and my madd'ning brain
Is swell'd with desperation.—Oh, 'tis an hour
Of horrors! and it calls for horrid deeds——
One of the three must die—that Heaven decrees—
Shall it be Albert? shall these yet spotless hands
Shed virtue's blood? and shall the honest fall,
To let the guilty take their happier seats?
O damn'd thought!—I shudder at myself,
For bare imagination of the deed!
Shall Charlotte then? shall that sweet angel form
Be torn—be mangled—and in Werter's cause?
O cruel, cruel fate!—I'll pause no more——
One thought alone possesses all my soul,

And that shall be obey'd—Werter himself shall die!
This long has struggled in my wither'd brain,
And now it bursts, and my whole soul's at peace!
Now, Albert, live! and bless that perfect fair,
For whom I liv'd, for whom—I soon shall die—
And, Charlotte, when the grave holds all that's left
Of that unhappy agitated being,
Who knew no pleasure but in sight of thee!
Oh, when you wander through your long-lov'd vale,
Then think of Werter!
Think how oft his sighs
Have fill'd the sounding woods! how oft his tears
Have dew'd the weeping grass! and if you wish
To feed on sorrows never tasted yet,
Look—towards the church-yard that contains his bones,
And see! with pity how the evening breeze
Waves the high grass that grows upon his grave!
Alas!—these thoughts recal such tender scenes!
They quite unman me.

Re-enter LEUTHROP.

Leu. In tears—O heavens!
Teach me some way to soothe my master's woes—
My gentle master——

Wer. Whence this intrusion?

Leu. I have obey'd your orders, sir.

Wer. 'Tis well—— *(Pausing.)*
This night shall close the scene—the midnight watch
Shall be the hour—ere that—she may be seen—.
Attend me to my chamber—and now, high Heaven!
Aid me with calmness till I meet my fate! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in ALBERT'S *House.*

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. O what a fate is mine! a generous lover
Ere now resolving on a sudden death,
And I his murderer! a faithful husband,
Who long has lov'd, long watch'd my cruel heart,
Offended and incens'd!—ah! there's the rock
On which my shatter'd vessel will be crush'd;
Reproof from Albert will afflict me more
Than all my sorrows past.

Enter ALBERT.

Alb. The more I think, the more I am perplex'd—
E'en now I met Sebastian at the portal,
And Werter left her not an hour ago:
Can she be false?—Can Heav'n's own image?
Can Charlotte? but, ah! I reason as I wish—
Wou'd she were true! and memory cou'd forget
The various follies that my fondness lavished—
Oh! I deserve the torments I endure.

Char. Ha!—so disturb'd—then are my fears confirm'd
I hope, my lord, no sudden accident
Delay'd your journey.

Alb. I crave your pardon, Charlotte:
It is impossible! that angel form
Would blush at frailty—
O my dear partner!

Char. In tears, my lord:
What can this mean?
Alb. Have I no cause to weep?
Char. I know of none.
Alb Of none! my Charlotte.
Char. No; on my soul—if innocence——
Alb. Innocence!
Char. Oh! on my knees let me intreat thee, Albert,
Unfold this mystery!—let not my mind
Be tortur'd with suspense—speak! quickly speak,
Or sudden madness will distract my brain.
Alb. Nay, do not kneel—I pr'ythee leave me now—
My mind is much disturb'd——
Char. No! kill me quite.
Let me not linger in my pain—Oh, Albert!
Thus, thus I'll cling, thus grovel at thy feet,
Till thou hast freed my doubts! If I'm the cause,
Thy fears are false—oh, by mine honour, false!
Alb. Honour!
Char. Ha! you mock me still.
Alb. Yet leave me:
A new unusual fury rages here,
And soon 'twill blaze abroad—away——
Char. 'Tis well.
Albert mistrusts his Charlotte—yes, high Heaven!
He doubts her honour, he suspects her love:
O hear! and answer if she merits this!
Alb. (*Laying hold of her.*) Werter!
Char. (*Much confused.*) Ha! what of him?
Alb. O! guilt! guilt!
Char. Guilt?
Alb. Yes, guilt!
Hast thou not art enough to hide thy shame?
But thou must boast it thus! to the very face
Of him thou hast abused.
Char. If it be guilt to suffer keen reproach,
Regret, affliction, terror, and despair,
With every torture that can rack the soul!

Rather than wander from my truth to thee,
In action, word, or thought—if this be guilt!
I own, my lord, the justice of your charge,
And well deserve the phrase.
Alb. This syren's song
No more shall captivate my pliant soul;
I've been too long amus'd, too long deceiv'd;
My love has been long abus'd, my liberal conduct
Scorn'd and derided—but thou shalt know
I'm not that dupe, that easy, placid fool
Thy falsehood wish'd! no, I'll exert my powers,
Enforce my rights, and be a tyrant too:
Yes; mark me, madam: I charge thee on thy truth,
Nay, on thy peril, never to be seen
Or found in converse with thy minion more.
Char. Minion! must I bear this?
Alb. Ay, and much more.
Char. No, Albert; a little while ago
You found me fond, affectionate, and weak,
Made up of folly, levity, and fears;
But your own rashness has restor'd my sense,
And I despise your threats—Minion! O shame!
Use such another word, and here I vow,
If e'er I deign to listen to you more,
'Tis but with scorn—unalterable scorn.
Alb. This poor pretended spirit is in vain;
Thy stubborn heart shall bleed.
Char. You little know
The heart of Charlotte, if you think 'twill bleed
At folly's idle rage—no, my lord,
When you return to your accustom'd peace,
And converse like yourself, I am your own,
Proud to indulge, and happy to obey you;
But when you lose that calmness you profess,
And thus insult me, I am only taught
That Albert is no better than a tyrant,
Whose vain presumption merits my disdain.
Alb. Away, away—I'll trifle time no more:

Now hear my last resolve :—By Heaven I love thee
More than romantic fancy can express,
And would not leave thee for eternal peace :
But if you still persist
To let another triumph in your heart,
Thou art no longer mine—we part for ever.
Char. Ungenerous man !
Is it for this my soul resign'd its love,
And kept its vow to thee ! is it for this !
He you abuse in endless anguish lives,
Perhaps—I cannot speak—*(Weeps.)*
Alb Ha ! do'st thou weep ! perfidious woman, go,
Go to thy Werter, revel in his arms,
Albert will never interrupt you more. [*Exit.*
Char. When, angry Heaven, shall thy vengeance cease ?
When shall this little victim be allow'd
A momentary calm—never, never—
Yet something—myself shall save him from
The horrid deed.

Enter WERTER *(supported by* LEUTHROP.)

Wer. A little onward bear me, faithful Leuthrop,
To sigh my life out at my Charlotte's feet,
And I shall die content.
Char. Oh Heavens ! was Sebastian——
Wer. He was deceiv'd—I yielded to his wish,
And while he left me to prepare for Manheim,
Completed my design—It was my fate
To catch a sad distemper in the heart,
Which grew contagious, and while it canker'd here
Infected all who so[illegible]—Could I then live
[illegible] to destroy the [illegible] of my pains ?
[illegible]*er.* Haste [illegible]n, tell him all—away—
[illegible] [illegible]ay yet be found :
[illegible]ie.
[illegible] *fort ;*

Life's common chances, and I shudder now
To meet that death I sought—horror! horror!
I dare not think upon the deed I've done;
I have invaded nature's sacred law,
Rebell'd against Heaven itself!—O my Charlotte!
Is there no hope of pardon?

Char. Cruel, cruel hour!
And must I lose thee, Werter!

Wer. Tell Albert to forgive me,
For I have injur'd and abus'd him much:
Forgive me too thyself!—Could I but live!
It will not be—Ha! that pang was Death's:—
It will not be—mercy, mercy, Heaven! *(Dies.)*
(CHARLOTTE *falls on the body.*)

Enter ALBERT, SEBASTIAN, *and* LEUTHROP.

Seb. The sharpest torments cruelty suggests
Wou'd be indulgence to the pangs I feel:
Who but Sebastian wou'd have left his friend?
Had I remain'd and sooth'd him as I ought,
This ne'er had happen'd—curst, curst reflection!
I am the fatal cause of all these sorrows.

Alb. (Weeping over CHARLOTTE.*)* No, 'tis from
Albert ev'ry sorrow flows.
Had I not been the weakest, worst of men,
I had resign'd my Charlotte, and been happy
In seeing her so exquisitely blest.
What am I now? thou injur'd innocence!
Pronounce my doom!

Char. (Starting up.) Talk not to me—away!
Be swift as lightning, or you'll be too late:
He's in yon fatal vale!—I [illegible] there;
His sword was drawn, and [illegible] brooding by
Fly, or he's murder'd!—ha! [illegible]—a shriek.
Ah! now 'tis past, the swee[illegible]
And I must wander o'er the w[illegible]

Seb. (To CHARLOTTE.*)* [illegible]

O'ercome thy reason, but with pity look
ched Albert.
r. Albert! I know him well,
s my husband, guardian of my honour!
nour! no more of that—no more of that—
at kill'd the innocent!—oh! my poor heart!
Alb. Hold, hold, my brain!—will none attempt to
sooth her?
if none assist? I can no longer bear
e maddening sight! *(Falls on* LEUTHROP.*)*
Char. There—there's his sepulchre—
! see it shakes—the tomb is all convuls'd!
t—now it yawns, and gently steals apart—
s burst asunder—here the body lies!
s! how changed!—these tears, neglected shade,
ll wash thy rankling wounds—these hands—ah!
look,
is eye-balls roll! he trembles in his shroud—
e is alive! and all will still be well.
ee! see! to Heaven he mounts;
ions of angels hover round his form;
beckons me! Werter, I come! I come—
d now let honour part us if it can!
(*Falls on* WERTER'S *body.*)

Curtain drops, with slow Music.

END OF VOLUME THIRD.

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